THE UMBRELLA

West Side, End of County Bridge. Best and Cheapest Goods for the least money

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Which will best protect your interests on a "Rainy Day," Is to make a Dollar go a long and the right way.

Your income will look larger than ever when compared with the

BIG VALUES I offer in DRY GOODS.

Calico, 5 cents a yard.....Ladies Shoes, LaBelle Helena, $2.25 for $1.75
Misses Shoes, our Fashion Dine, $1.75 for $1.25.

Have you ever thought how fast money accumulated when you can buy

A $15.00 SUIT FOR $10.85?

A $3.00 pair of Pants for $2.25.

Thirty-three and one third dol! on each $50 you spend, in five years will will make the sum total, $83.33⅓.

This is a Good Umbrella.

Yours, for Trade, **P. GOLDEN.**

S. W. HOLT

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Always carries a first-class line of

Dry Goods, Groceries

Queensware, Hardware, etc.,

Customers wishing to buy anything usually found in a well stocked store can rely on being accommodated at my place of business. We give fair warning that the buyer who wishes to save money will do do well to look through our stock of Goods. Good country produce taken in exchange for goods.

Our Terms are CASH or to responsible parties thirty days. All outstanding debts must be settled at once.

The Keeley Cure.

FOR DRUNKENNESS, OPIUM, CHLORAL, COCAINE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, TOBACCO AND CIGARETTE HABITS.

The Keeley Institute at Charleston, West Virginia, gives the GENUINE KEELEY REMEDIES—and they are administered by physicians who are not only skillful in their professions—but who have had a thorough course of instructions a the parent Institute at Dwight.

For full information, regarding Sanitarium treatment and "Home Treatmnt," send to

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE,

Charleston, W. Va., or Wheeling, W. Va.

JUDGE W. H. DODGE, President. C. A. BARNES, Vice-President and Treas.
LEGAGE PRATT, Secretary and General Manager.
M. B. BOONE, M. D., Chief Medical Director.

Officers of THE KEELEY INSTITUTE COMPANY, of West Virginia, controlling Keeley Institutes in the State.

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Come to the TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED.

$25 A WEEK. ANY LADY, married or unmarried, can make that amount per week with our goods in spare or whole time. Address S. BRADLEY & CO., 322 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

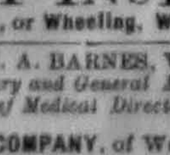
LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take

HOOFLAND'S TASTE BITTERS.

It is pleasant to take, purely Medicinal, Indigestion and Biliousness. All druggists keep it.

DR. DODD'S Cure for



COLIC IN HORSES.

GUARANTEED.

Every owner of a horse should keep it on hand. It may save the life of a valuable animal. One package will cure colic in any horse. Price $1.00. Sent by mail or express. Dr. Dodd's Remedy Co., 322 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

L. C. BARTLETT,

PAINTER,

PAPER HANGING,

FRESCO WORK.

SIGN PAINTER.

GREEN BANK, WEST VIRGINIA.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

ROOFING Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDERS that shorten or lengthen; for tinners, carpenters, fruit growers, etc.

PAPER heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICES low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

EVERY PERSON

Looks to his own interest, and how to make hard times easy. The way to do this is to go to

A. D. BARLOW'S

Wholesale and Retail Store at

BE ERLY, W. A.

where he is selling flour at cost and carriage. Note the following prices:

XX.....@	$2.60
Nickle Plate(good family)	3.00
Old Dominion Extra	3.00
Old Dominion Best	3.50
Gold Medal(patent)	3.50

While getting your flour you can get feed, salt, fertilizer, and farming implements of all kinds at correspondingly low prices.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1865.
Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL.
MARLINTON W. Va.

FURNITURE.

Fine Hardwood Furniture,

Stock always on hand, And Orders taken.

All Handmade.

Wagon Making and Repairing.

SAW FILING.

GUN & LOCKSMITH WORK.

A. G. BURROWS,

COFFINS made to order.

Marlinton, W. Va.

BLACKSMITHING

AND

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FAT FOLKS

Reduced 15 to 25 pounds per month. No starving, no inconvenience, no bad results, no nauseous drugs. Treatment perfectly harmless and strictly confidential. Question Blank and Book free. Call or write. DR. H. B. BUTTS, 322 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION

DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

FEED, LIVERY

—AND—

SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broke to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer AND Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

THE TICKET.

WEST VIRGINIA. Democratic Ticket.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Representative in the Congress of the United States for the Third District.
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Summersville, Nicholas county.

SENATORIAL.

For State Senator for the Eighth District,
JOSEPH D. LOGAN,
of Union, Monroe County.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY TICKET.

For House of Delegates,
DR. J. P. MOOMAU,
Of Green Bank.

For Commissioner of County Court.
.....
Of.....

For County Superintendent of Free Schools,
D. L. BARLOW,
Of Edray.

RELOCATION OF COUNTY SEAT.

For relocation at Huntersville.

Against relocation of County Seat.

WEST VIRGINIA. People's Party Ticket.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Representative in the Congress of the United States for the Third District,
SAMUEL A. HOUSTON,
Of Pickaway, Monroe County.

SENATORIAL.

For State Senator for the Eighth District.
S. A. HUTCHISON,
Of Oak Hill, Fayette County.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY TICKET.

For House of Delegates,
.....
Of.....

For Commissioner of County Court.
.....
Of.....

For County Superintendent of Free Schools.
.....
Of.....

RELOCATION OF COUNTY SEAT.

For relocation at Huntersville.

Against relocation of County Seat.

WEST VIRGINIA. Republican Ticket.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Representative in the Congress of the United States for the Third District.
JAMES H. HULING,
Of Charleston, Kanawha County.

SENATORIAL.

For State Senator from the Eighth District.
THOMAS P. DAVIES,
Of Montgomery, Fayette County.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY TICKET.

For House of Delegates,
GEORGE P. MOORE,
Of Edray.

For Commissioner of County Court.
.....
Of.....

For County Superintendent of Free Schools,
C. B. GRIMES,
Of Mill Point.

RELOCATION OF COUNTY SEAT.

For relocation at Huntersville.

Against relocation of County Seat.

COUNTY OF POCAHONTAS, TO-WIT:

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said County, do certify that the foregoing persons were certified to me as having been duly nominated by their respective parties for the offices for which their names appear, and that such certificates of nominations were filed in my office twenty days before the 6th day of November, 1894, as required by law, and that the said names are arranged as they will appear on the official ballot.

J. H. PATTERSON, CLERK.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 15. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1894. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Robt. K. Burns.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C E. Beard. G. M. Kee. Amos Barlow.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter
Coroner	Geo. P. Moore.

Justices: A C L Gatewood, Split Rock—Chas Cook, Edray—W H Grose Huntersville—Jno R Taylor, Dunmore—G R Curry, Academy—Thos Braffy, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Marlinton, Wes Va.
Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney-at-law.
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will be found at Times Office.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL.
DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year
The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel.
All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.
has located at
FROST, W. VA.
Calls promptly answered.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.
Land Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.
Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,

Vote for Alderson!

First as the representative of all that is fair and just to the people as a whole, and all that is opposed to the special legislation that has taken the center of wealth and government far away from us, and given us, the people at large, the burden of contributing by this little "drib" and that little "drib," until this rule of all give and no take, has made us country people desperate. We have kicked against the pricks, and some of us poor helpless farmers have had vain hopes that we might unite in some half-way measure and form a union in which we would be joined by those of the Republican party who are Republicans simply because Abraham Lincoln was a Republican, but they were all failures, and those farmers who have a grain of sense know that their hope is in the Democratic party, which has been right for seventy-five years and which promised a reform in 1892, which promise has been fulfilled. If you are a member of a trust, don't vote for Mr. Alderson, but if you are a consumer of those necessaries, which are controlled by trusts, and which trusts alone control, with the exception of whiskey.

Secondly, vote for Mr. Alderson because he is opposed by a man who has nothing on earth to recommend him to the respectable voter. Put Huling down because he encourages a corrupt ballot, the menace of our State; he is the man the Republicans say, who bought his nomination, and who had the honest men of that Charleston convention cried down. Mr. Huling can't make a speech. He has ridden along the country roads of Pocahontas county, with his head up like a war-horse, and had not a friendly word or thought for any of us while he paraded among us, swelled up with the remembrance of the fact that he was mayor of Charleston. Reject the imported speculator, from Pennsylvania, who finding himself in a Democratic state, masqueraded as a Democrat, until he found that he was not a peer of their leaders, and could never hope to be. Then he went into the other party where the competition is not so great, in West Virginia.

Thirdly, vote for Alderson because he is the best friend that ever man had. Those about him know that he can be trusted, because he has lived, man and boy, among us, and he has never been accused of anything whatever that partook of a "shady" nature. He has been a hard worker all his life, and in Washington will do anything on earth to oblige a constituent. In his private life he is moral and upright, a loving father and a model husband, an honest man. There is no sham about John Alderson. His campaigns have always been carried on in decency and order. Not wealthy, he can never have had recouse to the use of money, so dreaded by respectable politicians. And over and above all he has never resorted to that "barrel" that is doing so much against us this campaign all over the Union.

Vote for Alderson and go home with an easy conscience.

We must patiently suffer the laws of our condition; we are born

Impotent Impudence.

The conclusion drawn by the writer of the following clipping is aggravating enough to make a good Democrat "rob his own valise." To say that the Wilson Bill favored the Whiskey and Sugar Trusts, is a strange twisting of the effect of a law that raised the tax on whiskey, and drove the sugar men out of the Democratic party. The *Philippi Republican* says:

Said Mr. Wilson in his speech here Wednesday, "I am against the Trusts." Then he winked the other eye at Windy, and said under his breath, "Save my Toddy Sugar Trusts." Then Windy arose and winked the *other* eye, and said, "Though all the gates of hell should prevail against them."

Also:

The workingmen of this country will play football with Democratic Majorities on November 6.

Those same workingmen will be a worse deluded and damaged set of ignoramisses than even those who play the dangerous game of football.

In ancient times nothing better could be said of any region than to speak of it as a land flowing with milk and honey.

We read of a people who regarded themselves as specially favored of Heaven because their tribes were put in possession of a land that was pre-eminent for its vines, milk, and honey. A short time since, it was the writer's pleasure to visit a section of our great county that forcibly reminded him of a description he has read somewhere in the oldest of Books, of a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills, and productive of the best fruits and grains.

It would be hard to find a vast expanse of land anywhere that has more things to remind a person of the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy. A real estate agent could not circulate a better advertisement than selections from this beautiful chapter, were he to boom Elk, Big Spring, Clover Lick, and their unoccupied contiguous regions, of which so little seems to be known as yet. A land so set upon the hills cannot be hid much longer.

The contrast between the appearance of the country between Marlinton and the Big Spring thirty years ago and the present, impresses one like a revelation as to the possibilities in store for that section of our county.

The Huttonsville and Marlins Bottom Turnpike made it accessible partly from the Parkersburg Road, and partly from Millboro and Ronceverte. Such means of communication were a marked improvement on the times of sleds and pack saddles. Covered waggons and spanking teams of two, four, or six horses brought in the best to be had in exchange for the best of "sang," luecious butter, peerless honey, and choicest venison. Then, too, the live stock could be moved so much more conveniently.

In the midst of all this progress, however, the war came on, and military camps lighted up the land with their fires, and the scenes were those of destruction, disease, violence, and death. Since the war the people have worked hard in building homes, opening the land, and many pleasant homes are found; showing what may be accomplished by contented industry.

Now should the railroad facilities, so anxiously looked for, be realized, and the absentee owners move on to their lands, the future has greater promise still.

To remove odors from a sick room, it is a good plan to sprinkle coarse ground coffee on a shovel-

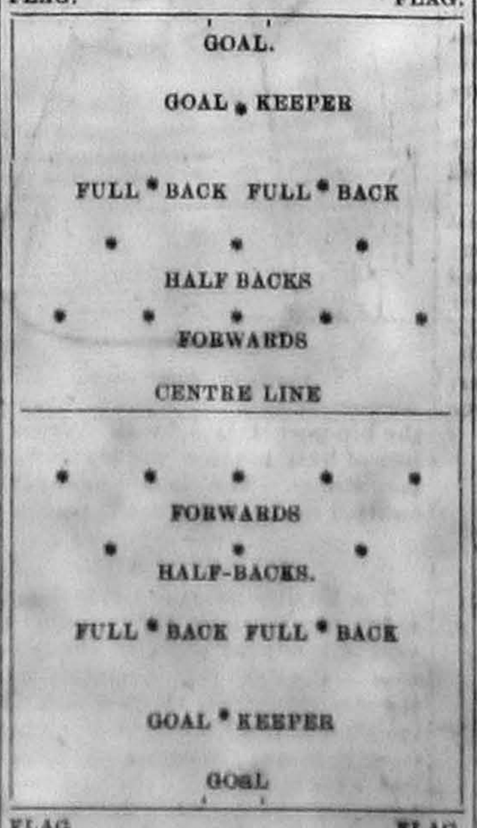
Football.

The game of football introduced by the Englishmen last year has spread over four counties, and fascinated the able-bodied boys of that district. The game is explained by a journal, an authority on amateur sport, as follows, in response to a request from Mr. Norman Price of the TIMES:

Association football while it is totally different from Rugby Union, and quite different from American Intercollegiate football, yet has many points that are common to at least one of the other two games. For example, there are eleven men on a side. These eleven players are divided into forwards, half-backs, full-backs, and a goal-keeper. The five forwards, consisting of the right and left wing, with a centre forward, fill practically the same place as our seven rushers. Back of these stand the three half-backs—the centre, and the right and left half-back. Back of these again stand the two full-backs, and immediatly in front of the goal-post is the goal-keeper.

By refering to the accompanying diagram, the positions of the members of the teams can be easily seen, and to any one who understands American football the method of playing this game is evident from the positions of these men. The duty of the five forwards are to follow the ball continually, the two members of each wing having it as their particular duty to dribble the ball (always with the foot, of course) down the field, while the centre tends to form a connecting line between the two wings. The forwards, therefore, must be men of endurance, good runners, and, as I say, above all the best dribblers on the team. The three half-backs are supposed to return kicks that either go through or over the forwards. They are primarily required, therefore, to be good kickers and fast runners. The full-backs must have somewhat the same qualities, though their steadiness, coolness, and power to send the ball long distances must be even more prominent than in the case of the half-backs. The full-back whose duty it is to protect the goal, and who, unlike any other member of the team, may take the ball in his hands and throw it, besides kicking and bunting it, must be the surest man on the team—should be, perhaps, the longest kicker, and ought to be heavy at the same time that he is agile.

POSITION OF PLAYERS.



The field itself should be from one hundred to two hundred yards in length, though one hundred and fifty is quite large enough. Its width should be in propotion to its length; that is from fifty to one hundred yards. The goal and fair lines are marked out with lime as in the case of American football, but at each corner there is a flag on

of the field. The goal-posts are set up as in intercollegiate football—on the goal-lines—except that they are twenty-four feet apart, and a line is stretched across from one to the other ten feet above the ground. The object of the game is, of course, to force the ball under the line and between the posts, thus scoring a touch-down.

Lead Boring Insect.

Some weeks ago a "hunting member," of Marlinton, extracted a cartridge from his Winchester rifle and found that the ball had been eaten away by a sort of grub which he found in the barrel of the gun. His impression was that the insect had smelled the lead and had gone down the barrel for a savory meal, but the more reasonable view is that the unfortunate insect had fallen into the gun barrel, as it leaned against the wall, and being in very much the same condition that a man would be who was incarcerated in a five hundred-foot well, and had started to bore out on the other side.

The specimen was sent to Mr. Frank Johnson, of Brooklyn, an entomologist, who gives the comprehensive description of the insect below.

The larva belongs to the family Dermestidæ and probably to the genus Dermestes. The beetles of this family feed upon skins, leather, woolen goods, and carpets, and dried insects.

Among the familiar species of Dermestidæ is the carpet beetle or "buffalo moth" (*anthrenus scrophulariæ*), which is too familiar to need description. Its larva is destructive to carpets, rugs, etc. The larvæ of species of Anthrenus are especially fond of dried insects, and are dreaded by all collectors. They conceal themselves so skillfully within the bodies of the insects which they are destroying, that the infested specimens can only be distinguished by the little heaps of dust, composed of excrematory and waste matter, which appear on the white paper below.

I give a rough sketch of *dermestes lavidarius*, the bacon beetle. The beetle is black with a band of grey hair on the base of the wing covers. Its larva lives on skins, leather and bacon. As you may see from the figure, its larva resembles the one under consideration, but of course it is just as likely to be that of another species of Dermestes. The beetles of other species of Dermestes are black with grey hairs arranged in varying patterns. Their larvæ infest furs, skins, and, in the case of several species, the skins of dead animals.

The only other instance I know of where insects have penetrated lead is the following: A French naturalist imprisoned some beetles in lead boxes, and, on examining the boxes at a later time; found that the beetles had penetrated the lead.

The present instance would seem even more remarkable.

As she was the prettiest girl anywhere the other side of the Swiss Cottage, and had a manner quite irresistible, they gave her the best stall at the Church Bazaar for obvious reasons. And there strayed in a middle-aged bachelor of immaculate cut, upon whom she immediately pounced with—of all things in the world—a pair of baby's woollen boots!

"B-b-b-but," he stammered, "I'm a b-b-bachelor."

"Now, don't give me any of your flimsy excuses, because——"

He grabbed the woollen boots, wildly thrust a sovereign into the maiden's paw, and fled into the fresh air. "By gad!" said he, "and, d'you know, sir, I *know* she's a respectable girl—known her people for years—now who the devil could

WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING IN THE DOG DAYS.

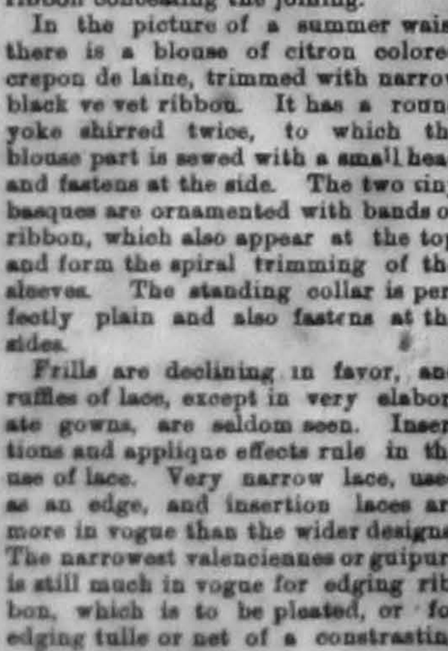
The Newest Fancies in Waists—Pretty and Comfortable Duck Dresses—Some Fashionable Headgear.

WAISTS this summer in variety are almost endless. Chief of them are the simple but undeniably stylish ones with big revers and aggressively prominent gigot sleeves, and the round waists having dainty ribbon belts with streaming loops and ends at one side, and the waists trimmed with horizontal bands of insertion or ribbon. Many of the new white China silk shirt waists are laid in box pleats, which have an insertion of black lace covering their edges, and with the same finish for collars and cuffs. White or ecru lace appears thus on black blouses. Some of these end at the belt, while others are furnished with a gathered lace flounce that is fastened to the blouse belt, a sash ribbon concealing the joining.

In the picture of a summer waist there is a blouse of citron colored crepon de laine, trimmed with narrow black ve vet ribbon. It has a round yoke shirred twice, to which the blouse part is sewed with a small head and fastens at the side. The two tiny basques are ornamented with bands of ribbon, which also appear at the top and form the spiral trimming of the sleeves. The standing collar is perfectly plain and also fastens at the sides.

Frills are declining in favor, and ruffles of lace, except in very elaborate gowns, are seldom seen. Insertions and applique effects rule in the use of lace. Very narrow lace, used as an edge, and insertion laces are more in vogue than the wider designs. The narrowest valenciennes or guipure is still much in vogue for edging ribbon, which is to be pleated, or for edging tulle or net of a constrasting color.

An odd and dainty finish for a waist consists of a sort of dog collar of many shaded silk, with a deep jabot of lace arranged in front so full that its upper corners reach the shoulder and the lower edge falls in a point to the belt. The belt corresponds to the collar, and has panier looping of lace over



DUCK DRESSES.

Duck dresses can be bought very cheaply ready made, and are pretty and comfortable, but the home made article can be easily superior. Be sure to wash the goods first, or have the dressmaker do it, else after its first trip to the tub the gown will look as if made for a smaller sister. White duck is by all means the swellest color. It soils easily, but it washes well. The real, heavy duck, such as men have worn these many years, washes soft and fine. A little chalk judiciously applied to the gown will make it spotless. That is what the soldier folk do with their fine white helmets and shoes, and even their gloves. Sailor hats to go with duck dresses are trimmed with a band of duck to match. A very stunning duck dress was made of brown duck, peppered with scarlet dots. It was tailor cut, opening over a scarlet waistcoat, and the hat was a sailor, with a band of scarlet ribbon and two great rosettes of violets on either side.

The duck suit in the illustration is after King Louis XV.'s time. The skirt is perfectly plain, and so is the waistcoat, but the coat is fine. It has

LOUIS XV. DUCK SUIT.

the hip-pocket laps, with "frogs" in lieu of button-holes, the big cuffs and lace ruffles. The lace neckwear is omitted in deference to the season.

VERY JAUNTY HATS.

The English walking hat is the only really new thing of the season this year in headwear which is widely popular. Though very generally worn, the strictly correct ones are sufficiently different from the cheaper imitations to insure the continued popularity of the fashion with the best dressed folks. There is a fancy for a hat of the English walking type, with sugar loaf crown entirely covered with shaped velvet; that is, a band of velvet fitted to the crown of the hat and covering it entirely. A very stunning hat of this kind is of light straw, the brim wide and curving up at the sides, the crown tall, sugar loaf shaped, and covered with amber velvet. Two

PICTURESQUE STRAW HAT.

Tuscan straw hat, with deep red roses under the waved brim. It is trimmed with rich black tips and bows of Tuscan satin, with jet pins.

A DAINTY TOQUE.

which will commend itself at once to the home milliner, from the fact that for it old trimmings may be utilized. It is a brand new model and a pretty example of the simple and small summer hats. A Nile green satin bow and a green feather pompon with aigrette are used for its trimming, together with a small bunch of white roses placed at the back.

With this model for the amateur hat maker to ponder o'er, it is not amiss to offer one general suggestion, viz., in attaching trimming it is a mistake to use too many stitches. The proverbial timely stitch was not taken by a milliner, and two or three stitches in the center of a bow are as serviceable as nine or more. If bows are set too primly the effect may be entirely disappointing. When finishing the edges of bows or of a made hat, fold the moire or velvet neatly and exactly to meet at the edge, and then with a long millinery needle slip stitch the edges, only bringing the needle out between the folds at intervals.

POPULAR ALPACA.

For the moment there is nothing so popular as alpaca. A gray one had a wonderful bodice trimmed with narrow white braid, and small bone buttons placed between rows of this same narrow braid on the side seams at the back and front, for it turned back like the Tyrolean peasant jacket, of which it reminded me, and showed button holes on one side and buttons on the other, having a simple white satin ribbon bow at the waist. There were cream pipings here and there, and a turn-down collar and the waistcoat, or rather shirt, was of cream batiste with a close-set line check of red and blue, neat and smart, the most difficult of all unions. A black alpaca skirt and jacket, with large sleeves ending at the wrist, had an irregular-shaped revers—an excuse for the introduction of some fine ecru lawn exquisitely embroidered. The glory of it, however, was the blouse, a perfect bodice made of poult de soie, of the most brilliant cerise, with a little beurre lace toward the neck, opening with the selvedge, forming a cascade on either side, showing a white satin front. With this the alpaca jacket could be worn, or not, as the wearer pleased. The sleeves were of the newest form, large at the top, narrowing toward the hand, the upper portion of the wrist falling in a point over the hand, with the result of making tapering fingers much more tapering.

WITHOUT RINGS.

Those who use rings and poles for their window curtains sometimes tire of seeing a thin curtain suspended in this way, and wish they could dispense with rings, but do not care to incur extra expense for brass rods and fixtures. They may do so and yet retain the pole.

Turn over the upper edge of the curtain as much as will leave the desired length, and then with needle and thread run across it twice, in the same way that you would treat a muslin curtain which is to be gathered on a cord. In this case it is to be the pole instead of a cord, so the space must be wide.

A lace, muslin or scrim curtain gathered on a pole in this way, with a fulness left above, dresses the top of the window more prettily than when rings are used, especially when there is no cornice.

A Rebuff.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY SUIT KNOWN TO AMERICAN COURTS.

Twenty Years of Legislation Over $45—Costs and Judgments Now Amount to $30,000.

FOR a score of years the readers of American newspapers have been in the habit of seeing, here and there, at sporadic intervals and in unlooked for connections, mysterious allusions to the great "Jones County calf case," and arithmetical geniuses have ever and anon blanched before its involved accounts and gone drivelling to lunatic asylums after vainly attempting to compute its costs and ascertain its results.

There is no stranger chapter in the annals of American law. The plaintiff himself writes me: "Some of the best farmers in Jones County lost all their property long ago in lawing this case. Then their children and friends took it up and fought it as long as they could. It is still pending!" And it has long since passed from the condition of a neighborhood scandal to the magnificent proportions of a national curiosity. This is how it came about:

Robert Johnson, an Ohio boy, of Virginia stock, went to farming in 1858 in Jones County, Iowa. In 1874 Farmer Potter, of Greene County, an acquaintance of Johnson, came to Johnson and said he wanted to buy some calves. A man named Smith, a stranger thereabouts, who had since succeeded in concealing himself from observation, must have heard of this; he went to Johnson and sold him five small dark calves, which on June 4, 1874, Johnson delivered to Potter. Just then Farmer John Foreman, of Jones County, discovered that five calves had disappeared from his farm. He had seen Johnson drive five calves away, to deliver to Potter, but made no inquiry about the matter until afterward. Farmer Peter Onstott saw Farmer Johnson deliver the five calves to Drover Potter. When Farmer Foreman missed his calves he followed Drover Potter to Greene County, Iowa, and found his missing property in Potter's herd. Potter said he had bought from Johnson the calves which Foreman now identified as his own. So Foreman went back to Jones County and demanded from Johnson the value of his missing calves, which Johnson, though an innocent man, gave to Foreman in the shape of a note for $45.

Johnson then tried to find the mysterious villain Smith, intending, no doubt, to make Smith give him (Johnson) a note for $45, but Smith had vanished. Determined to have satisfaction somehow, Johnson, who was then only thirty years of age, took a jaunt out to Greene County, and on being shown by Potter the calves which Farmer Foreman had claimed as his missing property, swore that he (Johnson) had never sold those calves to Potter and that he would not pay the $45 note he had given to Foreman.

Mr. Foreman then concluded that it was time for him to take another hand in the game. He was fairly pining for the excitement of a law suit. He sent word to Potter that if he (Potter) did not institute criminal proceedings against Johnson, he (viz., Foreman,) would invoke the majesty of the criminal law against him (Potter). So Potter went all the way to Jones County again, joined the Anti-Horse Thief Association and succeeded in having the unfortunate Johnson indicted for the larceny of $45 worth of calves. The mysterious villain named Smith still remained in abeyance. This was in December, 1874. Now comes fun.

The indictment was quashed in May, 1875. In December, 1875, a new indictment was found and a change of venue to Cedar County was secured by Johnson. In 1876 there was a trial, and the jury stood eleven to one for acquitting Johnson. Then there was another trial and Johnson was acquitted, Farmer Peter Onstott testifying that the calves Foreman claimed from Potter were not the calves Johnson had sold to Potter, and that Potter knew it, and even admitted it, but had advised Farmer Onstott to keep his mouth shut, which Farmer Onstott would under no circumstances agree to do.

"Heighho," said Farmer Johnson to himself after hearing Farmer Onstott testify; "let us have more law." So he began an action for $10,000 damages in Anamosa, Linn County, against seven prominent members of the Anti-Horse Thief Association. A verdict of $3000 was rendered in Johnson's favor, but the Judge, probably hating to see a leading calf case spoiled, as it were, set the verdict aside. The defendants were anti-horse thieves, as follows: E. V. Miller, David Fall, John Foreman, Abe Miller, Harmon Kellar and S. D. Potter. They were real glad the Judge felt that he had charged the jury wrong. When there was another trial the jury disagreed.

All hands now voted for a change of venue, and more juries and more trials. So they moved the Jones County calf case to Benton County, Iowa. Judge Bagg got hold of the case, and when the jury found a verdict of $5000 in Johnson's favor he, Bagg, promptly overruled a motion for a new trial and entered judgments against the six remaining anti-horse thieves.

The Supreme Court of Iowa now took a hack at the Jones County calf case and reversed this judgment on appeal. Johnson, who had been worth more than $10,000 when the calf case began, was now (1888) almost a pauper, and the costs taxed in court, independent of enormous attorneys' fees and expenses, were $3336.42. Seventy witnesses were held for eleven days in the town of Blackhawk, and the hotel had such a boom that it declared a quarterly dividend before the case was half over. There was another trial and another verdict for Johnson, who had become so used to getting verdicts that he was almost reconciled to not getting anything else. The Supreme Court had become quite interested in the Jones County calf case by this time, however, and it promply set this verdict aside also.

"There was a sound of revelry by night" in Waterloo soon afterward, for it was formally announced that the Jones County calf case was to be tried all over again. Mr. Johnson got another verdict for $1000, and the six anti-horse thieves again appealed to the Supreme Court. They didn't want to pay $7000 worth of court costs if they could help it, but the Supreme Court wouldn't reverse the judgment.

Having been mulcted in this grievous manner the six anti-horse thieves now came into court once more and asked if they couldn't have $1000 knocked off the bill of costs they had to pay, inasmuch as Harmon Kellar, who had been let off by the Clinton County Judge, ought to pay at least one-seventh of the costs for all the fun he had had. Judge Linehan overruled the motion of the six anti-horse thieves, but they were not disconcerted by a little thing like that, and they once more appealed to the Supreme Court of Iowa, where the case is now pending on this point. The six anti-horse thieves are pretty well ruined by this time, and Johnson, who has had to leave Jones County, and lives near by in Cedar County, may eventually get back a part of the comfortable little fortune he has blown in on the $45 calves. Dozens of lawyers have fattened on calf case fees and 114 jurors have heard its merits. Governor Horace Boies was one of the lawyers and Counselor C. E. Wheeler, who began "as office boy to an attorney's firm" when the case began, is now a moss grown limb of the law.

The plaintiff has paid out $4300 that he knows of. "The costs," he says, "which stand against the defendants run up to some thirty thousand dollars. Of the eight trial judges who have heard the case at one time or another, two are dead." Two of the defendants, the anti-horse thieves—viz., E. V. Miller and Abe Miller—are dead. And the calf case is very much alive.—New York Herald.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Austria has only 155 periodicals.

Some words in the Chinese language have as many as forty different meanings.

The first newspaper issued in the English language was published in 1588.

Newfoundland is without reptiles. No snake, frog, toad or lizard has ever been seen there.

There are eight edible and twelve poisonous varieties of mushrooms in the United States.

Adam Veales's "Proper New Books of Cookery," 1575, was the first modern English cook book.

Egypt's smelling festival is a legal and commercial holiday. Onions and other odorous articles are in great demand on the occasion.

The oldest architectural ruins in the world are believed to be the rock-cut temples of Ipsambul, on the left bank of the Nile, in Nubia.

A Boston paper prints a coupon which, upon presentation to certain attorneys-at-law, entitles the holder to ten minutes' free consultation on any point of law on which he desires information.

A French physician, who lived to the age of 107, ascribes his longevity to the fact that he always slept with the ends of his bed pointing North and South, in the direction of the magnetic currents.

Rats grow to an enormous size around the docks in New Orleans. One of them caught in a trap last week measured fourteen inches from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail and weighed eight pounds.

The title has a great deal to do with

Impure Blood

Manifests itself in hot weather in blotches, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause great annoyance. The cure is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla which

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

makes the blood pure and removes all such disfigurations. It also gives strength, creates an appetite and invigorates the whole system. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

Very Difficult to Be Suited

Clay Clement came to rehearsal one morning in a bad humor. Generally a manager gets relief from this malady in proportion to the amount of trouble and annoyance he can cause the much imposed upon property-man. The play they were rehearsing required a storm effect, and to work this the property-man had been stationed at the thunder-sheet in the wings. At a certain cue he was to rattle the thunder. Over and over again the poor boy tried it, each time the rehearsal coming to a dead standstill, while Mr. Clement, in rage, yelled out:

"Not a bit like it; haven't you sense enough to jerk that thunder sheet right?"

After this had been enacted a dozen times Mr. C. said: "Get away from here. Go stand off while the stage manager gives the cue for the thunder and I'll pull the sheet; then see if you can work it like I do."

This was all done. Then said Mr. Clement: "Now, sir, see if you can do that just like I did; but wait, I will go sit down in the auditorium and see if it sounds all right down there."

He then took a seat in the auditorium. The long-suffering property man took his post at the thunder sheet. In the meantime a real storm had suddenly commenced outside, but the actors had not discovered it. The stage manager gave the cue, a bursting peal of real thunder was heard. This shocked the property boy so he forgot to jerk his thunder, but Mr. Clement, not knowing but what the boy had caused this thunder and determined not to be satisfied, dashed up and down the aisle.

"Not a bit like it. Not a bit like it!"

The property boy calmly retorted: "Even the Almighty can't make thunder to suit you!"

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

PNU 29

"LINENE" MAKE
COLLARS and CUFFS.

The best and most economical Collars and Cuffs ever. Reversible. Look well. Fit well. Wear well. A box of Ten collars or Five pairs of cuffs 25 cts. Sample collar and pair of cuffs by mail for 6 cents. Name the size and style desired and address the Reversible Collar Co., 87 Kilby St., Boston or 77 Franklin St., New York.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for pamphlet, "How to get a patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D.C.

COLLEGE, Normal, science, Music, Art, Degrees, Tuition cheaper than to stay at home. Low rates. P. T. Wheeler, Pres., W. Farmington, O.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 prize in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS. Small Things Bring Them. Trade Mark. Use in Mind. Sold by druggists.

AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY ON THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA.

The Pickers Have to Wear Mittens—Plants Mature in Two Years—Increasing Yield—Average Profits.

MITTENS in mid-summer! The combination seems incongruous, yet the traveler up and down the Indian River at this season of the year, writes a Jensen (Fla.) correspondent of the New York Tribune, is constantly confronted in the country stores with signs like this: "Mittens! Mittens! Singles 25 cents, doubles 35." If he is "new" in the country, and if he has any curiosity, he will learn upon inquiry that these mittens are not for keeping off the cold, but for protecting the hands of the pineapple pickers. Sometimes they are displayed on lines strung across the store, and they are queer things to look at—rudely shaped gauntlets of coarse white duck or canvas; long enough to reach from the finger-tips to the elbow, and provided with a "pocket" for the forefinger as well as for the thumb. A protection of some kind is absolutely necessary for the pineapple pickers, the long, narrow leaves of the plant bristling all about the apple in the centre, and their edges being as sharp and dangerous as saw teeth. These mittens are so far the best device known for the purpose. The picker has both hands mittened; with the left he seizes the plant and pushes away the leaves from the fruit, while with his right he twists off the apple from the stalk, being careful to leave the "suckers," which grow in a circle all about its base. These suckers are used for setting out new plantations, and are in great demand all through the pineapple country after the crop is off and marketed.

The pineapple crop of the Florida East Coast—not including the Keys—is estimated this year all the way from 40,000 to 55,000 crates. These crates are in size about that of the regulation orange box, but in weight they will average, when filled with "pines," over twice as much. The freight agents figure on about 160 pounds to the crate, or 150 crates to the car. But sometimes nearly 200 crates are stowed away in a car, if cars are scarce. The average number of pineapples to the crate is sixty-four, but the fruit varies in size, some varieties growing very large and heavy. A conservative estimate of this year's crop is about 50,000 crates, or fully 3,200,000 pineapples.

The marketing season extends over about seven weeks, beginning late in May and closing about the middle of July. There are some late varieties and some late loads, so that a few straggling shipments continue up into the month of August and sometimes as late as September.

So great has been the stimulaus given to the pineapple industry here during the last three years that a crop of fully 100,000 crates is expected in 1895. The plantations come into bearing in two years from the planting, and the cost of cultivation is not great. A grower of fourteen years' experience gives the following figures:

Cleaning one acre of land	$7
Plants—14,000, at $6 per 1000	8
Setting out plants	2
Care of plants—first two years	5
Fertilizer	6
Total	$29

If the land cost $200 per acre—an average price—this would make the cost of one acre, at the end of two years, $490, to which must be added 12 per cent. for interest on the investment, taxes, etc.—or a grand total of $548.80. The yield per acre at the end of the second year ought to be 14,000 "pines"—one for every plant; but a fair estimate would be 12,500 apples, which at 5 cents apiece net, would bring $625 as a return upon an investment of $548.80 for two years. This is something over 87 per cent., or 43.5 per cent. per year. After the first crop there is no expense for clearing the land, and none for plants or setting them out—in fact a small revenue can be had from the sale of the suckers.

Some of our pioneer growers here have grown rich in the business. It is said that one year's crop not long ago brought $18,000 net to Captain T. E. Richards, of Eden, about three miles north of here. There is no industry in the world which pays better than pineapple growing on the Indian River, and by the year 1900 it promises to yield an aggregate annual revenue of $5,000,000.

Discoveries in Iceland.

Dr. Thomas Thoroddson, the well-known explorer of his native island, Iceland, has given an account of his explorations last year, when he visited regions hitherto untrodden. From a geographical standpoint it is of interest and importance that the rise of the rivers Skaptas and Hverriadjot was reached for the first time. He also for the first time discovered proofs of there having formed in Iceland huge rocks of tufa after the ice age. Interesting is also the discovery of an enormous volcanic rift, twenty-five miles in length, dividing the mountains to a depth of some 200 yards. The gigantic rift has no parallel in the island.—Chicago Herald.

CARE OF STRAW MATTING.

Where a really good article was originally purchased, it is frequently the case that colors fade, and the straw gets a shabby look before the fibre is broken or the economical soul can bring herself to replace it with new.

When brought face to face with this new difficulty, remove the tacks so that no broken edges will mar the matting, and then, roll after roll, let it be thoroughly beaten. Great care is again needed to prevent cracking the straw grown brittle with age. It is advisable to pin an old dust-cloth over the brush of the broom, after which that implement may be used with effect.

When the beating is done, lay the strips down and sprinkle with fine cornmeal; and be not sparing of this flour, for it needs to fill every crack and crevice. Now use a perfectly clean broom, and brush with great vigor, for every particle of meal must come away.—New York Journal.

HEALTHFUL COOKERY.

When we reflect upon the dependence of the mind upon the bodily condition, writes Fanny L. Fancher, we cannot escape the conviction that a good cook is a benefactor, and the caterer who feeds his fellow men wisely, is as great as he who rules a nation.

The numerous writers upon this subject, and the cooking schools, or clubs, springing up here and there prove that it is gaining the interest which its importance demands. From this we opine that the twentieth century maiden may boast of her ability to render Beethoven's sonatas; but her skill in the culinary art will be her greater pride. Then, indeed, will dyspepsia be routed, since improper diet will not be from infancy the regimen. When the appetite is not depraved, its cravings will often be a guide to proper diet. Sugar, so often craved by children, was formerly considered a luxury, but now it is deemed a necessity since it furnishes caloric for those whose weak digestion forbids much fat or oily foods.

The rigor of winter demands meat and other heat-producing material. The economic housewife prepares her meat by roasting or boiling; indeed, the frying pan is said to be the curse of American cuisine. Haste surely makes waste in the cooking of meats. The writer's formula for roasting beef will be found profitable.

Having secured a good roast—the dealer soon learns where he can send poor cuts—proceed as follows: Rub over the surface a scant handful of salt to three pounds of meat; place in shallow kettle, the kind used by most housewives for frying fried cakes; cover with inverted pie-tin and place in a piping hot oven. After baking fast for ten minutes to preserve the juices, lower the temperature. When partially done, turn over the meat. In this process no basting is necessary and the generated steam prevents overcooking. This is the principle of the patent baker which all cannot procure.

When ready for the oven do not add water, as is the custom, in open pans. When baked, however, and removed from the kettle, water and flour may be added to the meat broth for the desired gravy. Try this way, and you will never again roast meat in an open dripping pan.—New York Observer.

RECIPES.

Peach Cream—Put through a sieve enough soft peaches to make one quart of pulp. Put into a freezer one quart of cream and one coffeecupful of sugar. When about two-thirds frozen add the peaches, and continue to freeze until firm. The amount of sugar for this cream should be increased or diminished, according to the acidity of the peaches.

Economy Pudding—Lay thick slices of stale sunshine or sponge cake in the oven until delicately browned, and line a glass dish with them. Whip half a tumbler of apple, quince or strawberry jelly with an egg beater until light; stir in the beaten whites of two eggs and pile this over the cake, decorating with fresh strawberries or with fresh or candied cherries.

Baked Hash—Put a pint of uncooked chopped potatoes in a saucepan, with a half pint of boiling water, stew five minutes, add the meat and stew ten minutes longer, add gravy, if any is needed to moisten; take from the fire and stir in two beaten eggs and season to taste; half a cup of stewed mushrooms is a great addition. Turn into a buttered dish and bake twenty minutes.

Crumpets—Scald a pint of milk in the evening; when lukewarm, stir in three cups of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, four ounces of melted butter and half a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in lukewarm water; beat well and let stand over night. At breakfast time grease muffin rings and place on a hot griddle; fill each ring half full of batter, bake on one side, then turn and bake on the other. After the crumpets have become cold they are very nice toasted.

Cockroaches are sacred insects among the Chinese.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!

Mr. O'Shea, the well-known war-correspondent, tells the following anecdote of an adventure with a herd of elephants: "A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants, and I took him with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry while accompanying me to the stable; but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had five-and-twenty. I walked deliberately along the line, giving one to each. When I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned, and was about to begin distributing again, when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8 he might imagine he was being cheated, and give me a smack with his proboscis—that is where the elephant falls short of the human being—so I went to the door and began de novo as before. Thrice I went along the line, and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to get back toward the door. Every elephant in that herd had his greedy gaze focused on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and sucked it myself. It was most amusing to see the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing."

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

Many early wood cuts employed in books were painted over by hand after the printing had been done.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75 cents.

An electric plow is being tested in Germany.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

CURES OTHERS

For over a quarter of a century, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been effecting cures of Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections. Weak Lungs, Bleeding from Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, all lingering Coughs, Consumption, or Lung Scrofula and kindred maladies, are cured by it.

REDUCED TO A SKELETON.

MRS. MILLS.

Mrs. MIRA MILLS, of *Sardis, Big Stone Co., Minn.*, writes: "One year ago I was given up by my family physician and friends; all said I must die. My lungs were badly affected, and body reduced to a skeleton. My people commenced to give me your 'Medical Discovery' and I soon began to mend. It was not long before I became well enough to take charge of my household duties again. I owe my recovery to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

WHY NOT YOU?

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WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 15 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc. WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO
$3. $2.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

PNU 29 '94

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

Have You?

Many Millions Have

accepted James Pyle's invitation to try his wonderful discovery, *Pyle's Pearline; for easy washing and cleaning.* You couldn't count them in a lifetime. Some of the twelve million housekeepers in this land must have accepted very often. That's the way with Pearline. The wise woman who investigates, tries it; the woman who tries it continues to use it. A daily increasing sale proves it. The truth is, there's nothing so acceptable as Pearline. Once accept its help, and you'll decline the imitations—they don't help you. It washes clothes or cleans house. It saves labor and it saves wear. It hurts nothing, but it's suited to everything. Try it when it suits you, for it will suit you when you try it.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.* 578 JAMES PYLE, New York.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.,

Boston, Mass.,

HAS JUST RECEIVED THE

HIGHEST AWARD AND GOLD MEDAL

FOR THEIR

LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES

AT THE

California Midwinter Exposition,

AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"Thrift is a Good Revenue." Great Savings Result From Cleanliness and

SAPOLIO

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Nov. 2, 1894

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Congress,
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senate,
JOSEPH D. LOGAN,
Of Monroe County.

For House of Delegates,
DR. J. P. MOOMAU,
Of Green Bank.

For County Commissioner,

For County Superintendent of Free Schools.
D. L BARLOW,
Of Edray.

HON. JOHN T. MCGRAW'S office at Grafton was burglarized to obtain some private correspondence concerning the campaign.

JUDGE CAMPBELL believes in premonitions, to a certain extent, and he feels this year that we are going to sweep the State next Tuesday. We would lay our printing office against Hulink's barrel, that we will do it, if we could do it legally, and had any use for the liquor.

IT is a question of no little import as to whether those men who are "by birth, Republicans, and by education, Democrats," are going to vote the Democratic ticket. We have made it a special business to talk to a good many of this class in this county, and have found them all to be thinking, intelligent men, who take the same view of the situation, that all sensible men must; that our party is correcting the abuse of power, and that it is fit and shall hold the reins of government. We have not found a flopper among this class. But dogs! the Democratic Populists.

FELLOW CITIZENS, there is one thing to be seen to without fail, next Tuesday. Let each able-bodied Democrat see that all his people get to the polls. You may have an old father or uncle, or tenant; whose blood runs a little cold over the vital topics of the day, that is fast passing from them, and they need stirring up and bringing out. See that your vote is doubled at least, by your care and attention to the old men. Have all the boys here, too. Maybe there is a young Democrat at school in another county, or working in a lumber camp, or in Virginia, somewhere. Put somebody on a spare horse and send for them to come home and vote.

IN looking over the advertisements of a local paper of England, one is struck with the fact that so many businesses of that country are carried on under the style of *So* and *So and Son*. In this country the old man unconsciously drives his boys out of all hope to share in the business, or become proficient in the trade, or else he is ambitious that his son shall take a gilt-edged profession, and pursues a course with his son that results in the boy's ruin, and coils the old man off in a surprising degree. If a man will consider what an immense advantage a thorough bringing up in a trade or business would be to his son, he might imbue in the child's mind what his life's work would be, and it would grow up in that boy's mind as something unalterable, and give

Pocahontas Game Laws.

Ol' Maje in de mountin, an' me on er stan',
Wif jest an innocent deer chase on han',
When a monstrous big man kem right up de river,
En' catched me before I could git into kiver;
"Hello, Uncle Ben," he say wif a grin,
"You seem to be up to yoah old tricks agin!"
"Mistah Mac, I lowed de minnit I saw yer,
'Dere come dat blame ol' prosecute lawyer,
He gwine to try to gib me er skeer,
En' cuse me ob standin' here watchin' fer deer,'
En' I aint done a hate, but what yose done,
Case you air out airly er carryin a gun."
By gum! at dat minnit ol' Maje raise de soun',
En' dat lawyer he say; "It souns' like a houn';"
Ol' Maje kep' up steady en' tol' you exac'
What he war doing erlong on de track,
Fr working erlong en' nosin' erhead,
Wif de ol' deer a listenin' en' lyin' in bed,
En' a fellah could see dat ol' buck 'gin to shiver,
En' all of a suddent, lite out fer de river,
He come down de hill, in de watah he tites,
He's wadin' en' comin' plum inter my sights,
But dat lawyer he say, "You (somethin') ol' nigger,
You keep yer dirty ol' paws off de trigger."
He aim at de head, I knew he would git him;
Dat foah-pinted buck nevah knowed what had hit him,
Dat shot war a daisy, I aint seen it beat,
But dat lawyer he say, "Well, let's 'vide up de meat."

ATTENTION is called to the article on the court-house question written by a prominent citizen of the county. The feeling with most of the county is that the vast outlay of money at Marlinton should settle the matter, and that there should be no thought other than that the $28,000 buildings should be occupied. However, the votes are in the hands of people who pay no taxes, and they would as leave see the present levy kept up, as not. This class votes upon the county, the school levy, or the Alternate Road Law, with equal cheerfulness. Nothing but a united effort of the land-owners of the county can keep down these taxes, and they fail most miserably to keep down the school levy.

Even admitting that the moving of the county seat was detrimental, the second re-location will be destruction. The writer of these lines, as owner of this newspaper, and a member of the local bar, is free to follow the county seat, and will do it, but in the present case, it is only plain, practical common-sense that bids a man say, for one generation of people, never to build but one court-house.

Another thing we should mention, and that is, that the levy is fully and completely laid, and when this year's taxes are paid, the court-house will be paid for, and the report so diligently reported, that the levies have but commenced, is maliciously false.

ONE more shot at the hateful Populist. You are all waste and rottenness. What good is your political life, now, and who will bemoan your lonesome exit from the world. You will join the next wild move that is made, and the only reason you did not fly to the Prohibition party, is that the devil is not the father of the Prohibitionist party. You are mad because the two great parties did not care to elevate you to some honored position. Being tired of being the bob-tail, ragged end of one of those parties, you transform yourself into a still greater nuisance, and become an obstructionist and a Populist. Of all the wild ungovernable fakes, your party takes the first place. Have yourself committed as a hopeless idiot. You are a lost and ruined vessel. If you voted a straight ticket, nobody would believe that you did

THE *Cincinatti Tribune* has formed an estimate of the vote in West Virginia, and, very naturally, claims the result for the Republicans. It figures that Huling will be elected by 250 plurality. It reduces the Greenbrier majority by 300 votes, and that of Pocahontas by fifty per cent. Not a Democrat or Republican, living in Pocahontas, claims that the Republican party will gain a vote. It is the same case in Greenbrier. This is personal knowledge.

How is this for a guess as electing Democrats over Republicans: Alderson, 1800; Wilson, 600; Howard, 1000; Harvey, tie; Logan, 500; Pocahontas will cast about 1400 votes; Moomau, 300; Beard 200; Barlow, 400; Marlinton, 400.

Every vote against the candidates of the Democratic is a vote against public morality, honesty and economy in the administration of the affairs of the government.—*Gazettk.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed to N. C. McNeil trustee by Miranda Hurst dated on the 25th, day of Sept. 1894 to secure the payment of a certain debt for store goods due from the said Miranda Hurst to P. Golden which said debt is fully mentioned and described in said deed of trust and default having been made in the payment of said debt and in complying with the terms of said deed and being required so to do by the said P. Golden I N. C a cNeil will on the 10th day of November, 1894 commencing at 10 o'clock a. m. on the premises proceed to sell by way of public auction to the highest bidder, for cash the property conveyed by said deed of trust bring the ½ interest in a certain 17 acre field of corn, situated upon the land of Nancy R. Moore in said county or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said indebtedness.

N. C. McNeil, Trustee.

Notice.

On account of sickness in my family, I am compelled to retire from business here. I will dispose of my entire stock of goods at first cost and carriage. All parties indebted to are requested to call at once and settle their accounts, by note or otherwise. All accounts remaining unpaid by December 1st 1894, will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

Thanking my patrons for past favors, I remain very respectfull,
Green Bank, W. Va., JACOB BONAR

Special Notice.

All persons having any claims against the Manly Manufacturing Company or any sub-contractor for materials furnished or labor performed for building of Court House and Jail at Marlinton, are hereby notified to file itemized accounts of same, and name of debtor, with S. L. Brown, Clerk, on or before November 25th, 1894, and to meet Court of County Commissioners on November 26th, 1894, for the purpose of properly substantiating same for settlement.

MANLY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, by ROBERT P. MANLY, President.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all not to trespass on my lands by hunting passing through, leaving fences down, or in any other way, and that I will prosecute to the fullest extent of the law anyone disregarding this notice.

RICHARD CALLISON,
Locust, W. Va.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but It Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

NOTICE OF ELECTION.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the court-house thereof, on Tuesday the 2nd day of October, 1894.

It appearing to the court that a vacancy exists in the office of Justice in the Edray District; two vacancies in the same office in the Green Bank district: and that a vacancy exists in the office of constable in the Edray district; and that two vacancies exist in the same office in the Levels District; that one vacancy exists in the same office in the Huntersville district; and that one vacancy exists in the same office in the Green Bank district, it is ordered that said vacancies in the offices aforesaid be filled at the general election to be held on the 6th day of November, 1894. And the Clerk of this Court is directed to publish notice of said election as prescribed by law.

A copy teste:
S. L. BROWN, Clerk.

The Old Reliable
DR. WARD 120 N. 9th ST. St. LOUIS, MO.
Established 38 years. Treats male or female, married or single, in cases of exposure, abuses, excesses or improprieties. SKILL GUARANTEED. Board and apartments furnished when desired. Question Blank and Book free. Call or write.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 29th day of October, 1892, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 23, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina R. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1887, said deed or patent numbered 13081.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber.

LEVI GAY, Trustee.
ANDREW PRICE, Attorney
Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.
per day - - - - 1.00
per meal - - - 25
lodging - - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

The . .
Amateur
Camerist
Begins
Well

The Folding Kodet.

If in selecting an instrument he chooses one that is not too limited in the range of work it will do; is adapted to hand or tripod use and is light and compact.

Now take the Kodet, it is not expensive but it has a good lens, uses plates or films, takes snap shot or time pictures and focuses with index or on the ground glass. New improved shutter, revolving stops, and speed regulator for shutter. Latest improvements, from adjustments, handsome finish. Prices $10.00 to $50.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

HOME NEWS

—Married: last week, Mr. Harry Thomson and Miss Nannie Kennison, both of Swago.

—The graded school at this place is getting along nicely, with an enrollment of sixty-four.

—John S. Moore is teaching the school at Dry Creek, and has forty-six pupils in one room, which is probaly the largest enrollment in this district.

—Hons. John A. Preston, and W. A. Bratton, are stumping the county this week, calling us all out to the polls next Tuesday.

—Died: on the 14th of October, at her home near Frankford, Mrs. S. F. Callison, mother of C. W. Callison, Esq.

—Married, October 10th, near Frost, by Rev. O. B. Sharp, Mr. William Shrader and Miss Julia Sharp, daughter of Abram Sharp.

—Mr. John Warwick, of Dunmore, lost a fine horse, while attending court, from congested lungs.

—The *Bath News* reports Judge C. F. Moore as having killed two deer and one domestic turkey while in Pocahontas.

—Mr. W. H. Cleek is building a residence on his lower farm, to be occupied by B. F. Fleshman, Esq., recently of Greenbrier county.

—It speaks well for the fencing around a Knapp's Creek farm that a polecat attempting to get into a pasture field, was caught between the first and second rails and perished of strangulation.

—The branch railroad beginning at Hendricks, on the W. Va. Central, is completed within five miles of the county line. The best chances are that, in its prolongation, it will follow the valley of the Greenbrier, and join the C. & O.

—A good many deer are being killed. A fine, four-pointed buck was killed by the negroes in the "Brush." The hounds were all tied up on the day it was killed, and the buck had come in and courted death.

—A happy young farmer was telling around that himself and another were through husking corn and were, perhaps, the first in all Pocahontas to finish this unpleasant job. Upon cross-examination, it appeared one had but little, and the other about an armful. These gentlemen are to be congratulated for not having to tear down their cribs and build greater.

—Mr. J. W. Loury, the present proprietor of the Barkley Mill, reports a distressing pressure for grinding for miles around. As many as twenty families represent themselves on the verge of suffering for meal or flour, just before the recent rains. A party from Little Back Creek was seen last Saturday on his homeward way from mill. Pointing to his bushel of meal, he exclaimed to a friend, "Just see what a lucky man I am this time."

—When the "poor farm" was bought by the County Court, it created great dissatisfaction, but time has proved it to have been the best investment the county has ever made. Before the purchase, the revenue spent on paupers was enormous. When the farm was secured, however, the paupers were too proud to become inmates of a poor-house, and took themselves off the county right promptly. The payments for the farm were made with what had previously been expended on the paupers, and after a few years, the farm being paid for, the expense ceased. The farm is situated near Academy in the Levels district.

Died.

At the residence of his son, Mr. C. O. Arbogast, Friday, October 26th, Mr. Frank Arbogast, an aged citizen of this county. For many years he has been a well known and influential county man, and a faithful and consistent member of the Methodist Church, South. For the past few years he has been engaged in the offices of some lumber companies. He leaves three children, Mr. C. O. Arbogast, Assessor of Pocahontas county, Mr. John C. Arbogast, one of the best

Personal.

Mrs. Laura Herold teaches a flourishing school at Sunset. The patrons speak highly of the satisfactory progress the pupils are making.

Prof. Chas. Anderson, has charge of the school at Frost, the current session, with an encourageing enrollment.

Mr. Jasper Auldrige of Buckeye has gone to Haynes, Webster county.

Mr. Marcellus Wiley, of Hendricks, brother of Mrs. G. H. McLaughlin, accompanied by his mother, is visiting friends in Marlinton this week. He is very hopeful of the speedy extension of the Dry Fork railroad into our county.

Mr. W. T. Woodyard, of Beverly, and Mr. Sergeant, of Elkins, are at present in Marlinton.

P. Golden, the merchant, will go to Baltimore this week to buy goods.

Withrow McClintic, Q. W. Poage and G. W. Mann are shipping stock this week.

L. M. McClintic and F. T. Hubball, are taking a hunt on William's River.

A letter received from Col. C. L. Smith gives the information that he is still making his stirring speeches to large audiences. He has done a vast amount of work this campaign.

Mrs. Wm. G. Ruckman, at Sunset, has returned from a Philadelphia Hospital where she underwent a severe surgical operation. She is slowly regaining her health.

Mrs. Wm. L. Harper, of Sunset, is quite unwell, all her friends are much concerned about her.

Miss Lillie Friel is teaching a prosperous school on Douthard's Creek.

Rev. Lautenschlager preached a valedictory sermon at New Hope on the 12th and expects to locate in Maryland before long.

P. L. Cleek, Esq., has been suffering from over-exertion and cold, but is convalescent.

Some More Veterans.

By the kindness of Mr. H. P. McGlaughlin, of Huntersville, the following names of Confederate veterans are sent in to print as an addition to the list printed some time ago:

Dallas Galford, Geo. Hamilton, C. P. Corbett, J. W. Rider, Walter F. Alderman, William Cole, Henry Grose, M. A. Friel, Joseph Simmons, E. D. King, Levi Waugh, J. W. Irvine, J. H. Rider, James N. McGlaughlin, Hamilton Collins, Henry White, J. H. Patterson, J. H. Price.

Old soldiers who have not been enrolled, will please send their names in.

The Unlawful Sale.

Five indictments were found against Owen Gilluly by the grand jury last Thursday, for the selling of spiritous liquors with out a State License therefor. The scene of his operations, was Marlinton; his establishment which was ostensibly only a barber shop must have been also a "speak easy" or "pigs ear."

Gilluly is a stone cutter, and had been working on the court house. A summons was issued for him the next morning after the finding of the grand jury, but he had gone off in the night. He has not been heard of since his sudden departure.

Fusilade on William's River.

One day last week, Andy Taylor had a lot of men visiting him from Beuna Vista, who had come hunting. They were strung out up and down the river, when a deer happened along; it ran back and forward among the hunters and sixty-five shots were fired from Winshester rifles, before the unfortunate animal fell, pierced with a bullet accidentally.

County Court.

The County Court convened in special session last Monday, and confirmed the sale of the court-house property at Huntersville, to Col. R. S. Turk, of Staunton, for $825. This property consists of the old court-house, the old jail,

Shall the Court-House be Removed?

This is a question to be determined by the voters of this county at the election next week. There should be no doubt as to the result.

Marlinton is nearer geographically, as well as in point of population to the center of the county. The new court-house and jail at this place are nearing completion; already eleven thousand dollars have been paid to the contractor, for their construction, and the residue of the $28,932 has been provided for by proper levy, by the County Court, and when the taxes are paid this year, the new court-house and jail will have been paid for, and whether the court-house is removed to Huntersville or not, the court-house and jail at Marlinton must now be paid for in full; because there is a complete and binding contract between the County Court and the Manly Manufacturing Company, upon the validity of which the Circuit Court has already passed in the suit of J. H. Doyle and others against the County Court, in dissolving the injunction granted the plaintiffs. The old court-house and jail have been sold, and the sale unanimously confirmed by the County Court. What then could be gained by removing the court-house to Huntersville?

The taxes are levied and must be paid, and removing the court-house to Huntersville will not relieve the tax-payers or stop the Sheriff from collecting the taxes. And if the court-house is removed to Huntersville, what is the first thing to do to save paying taxes—is it not to buy back the lot upon which the old court-house stands, from the purchaser. I do not say buy the old court-house and jail because we have all experienced the *conveniences* and *comforts* of the old court-house sufficiently to never desire to go through them again; and as to the jail! its security was tested only a week or so ago, when George Gray walked out of it.

Why thus abandon all the money now invested in the new buildings at Marlinton, simply to benefit two or three individuals at Huntersville, at great inconvenience to a great majority of the people of the county?

The person who tells the voters of this county that the expense of erecting the new buildings at Marlinton has just commenced and that it will require several levies yet to complete them, is either a jabbering idiot or a willful and malicious falsifier, and uses this foul means to get votes for removal.

Will the people of this county vote to abandon a $28,932 court-house and jail at Marlinton in order that they may have the privilege of buying the lot upon which the old court-house and jail are located at Huntersville, at *Huntersville prices for real-estate*, and for the purpose of enriching certain landed proprietors in and around that town, at the costs and inconvenience of the tax-payers of this county. We think not. The people of Pocahontas county are too sensible and intelligent to vote against their own interests because a few interested individuals have howled about high taxes in their own behalf.

Horse Killed.

Last Saturday evening about 8 o'clock, Mr. Withrow McClintic, driving along the road just above Marlinton, on the river, met in a rather narrow place, a two horse team, driven by a boy from Harrison county. The night was intensely dark, and in passing, rather rapidly, the shaft of Mr. McClintic's cart, struck the near horse of the team, in the breast "just where you would stick a pig," killing the horse instantly. The loss of his horse was a serious blow to the young man, who was driving the team, as it had been bought and paid for solely by daily work, and constituted his almost entire property.

Married.

On Wednesday, October 31st, Rev. C. M. Sarver and Miss Ida Bruffey, of Lobelia. The groom is the pastor of the Huntersville circuit of the M. E. Church South.

Facts For the People.

As a misunderstanding seems to exist in some sections of this county in regard to the expenditure of public money in the construction of the new Court-House at Marlinton, we deem it proper to make the following statement in relation thereto:

At the July term of the County Court, 1894, J. C. Arbogast, the Sheriff of this county, made a settlement in relation to county funds, from which it is shown that at that time, he had in his hands, due the county, $12.601.15. At the same term of said court, a levy for an additional sum, to-wit $15,917.26, which sum in connection with the $5000 to be paid by Col. J. T. McGraw and others, makes $33,518.41 the gross sum already provided for building the Court-House and Jail complete at the cantract price of $28,932, leaving a balance fo county expehce of $4,586.41 to be used in paying running expenses.

The entire amount to complete the buildings is now levied, and the buildings are now well advanced in construction.

Respectfully submitted,

G. M. Kee, C. E. Beard, } Commissioners,

Green Bank.

Fine weather at this writing.

Mr. A. K. Dysard, of Driftwood, was in our village one day last week.

Mr. John Maupin, of Marlinton, spent a few days visiting his sister, Mrs. Stretch, at this place.

Mr. T. J. Williams and son, Oscar, of Top Alleghany, were in our town last Saturday.

Mrs. Mary A. Wooddell, who has been suffering with a very severe affection of an eye, is convalescing.

Mr. George Kerr, of X Roads, is on the sick-list.

Mr. M. F. Herold, of Frost, was in this part of the county, last week buying lambs.

Miss Gertie Yeager and Mrs. Mc. Yeager, of Traveler's Repose, were in our village last Saturday.

Mr. R. B. Kerr, of Gillispie, passed through our village last Saturday.

Messrs. Charley and Lawrence Nottingham and Ed. Jackson started for the Buckhannon lumber camp, last Monday.

Died: on the 25th of October, at the home of his son, Mr. C. O. Arbogast, Mr. W. F. Arbogast, of Palmer, W. Va., formerly of this place after several months of great suffering. His remains were interred in the Arbogast burying ground in presence of a very large company of friends and relatives, there to await the resurrection.

Mr. Quincy Poage, of Edray, passed through town Saturday.

Mr. C. A. Yeager and family, of Marlinton, attended the burial of Mrs. Yeager's father, on the 26th, ult., and returned on the 28th.

Old Hickory.

Democratic Club.

The Edray Democratic club met at Marlinton, on Monday last, at the court house. The meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. W. A. Bratton, and the minutes of the previous meeting, were read by the Secretary, Mr. A. S. Overholt. Matters pertaining to local campaign, work were taken up and disposed of and the following resolutions was adopted as an expression of the sentiments of the Democratic voters of Edray District.

Resolved that we hartily endorse the acts of the Democratic party and pledge our earnest support to all the nominees of our party.

Resolved that each and every member of this club consider himself a committee of one, to see that on the day of election all Democratic voters attend the polls.

A. S. Overholt. Secretary. W. A. Bratton President.

Buckeye.

Fine weather during Indian Summer, but the night breeze is felt and the gnats have ceased to bite.

This neighborhood is cheered occasionally by a wedding; there have recently been two on Dry Creek.

Mr. Jas. R. McKeever of Greenbrier county passed through our town last week enroute to our county.. Mr. Young has many friends in this county, and he is everywhere welcomed.

Preaching last Sunday at the M. P. church on Swago by Rev. Otto McKeever.

Miss Ruth Young has diphtheria, but she is improving.

Kindergarten.

Dilley's Mill.

Warm days and cool nights.

The big day is over and things have settled down. We hope that hereafter peace and quietude may reign in our midst, and that Pocahontas will push forward with rapid progress.

Miss Lula Bobbett was visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

Mr. G. W. Shaulk, from Virginia, was calling on his best girl last week.

Prof. C. E. Sutton, the scientific painter, was visiting friends in this part. He has been absent quite a while, and we are pleased to know he is yet with the living.

Rev. C. M. Fultz will preach at Mt. Zion the first Sunday in November. Come out and hear something you have never heard.

Where is "Old Ironsides" or "Ike Adams," as he calls himself? Has he gone to hole? If his knowledge behind the bar is as limited as the guessing at our sorrel top moustache, the "ignorant writer for the Times." it will be as ignorant as that of his *dictator*. Always on the contrary side, he is well versed in quoting Col. Ingersol. Better he was guided by the Holy Writ. He has already been "been weighed in the balance and found wanting." His writings are very chaffy, as dead flies causing the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour. The Holy Writ says, "The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious, but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself."

"Anonymous."

Dunmore.

The weather continues dry.

Corn shucking is in full blast, and corn is turning out fine. There seems to be more grain in this neighborhood this year than there has been for years past. There has been a large acreage of wheat and rye sown this fall. When our people raise a surplus this county will prosper. Keep in your county that which you send ont for grain and meat, and most of the people will have money.

Well, we believe the court-house question is settled with all, and a better feeling will now exist among the people of the county.

Mrs. Jacob Taylor and Capt C. B Swecker are on the sick list. Capt. Swecker says he hopes to be able to blow his horn for Jacob Bonar at Green Bank, Saturday, when he will close out his stock of household and kitchen furniture.

Some party that carries a big gun, killed Stonewall's hound, Saturday, and the first time they meet there will be whiskers pulled.

Mr. William Sheets started yesterday for the Alexander lumber camps, for his son, who had his foot amputated some time ago.

Dr. E. H. Smith, of Marlinton, was up last week on his bicycle, making the trip in two hours and thirty minutes.

Mr. Bruce Lakin, of New York, is out on a visit.

Miss Josie Walker spent Saturday night at Clover Lick, and reports Miss Rosa Ligon quite sick

Speckle Tater.

Lobelia.

Corn shucking in full blast.

A protracted meeting is going on at this place, conducted by Rev. S. C. Morgan.

Mrs. Cornmesser, of Missouri, is visiting in this part, for the first time in twenty-five years.

Dr. Pryor and Dr. Krugeren, of New York, Mr. Hoff Allen, of Richmond, Virginia, Brown brothers, of Falling Spring, Brison Hill, of Lobelia, returned last week from a hunting trip. They had a fine time killed two deer, three wild turkeys, and pheasants, squirrels, and fish in abundance. Two of the above gentlemen are extensive land owners in West Virginia.

One family in this vicinity has the diphtheria.

Hon. D. A. Peck is not so well at this time. Observer.

The Board of Education of Edray District has bought a supply of the ordinary school books in use in the public schools of this State, for the purpose of supplying the

the lands are in the arid regions.

Australia is a country without orphans or an orphanage. Every waif is taken to a receiving house, where it is kept until a country home is found for it.

Prior to 1830 the foreign immigration to this country was small; it set in mainly during and after the Irish famine in 1847, and since then the immigration has been on a scale never before seen in history.

That one effect of the panic has been to broaden the market for American goods is shown, maintains the Chicago Herald, by the exports for eleven months, which have exceeded imports by $231,613,550.

Why do not some farmers who find no money in their present style of crops try raising sunflower seed? asks the Courier-Journal. The North Carolina Station found in experimenting with sunflowers as a farm crop that they paid well. Though a new thing in this country it is not altogether new, for Russia has raised this crop for years. At the North Carolina Station, the average yield was sixty-five bushels. There is really no waste to the plants. Oil is expressed from the seeds, and hulls or shells used for fuel. The stalks and seedcups are fed to sheep.

One of the documents submitted by Erastus Wiman's counsel in the Canadian's trial for forgery was a statement showing the enormous profits of the mercantile agency business. According to this statement the Dun concern earned $345,780 in 1885, and the profits steadily increased until, in 1892, they reached $525,000, making the total for eight years of $3,318,500. "This enormous sum being the net profit of only one concern in the business," remarks the Atlanta Constitution, "we are only left to conjecture how much money the business men of America spend to learn the financial standing of their brothers, and inferentially how enormous must be the original transactions upon which the agency business is merely a parasite."

A careful article in the New York Tribune shows the enormous strides made by the orange industry in a little over twenty years. It was only in 1873 that Florida oranges were first sent to the New York market, but in ten years the industry had increased so rapidly that it had seriously cut into the Mediterranean trade. In 1886 1,798,000 boxes of Sicilian oranges were imported, while in 1891 this number had fallen to 682,000 boxes. The California orange crop is now an important factor in the trade, as no less than 2,500,000 boxes were shipped from this State to the East last year. It will not be long, with new orange groves coming into bearing every year, before California will come up to the 6,000,000 boxes now produced by Florida.

The removal of the Capital of Louisiana from Baton Rouge to New Orleans has been again proposed in the State Legislature in the form of a resolution, to submit the question to the popular vote. It is doubtful, however, adds the New York Post, whether the people would record themselves in favor of a change, for in 1879—at a time when the State Capitol was almost fallen in ruins and the departments were without quarters—the question in the same form was before them, and they decided that Baton Rouge should still be the Capital. A local paper says: "The arguments are in favor of New Orleans as the Capital, but we do not imagine that the people of Louisiana are willing, despite these arguments, to go to the expense of a change now. When they want it—and we believe that the feeling in favor of it will grow stronger every year—they will demand it in such manner as to leave no doubt of their wishes. We see no evidence of such a sentiment to-day." In connection with this subject it is interesting to note that no less than fourteen States have their Capitals located in their principal towns, twelve in

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I'd like to stray through forest aisles
Where nature wears her sweetest smiles,
Where gentle zephyrs all the woodland blossoms woo;
There where the wild birds trill their lays
And bookists loiter on their ways
I'd like to pluck a little sprig of heartsease.
Wouldn't you?

I'd like to roam through meadows fair
Where clover blossoms scent the air,
And wander hidden, grass-grown paths and brush away the dew;
I'd like to hide in tangled dells
And listen to the fairy bells,
And bathe my tired spirit in music.
Wouldn't you?

O, I would quit the flurry,
The unsatisfying haste and hurry
Of prison-walled, wall-bound cities; I would go
Where skies are blue,
I'd quite forget the grinding mart
And lying close to nature's heart
I'd steal her sweetest, peace-begetting secrets.
Wouldn't you?

—Chicago Journal.

SEMPRONIA.

Rather pride ourselves upon being small but select—small, that is, as a community. "Select!" old Miss Mayberry is reported to have observed. "They call themselves select, do they? Where were they selected from? That is what I want to know." Of course, no one satisfied her impertinent curiosity. We all knew where we came from, if she didn't, and some of us held strong opinions as to Miss Mayberry's ultimate destination, but that is neither here nor there.

Still, it was "rather a startler" when old Mr. Eggleston, of Bermondsey, came down to Willowtown to live. He was fabulously rich; he swallowed peas with his knife and called them "marrerfats;" he was impatient, headstrong, choleric, apoplectic. Two important facts saved him from social ostracism—his aldermanic dinners and his daughter Sempronia.

It is not very easy to describe Sempronia. Her beauty had an elusive way of defying description. When she entered a room people were vaguely conscious that something pleasant had happened. If you were fortunate enough to take her in to dinner she confirmed that impression. Even mock turtle lost its mockery when she sat beside you. Not that old Eggleston often put people off with mock turtle; he was far too fond of dipping his white beard in the genuine thing to wish to impose imitations on his guests.

Poor Harry Nicholson's troubles, however, began the first time he dined at the Egglestons', owing to Mr. Eggleston's ambiguous speech. Mr. Eggleston was gobbling away at his soup, and only left off to observe that he "couldn't 'eat the 'ot 'ouse."

"But, my dear sir," observed Harry, "nothing but an ostrich could heat your hothouse."

"Don't you be impereent, young man," retorted Mr. Eggleston, "or you and me'll 'ave words. I will 'eat it if I like."

Sempronia threw oil on the troubled waters, but not before Mr. Eggleston had remarked to the remains of his soup that Harry was "a nordacious sparrer."

Sempronia was very fond of her father. She didn't obtrude the fact, but skilfully contrived to throw her mantle over him at all the social functions of the neighborhood. It soon became an understood thing that any one who poked fun at Mr. Eggleston had no chance of winning the good graces of his beautiful daughter. Her mother had been a lady—a very feeble one—and married Eggleston on account of his strongmindedness.

Mrs. Eggleston's relatives were so astounded by the originality of such a reason that they cut her. It preyed on Mrs. Eggleston a good deal, but she lived very happily with her husband until Sempronia was born. Then, like Mrs. Dombey, "she couldn't make an effort"—and died! People who saw poor Mr. Eggleston at that awful time said that he was as one distraught. He sat by the dead woman, holding her hand, until she was taken away to the grave. Then he fell down in a fit. He was only prevented from following his wife into the silent land by hearing the doctors say he hadn't a chance of living. In order to contradict them he recovered. If he couldn't "'eat the 'ot 'ouse" it wasn't for want of trying his jaws on everything else he came across.

Still, with all his faults, old Mr. Eggleston was much beloved in Willowtown. His speech when he first took the chair at the "Penny Readings" was a model of metaphorical research. "When I look round 'ere," he said, sticking his determined thumbs well into his white waistcoat, "I sake myself what brings me 'ere, and I says to masself, says I—Money! I've never been accustomed addicted, but I've made

tell I'm not real Dosset, and only oleomargarine), but I've made—Money! Nobody'd call me a new-laid Brahma; I'm only a sixteen-to-the-shillin'-and-take-me-back-if-'igh-French-egg, but I've made—Money. And now I've made money I mean to spend it on people I like, so I'll be very glad if you'll all come up to supper when the performance is over. Mr. Nicholson's agoin' to sing 'The 'eart Bowed Down.' I don't know what it's bowed down about, but I dessay it's very pretty." And Mr. Eggleston retired amid thunderous applause.

Harry Nicholson sang "The Heart Bowed Down" with great effect. "He's always up at the 'all," Mr. Eggleston informed people. He liked Nicholson now, although he couldn't resist calling him "a confounded young puppy for sniggerin' because I got flummoxed and said 'Mr. Recitation will give a Smith' the other night. He's of a good fam'ly, Nicholson is. I should like my daughter to marry into a good fam'ly. I never was much of a fam'ly man myself, though I dessay I could buy a crest and a Latin mortar at the 'Erald's College. Still, it's a fine thing to have a picture gallery full of beautiful murderesses and ruffians in armor and Sir 'Ugos and Sir Lunchalots, and Lady Editha of the white 'and, and sitchlike."

Sempronia did not object to Nicholson's picture gallery at all. She and Nicholson were always together. Of course, Nicholson was poor. Indeed, his picture gallery was his chief possession. He was expected to live up to it. People supposed that he did something for a living, but no one knew exactly what it was. One day, however, it occurred to him that he was in love.

"I'm going away," he said abruptly to Miss Eggleston.

They were sitting before the drawing room fire. It was only 6.30, but just after Christmas it is very dark at that time. Miss Eggleston was clad in black velvet, and what Mr. Eggleston called "the family dimons" sparkled on her white neck. Mr. Eggleston always insisted on her wearing jewels at dinner. He was mortally afraid of his suspicious-looking butler, as that stony-hearted functionary had threatened "to resign" if Mr. Eggleston dared to sit down to dinner in a shooting jacket. "If people don't respect themselves," he had observed. "I do. When I served my Lord of Ditchwater he always dressed for dinner, and I'm not agoin' to demean myself by waiting on a parvenoo who don't." That had settled it. Rather than be called by such an awful word as "parvenoo." Mr. Eggleston apologized, and Porkins buried the hatchet.

When Nicholson said that he was going away Sempronia didn't like it at all. Her blue eyes looked into the fire with a rather abstracted air. The firelight played upon her beautiful, if somewhat haughty features. What right a butterman's daughter had to resemble the De Veres of romance it was difficult to discover, but she indubitably did so. Her features were neither faulty faultless nor splendidly null; they certainly were very beautiful.

"Going away!" she asked. "Surely, Mr. Nicholson, this is rather a sudden freak."

Nicholson rose from his chair and stood looking down on her. He was black as a crow, but with a prepossessing blackness. He had a very musical voice, his gayety was infectious, and people lingered to listen to his laughing witticisms. But he did not seem inclined to be funny to-night. For so mercurial a youth he was decidedly serious. His hand twisted the beautiful stud in his immaculate shirt front. Altogether he was very preoccupied. The rug wasn't big enough. He trod on the St. Bernard and was stricken with remorse.

"Such an owl is well out of the way," he said. "Miss Eggleston, I'll go."

"You forget that you dine with us."

"Oh, no; I don't forget. Perhaps you will let me off. I'm not fit for the giddy throng to-night."

"It isn't a giddy throng. There will be papa and Mr. Gubbins. True, Mr. Gubbins is volatile—away from Mrs. Gubbins—but you cannot call papa giddy."

"No. I'm off to-morrow. In fact, I've made a discovery."

"In the picture gallery? Or buried treasure in the paddock?"

"Don't scoff at my poverty," he said with repressed feeling. "Don't scoff at that. God knows I never felt it until to-night."

"And why to-night?"

"To-night?" with assumed indifference. "Well, even the lightest-hearted fellow finds Black Care perching on his shoulder sometimes. I—I was actually thinking this afternoon."

"No wonder you are tired." But she didn't look at him.

"Yes; funny, wasn't it? Actually thinking. What do you think I thought about?"

"I don't know. Something interesting?"

"I can't say that. It seemed inter-

he's bound to light up; can't help it.

"So you lit up?"

"Yes, I lit up. Then I sat down again; then I got up; then I sat down. Nearly wore out the chair before I'd finished."

"That was serious."

"It was. I wanted something. Didn't know what I wanted, so called myself names and pitched my cigar away. Which was rash. It was a good cigar," regretfully; "and I haven't many left. Must take to smoking shag like Old Ikey does. He enjoys it."

"Don't be horrid."

"I got tired of walking up and down, so I stopped short in the middle of the floor, and fixed my eyes upon the carpet pattern. It's an awfully good plan that. The carpet spoke back to me. It said—"

"Yes?"

"Oh, it said, you bone-idle beggar, you've wasted your manhood, you have tottered in the vineyard (metaphorically, of course—you can't totter in vineyards where there aren't any—stands to reason) while others toiled, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Yet all the time, some impossible dream—a dream of great happiness—has haunted you. You have drifted, drifted, like a boat bottom up, with this happiness quite close to you. You had but to go forth into the world, and—and win your spurs—and you didn't go. That's what the carpet said. Extraordinary bit of Brussels, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Didn't it say anything else?"

"Lots of things. It said I must lose this woman I loved because I was ruined."

"Ruined!"

"Yes, ruined; and all that sort of thing. I have been living on capital instead of interest. The only redeeming feature about the affair is that the gallery will have to go. You see, it's hard lines on a fellow to have nothing but a gallery left to him; he can't live up to it; and yet he has to do so. None of those ruffianly old ancestors of mine ever did a day's work in their lives. I'm afraid I haven't done much. But why should I bore you with this?"

"You don't bore me, and you—suffer!"

"It is a trifle unpleasant."

"You didn't think it would be particularly pleasant?"

"I was horridly bored by that gallery. Lady Edith of the White Hand will fetch a good price from a soap man. I couldn't have stood that depressing female much longer. She had a way of sticking her hand out at one, as if a fellow couldn't live up to it. I'm sure I didn't want live up to it. I'm thinking of joining the mounted police in the Northwest Territory. They're a splendid lot; and there's always the pleasureable excitement of being scalped by The-Man-Who-Rides-A-Mule With-His-Face-To-The-Tail, or some other equally long-named hero."

"The experience wouldn't be of much use to you because it could only happen once."

"Yes, I suppose so. There are worse things than being scalped."

"Possibly."

"And so goodby to the old times—and to—to Lady Edith. When a man is on the brink of ruin it is best for him to forget—everything."

"Yes," she said almost inaudibly. "It is best for him to forget, but not—everything. I—I am very sorry for you."

He pressed her hand lightly to his lips. She knew that this was his characteristic farewell to the hopes he had cherished. Womanlike, she was angry at his silence. And then his wretched pride. She had enough money for both. What did his poverty matter? Hadn't he that delightful gallery of ancestors, some of whom, if report spoke truly, were little better than the wicked. You couldn't buy family portraits like that. There were plenty of dubious old masters in the market, but few undoubtedly "old mississes," as Mr. Eggleston called them.

And here was this irrational youth, who loved her, going off to be scalped by Pawnees, or Comanches, or Sioux, or Apaches, or any other outlandish tribe of Indians with whom fate might confront him. Why not stay at home and have his hair pulled only in the family circle? And it was such beautiful hair!

He disappeared in the darkness, feeling that desperate sorrow which only comes to a man once in a lifetime, for the simple reason that he couldn't possibly live through it twice. "By Jove," he muttered between his set teeth, "it would go hard with any one who crossed me to-night."

"Har—Harry!" gurgled a choking voice from the shrubs. "'Elp—'Elp!"

The next moment Harry had jumped into the bushes. A bullet whizzed by his ear as he did so, and a cowardly ruffian who had half strangled Mr. Eggleton fled into the unknown.

"My wife's portrait," cried Mr. Eggleston. "They knocked me down as I was coming up the walk—"

was another shot—a redhot, searing, tearing dart in his shoulder—and he fell forward on his face, whilst the cracksmen made off across the field, cursing their own stupidity in beginning operations so prematurely. Porkins disappeared with them.

Harry was carried into the house and laid on a couch. Doctors were telegraphed for right and left. For hours he remained with pallid features and closed eyes. The doctors shook their heads and looked wise. The wound was a serious one; the bullet hard to find; if certain things didn't happen the patient would recover; if they did happen, he wouldn't; that was all that could be extracted from them as they nodded with sphinx-like gravity, and returned to their patient.

Sempronia sat beside Harry through the long night. It was useless to dissimulate any more. She was quite tearless and as white as wax. Every now and then she moistened his lips or smoothed the pillow, but did not give way to her grief. It was only toward morning on the second day after the doctors had extracted the bullet that she betrayed any excitement. In the cold, gray dawn a robin, deluded into momentary cheerfulness by the thought that spring would surely come some day, began to twitter his cheery melody to the casement's glimmering square.

The song of the bird smote Sempronia. She shivered, and, bending over the wounded man, kissed him passionately. "Ah," she moaned, as she flung herself on her knees by the couch, "I was cold and hard and cruel to you, but I never meant to let you leave me. I would have followed you to the world's end for one word of love, but you were so proud—so proud—that I could never humble myself to tell you so. And now—now you will not know it."

She pushed back her hair and stared with wild, wan eyes into the gray dawn. Then a wonderful thing happened. The sleeping man opened his eyes and smiled. From that moment he grew better. "I seemed to hear your voice faintly and afar off," he explained, when he was able to "sit up and take a tittle nourishment," as Mr. Eggleston put it. "I was crossing a gray river, accompanied by an old man who was half clad in skins. As we drew near to the opposite shore, dimly discernible through the gloom, pale phantoms came down to meet us, and then—then I heard your voice, and all was well."

"Yes," she made answer, softly, "all was well. God has been very good to us, and all is well."

"And if anybody's got to be scalped," said old Mr. Eggleston, fondly surveying the young couple, "let's 'ope as it'll be those ruffians as garotted me when that sanctimonious Porkins (the butler) helped 'em to get my watch. Anyhow, they'll have their hair cut short at Her Majesty's expense for some time, bless her. It's refreshing after these years of paying taxes to get something for it."—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Only nine per cent. of surgical operations in amputation are fatal.

In the East Indies there are spiders so large that they feed on small birds.

The underground electric railroad in London is in places sixty feet below the surface.

The first furrow plowed by electric plows in America was on March 30, 1892, at the Kansas Sorghum Experiment Station.

A new penny-in-the-slot machine scares away tamperers by sounding an alarm and shocking them with a strong electric current.

The gannet, or solan goose, is provided with an air cushion under his skin. His body contains about 160 cubic inches of air.

There are some vegetables that can scarcely be distinguished from animals, and some animals that seem to have all the characteristics of a vegetable.

The Bovista gigantea, a species of fungus, will grow in one night from the size of a pea to as large as a watermelon. Its increase of cells per minute has been estimated at 66,000,000.

The observations of Parkes and Francis show that the lungs of Europeans dying in India are lighter than the European standard after death, proving that these organs, being brought less into physiological activity, diminish in size.

That cats will occasionally hunt after butterflies has been affirmed by a British periodical, and recently observed by Dr. Jentick, of Holland. Probably many have observed them jumping after, catching and eating grasshoppers with a relish.

Mr. Michaels has recently studied the relations between many mites and certain ants in whose nests they are boarders. A strange case is that of a

height.
And the world stays while it's rolling on!
The time, but why isn't half so high
As it looks, sometimes, to the near-sighted eye.
And the song comes after the sigh—the sigh,
And the world stays while it's rolling on!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

IN A DECK CHAIR.

HE was a very proud girl—stand-offish sort of a girl—and she came on board with a fixed intention not to speak to anybody. I noticed her while we were yet in the dock at Tilbury. You don't notice individuals as a rule, for everybody looks so like everybody else on a first meeting, especially when it is almost dark, and a crowd of passengers hang about the ship's side taking their last look at things ashore. But I noticed this lady at the very first. I was on deck, prepared to go with the steamship Atalanta to New York City, and I saw her alight from the train some hundred yards distant. I lost her until she stepped upon the gangplank, and then I was confirmed in my impression that she was a remarkably handsome girl.

She came on board like a princess, and for some minutes disappeared. Presently I felt a strange sensation. She was positively standing beside me. There was no reason why she should have preferred any other locality, but the fact that she came and stood by the side of me certainly deepened the extraordinary impression she had made. Without presuming to stare at her, I got a glimpse of her fine profile and dark, haughty eyes.

The usual scenes were going on about us. I ventured a remark—foolish and trifling, no doubt—but hardly deserving the contemptuous silence with which it was received.

The last bell sounded; the gangway was withdrawn, and we began to haul out of dock; but still she stood there and made no sign. I plucked up spirit, and asked her if she was going to America—an absurd question, seeing that America was the sole destination of the ship. She turned and looked at me, said nothing, and walked away.

It was a lovely night, and as we dropped down the river the passengers stood about in groups and enjoyed it. Several spoke to me and became quite sociable. She was on deck, also, until 11 o'clock, but sitting alone, and, so far as I could tell, making no comment upon the mystery of shadows sparkling with lights afloat and ashore which the vessel glided past.

I kept at a respectable distance; but I saw the captain speak to her, and I'm sure he got subdued for his audacity. So I put it down to pride. I think she made an exception of the stewardess; in fact, I'm sure she did—later on. There is a winning charm about the stewardess to which most ladies yield when a ship gets out to sea.

The next morning Miss Bradley (for that, as I discovered afterward, was her name) and I met at breakfast. I think all the passengers met at breakfast—at that first breakfast. She was there, anyway, and fortune seated her at my elbow. I made some progress with Miss Bradley in furnishing her plate. Oh, she was all right at that first breakfast. The sea was like glass and the sweet morning air in the channel was very appetizing.

But the neighborly chat with which I tried to garnish the eggs and bacon met with little encouragement, and she committed herself no more than to the endorsement of my hope that we should have this sort of thing all the way. By "this sort of thing" I meant the glorious weather, not her monumental frigidity; but I don't think she took the trouble to analyze my conceptions.

All that day she wandered about the deck, with her dark eyes—they were dark gray in the sunshine—surveying the panorama of the cliff-belted southern coast, or sat upon a bench by the saloon dome, reading a book under the shadow of the awning which had been rigged up on the "promenade." The splendid lines of her figure showed to advantage in a neat gown of homespun. No one spoke to her, and she spoke to nobody. At dinner I got a trifle forward by the aid of baked potatoes, but nothing to boast of.

There were several jolly women among the passengers; and particularly jolly they were on the score of the calm sea. Our time in the channel was good as a picnic, and it

I supplied her plate, and launched into a funny story. To my dismay, she suddenly arose and left the table—likewise the saloon, ramming her handkerchief into her mouth, as I seemed, to prevent the laughter which must unbend her dignity, and break down the icy barrier between us.

For five days her pride—or some other indisposition—buried her in the sacred seclusion of her stateroom. It was too bad! During those five days we staggered through a lively crossing sea, which made walking on deck a very awkward business, and I spent most of my time reclining in my comfortable deck chair.

It now occurred to a number of passengers that a deck chair was the thing of all others which they ought to have brought on board. The scanty accommodation of benches was inadequate for those who wanted to lie down at full length and "sleep it off," and the deck was not only no sybaritic, but offered indifferent anchorage; those who made their bed on the floor experienced a constant tendency to slip and slide and roll as the Atlantic wrestled with the waves. It would not do.

Envious glances were cast at my snug chair, which I had moored in a sheltered corner. Piratical attacks were made upon that chair whenever I ventured to quit it for a moment. If I took a turn to stretch my limbs, or went below for a book or an extra rug, I never failed to find on my return, some interloping loafer ensconced in my nest and pretending to be fast asleep. I stood a good deal of this, and in a noble transport of self-sacrifice wandered about like a lost dog. But I would'nt stand it any longer. And I didn't.

I began to evict the intruder, at first with great difficulty. "Pray excuse me! I fancy you have mistaken your chair." Then with less compunction: "I regret that I must disturb you; I am not feeling very well." And later without ceremony or remorse: "Now, sir, my chair, if you please!"

It came to this, that I got quite "rusty," and acquired the habit of folding up my chair whenever I left it, affixing thereon a notice: "This chair was brought on board for the owner's use. All others keep away." This manifesto brought upon me a great deal of chaff. A petition was got up requesting me to "take the chair" at a meeting to be held for the purpose of denouncing monopolies. A band of young fools serenaded me with a chorus of "Chair, boys! chair! He'll sleep until to-morrow!" And there were other attempts at fun almost as feeble. They kept this up so persistently that, being out of sorts through the rough weather, and also on account of the prolonged absence of the girl with the dark-gray eyes, I became as surly as a bear.

On the sixth day the sea had gone down a good deal and the saloon banquets were being patronized. I returned to the deck after a capital luncheon, with one of Clark Russell's stories under my arm; and I filled my big pipe and meandered in the direction of my chair, intending to enjoy myself thoroughly. Imagine my rage when I found the chair absolutely gone! I rushed up and down the deck until I observed that everybody was bursting with laughter.

Suddenly, under the lee of the captain's cabin, I came upon Millicent Bradley. Her proud, gray eyes were dim and lustreless, the full, firm contour of the face was gone, and her rich complexion had changed to putty-color. The self reliant mouth sank at the corners, and was partly open, as if she lacked the vital energy to press her pallid lips together.

As I stopped before her and stared with astonishment and distress, she opened her eyelids just another sixteenth of an inch and murmured in the most die-away tone: "Oh, Mr. Franklin, I'm afraid I've got your chair. Do take it! Please take it!"

Of course I was instantly at her side, imploring her to keep the blessed chair forever, to wear it for my sake—not that she showed the slightest disposition to give it up.

For three days I waited upon her hand and foot, helped her with delicacies, told her funny stories—not about seasickness—recited poetry to her—my own, unpublished! and—yes, I flirted with her.

And she? Oh it did her good—brightened her up amazingly. She talked better than a phonograph, and we were all in all to each other. The doctor was a bit of a nuisance, presuming upon his medical privileges, you understand; and the captain pestered us; but I got my grip, as we used to say when I rowed in the college eight, and I pulled right through, giving them my "wash" all the time.

And so we drew nearer to Sandy Hook; and although I had to sit upon a suppressed while I watched over her

concentrated joy of a lifetime.

It had come on to blow again. A great bank of bubbling, purple clouds had arisen in the northwest as the night closed in; and while I was helping Miss Bradley down the companionway, driven from the deck by the ugly, threatening aspect of the sky, a blast of wind struck the vessel, heeling her over with a suddenness that forced me to cling with all my might to the banister, and Miss Bradley, with all hers, to my neck. For nearly a minute my chin reposed against the top of her head, but that ecstacy was vouchsafed to me no longer. As the ship righted, Millicent parted from me, sprang down the few remaining stairs, grabbed at the hand rail, and whisked away to her cabin.

I struggled back to the deck for the rugs and cushions, and found the vessel enveloped in a furious storm. Already it was dark, and the Atalanta was plunging like a restive horse, the sea coming in floods over the bulwarks, and the wind tearing and shrieking among the cordage, and blustering against the big roaring funnel. The rain came down in slanting sheets of water, and the sailors were shouting to each other, and warning the passengers who had delayed getting below. I lost one of my rugs, and how I saved my life I can hardly tell. My deck chair I left strapped to its moorings, and took refuge in the smoke room with half a dozen other white-faced fellows.

With the greatest difficulyt we got to our staterooms, and I clamored into my berth, simply shedding my top coat on the floor and kicking off my sopping shoes. I lay on my back with my elbows wedged against the side of the bunk to prevent myself being pitched out by the violent rolling of the ship, and listened to the smashing of glass and crockery, and the crash of hat boxes, bags and other unsecured trifles, which were flying about like pips in a dice box, and to the shuddering whirl of the screw as the water dropped away from our stern and left the great flanges to beat the air. The steward came and put the lights out, a red-tape proceeding which added to the awfulness of things in general. Then I began to get insufferably warm. It was summer time, and with portholes closed the atmosphere below decks was almost stuffy; but never before had I felt such an oppression. I concluded that we had gone into the gulf stream, or something of that sort, and they had closed all the ventilators for the sake of keeping the ship watertight.

I had to lie there in a bath of perspiration, for I could not get relief by taking off my clothes. To unwedge myself in order to make the attempt would have resulted in my rolling out on to the floor, where my shoes and a water bottle, and a careless companion's razor case, were having a perfect frolic together.

I grew parched with thirst. Every moment the air became more unbreathable. Ten minutes more, and I gasped aloud: "I must get out of this, or die!" I flung myself down, taking my chance of the razors, and groped out of the door. A stifling fog hung in the saloon. The dim light of a swinging lantern showed it to me. Peering about me with almost blinded eyes I perceived that from every stateroom abutting on the saloon one or more passengers had crept out like myself and were standing at each opening like spectres, holding on desperately to anything. The saloon seemed to be doing its best to subvert itself. At times the floor was almost perpendicular. Now I was lying flat upon the outer wall of my cabin; the next instant I was hanging from the rail that ran around it, as if I were a trapeze performer. All about there was a pandemonium of tumbling things. The sea thundered against the vessel fearfully, and again and again there was that horrible shudder of the screw.

Across the saloon was the cabin dedicated to Miss Bradley. I detected a ghostly figure there, and made my way over, holding fast to the chairs and the table. Yes, it was she, white as the dressing gown that swathed her graceful figure. She grasped my hand. Her dark eyes gazed into my face with a terrible expression.

"Thank God you have come to me!" she cried with passionate earnestness.

We had grown very good friends during those few blissful days of her convalescence, but only by maintaining a rigid barrier of the most respectful ceremony. How I blessed the accommodating tempest which made her now speak to me like that!

I kept her hand in mine and brought my face close to hers—I had to do this to make my consolation intelligible, there was such a racket. "It's all right!" I shouted. "Only a gale of wind. Bit of a sea on. You're quite right to turn out if you feel nervous."

She shook her head. "Oh, the storm is nothing," she replied.

As we stood there in the dunkiness, clinging to the side of the cabin and to each other she asked: "Are you sure there is nothing wrong with the ship—nothing?"

Her tone was so changed that I stared at her for a moment through the smother before asking the counter question: "What should there be?"

"What is this smoke?" she whispered hoarsely in my ear. Before I could answer there was a concussion above as if the very heaven had fallen upon the ship, and we were both dashed off our feet. I fell with my hand upon some metal work which the carpet did not cover. It was so hot it almost blistered me. I quickly scrambled up, and, lifting the almost fainting girl in both my arms, staggered with her to a cushioned nook close by. As I did so there came a rush of water into the saloon, sweeping over the floor in waves as the oscillation of the vessel flung it from one side to the other; and as the flood receded to mass itself in another quarter, a cloud of steam arose, adding to the denseness of the prevailing gloom.

The last shock had evoked a wail of alarm from the surrounding cabins, and the saloon became crowded with people rushing out of their doors. But when they found the floor surging with water and that white vapor floating upward, there was a perfect shriek of dismay, "The boilers have burst! The boilers!"

Supposing the water to be scalding, I instinctively placed Millicent Bradley at full length upon the couch. There was no time to save myself, and I let out an unmanly yell as the waves lapped me right up to the knee. It seemed to bite the flesh from my bones. I can stand pain—I used to play football in England—but you just put your stockinged feet into boiling water and try that! In a jiffy I was perched upon the top of a small table, and clapped my hand to my injured extremities; but, strange to say, I was not scalded at all. The water was cold. Others found this out simultaneously. And yet the steam was rising.

The meaning of it flashed upon Millicent first of all—or, perhaps, this phenomenon only confirmed a fear—"God help us!" she cried; "the vessel is on fire."

The word flew like lightning. All rushed pell-mell out of the saloon and up the stairs to the deck.

"Save me, Horace!" gasped Millicent—in that moment she called me by that name—"Save me, Horace, for the love of heaven!" I caught her to my breast like a child—she was a very full grown woman, and must have weighed eleven stone—I kissed her cheek, her eyes, her lips, and she never murmured. I strode with unwavering steps to the companionway with that lovely burden, soft and supple, in my arms. I sprang up the stairs with a confidence I had not possessed in the calmest of weather, and presently stood with her on deck, the wind tearing at us like a legion of imps, and the rushing masses of water dashing over us from head to foot. It would have been too much for me, exposed to the full force of it, had not a handy sailor coiled a rope about us and hitched us up securely. He bound us heart to heart, and I stood with her so through the flying hours that dragged so tediously with most people. There and then and thus I told my love to her—and she listened to me. She made me swear that if the ship's company had to take to the boats, I would go with her. If that could not be, she begged me to let her stay and drown with me.

Oh, what a glorious time that was; with the storm beating me almost senseless, the ship a furnace beneath my feet, the utter hopelessness of boats living in such a sea, should the fire break through the battened-down hatches and drive us from the vessel.

Never shall I forget the dawn of that day; the clouds glaring spitefully as they fled away before the sun; the waves cowering into sullenness; the storm-wind screeching in baffled passion—and my deck chair gone!

They had found the fire and extinguished it; and with the morning light came the cry of "Land ahead!" from the lookout.

We should get through it all safely, then; and beyond lay—paradise! Not the same paradise that we had contemplated in the dark hours, but still paradise; such a one as I would be contented with for all the rest of my life.

A pilot joined us. We steamed into Sandy Hook. They steered the battered hulk of the Atalanta into the grand harbor of New York under as goodly a sun as ever smiled on lovers.

Millicent Bradley once again stood by my side and spoke no word. Her dark eyes surveyed the shore and took stock of the monster excursion steamers, the Statue of Liberty and the Brooklyn Bridge; but she made no comment. She had not referred to that sweet night of terrors since I

of her own affairs, not even her destination. But now she turned to me and looked me squarely in the eye. "You were very kind to me last night, Mr. Franklin," she said, in tones that I fancied trembled a little.

"Mister!" I stammered, aghast at her coldness.

"I am very grateful—I shall always be. Don't think badly of me for being so weak and foolish. I could not bear"—she hesitated, and shook back a tear that seemed about to sparkle in her eyes as she corrected herself: "I should not like you to—to despise me."

"Oh, Miss—Millicent!" I began.

But she went on firmly: "Of course, we must not take seriously anything which circumstances—so exceptional—so very, very dreadful, indeed—we must not bind ourselves by what such circumstances forced upon us. We will say good-by now; and—and if—if we never meet again—"

"Millicent!" I cried, catching both her hands, quite heedless of onlookers, "don't coquette with me after what we have both gone through! You can say calmly to me, 'If we never meet again;' I say to you, 'Must we ever, ever part?'"

"Yes, we must part—Horace." The words came slowly, and she did not disengage her hands.

"Why? Where are you going?"

"To Manitoba—to my brother's ranch. I am going to settle there. If you would like to call—"

Manitoba is some three thousand miles from New York, and the Bradley ranch is eighty miles from the railway. But I did "call;" and it came to pass that I settled there, too.—Chambers's Journal.

WISE WORDS.

We are shaped by our yesterdays.

Money is not the measure of merit.

Love doesn't wait for an invitation.

Advice should be well shaken before taken.

Love is a natural product of humanity.

Possession is pursuit with the pith punched out.

Matrimony is a remarkable developer of character.

Courtship is a glass through which we see darkly.

Epigrams are diamonds in the gravel of conversation.

A life of crime is often the result of running in debt.

We must go away from ourselves to find the ideal.

When Cupid meets a woman he smiles and sits down.

History makes us some amends for the shortness of life.

One who learns the art of living will keep out of trouble.

Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time.

Watch the dollars in their flight if you want to stop their flying.

Cupid may be blind as a bat, but he has ears that can hear a dollar jingle.

The wag of a dog's tail is more to be trusted than the shake of a man's hand.

Feminine beauty is not the subject for a man to select for conversational purposes with a homely woman.

Love makes more people miserable than it makes happy; unless misery in love is one form of happiness.

Our own children are about the only things we have which we would rather have than have the things other people have.

A Rain of Salt.

Friday was a balmy day at Pocatello, Idaho. Late in the afternoon a drizzling rain blew up, carried on a wind directly from the south. It was of peculiar whiteness, and, after it had passed, everyone who had happened to have been out in it, and who wore a dark suit of clothes, or a dark hat, noticed that clothes and hat were covered with thousands of tiny white specks. Later it was noticed that every window in town looking to the south was also covered with white spots.

"It has been raining mud," said every one who noticed the phenomenon at first, but later some of the curious tried tasting the spots. They had a distinctly salty flavor and an analysis made later by druggists proved that they were salt.

The question now is Where did the salt come from? There can only be one answer—from the Great Salt lake, nearly 300 miles south in Utah. It must have been a warm day over the Great Dead Sea when a strong south wind swept over it, catching up the salty vapor and sweeping it north to Idaho and finally bespattering the clothes and windows of the good people of Pocatello with the salty spray.—Chicago Times.

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THE TICKET.

WEST VIRGINIA. Democratic Ticket.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Representative in the Congress of the United States for the Third District.
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Summersville, Nicholas county.

SENATORIAL.

For State Senator for the Eighth District,
JOSEPH D. LOGAN,
of Union, Monroe County.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY TICKET.

For House of Delegates,
DR. J. P. MOOMAU,
Of Green Bank.

For Commissioner of County Court.
.....
Of.....

For County Superintendent of Free Schools,
D. L. BARLOW,
Of Edray.

RELOCATION OF COUNTY SEAT.

For relocation at Huntersville.

Against relocation of County Seat.

WEST VIRGINIA. People's Party Ticket.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Representative in the Congress of the United States for the Third District,
SAMUEL A. HOUSTON,
Of Pickaway, Monroe County.

SENATORIAL.

For State Senator for the Eighth District.
S. A. HUTCHISON,
Of Oak Hill, Fayette County.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY TICKET.

For House of Delegates,
.....
Of.....

For Commissioner of County Court.
.....
Of.....

For County Superintendent of Free Schools.
.....
Of.....

RELOCATION OF COUNTY SEAT.

For relocation at Huntersville.

Against relocation of County Seat.

WEST VIRGINIA. Republican Ticket.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Representative in the Congress of the United States for the Third District.
JAMES H. HULING,
Of Charleston, Kanawha County.

SENATORIAL.

For State Senator from the Eighth District.
THOMAS P. DAVIES,
Of Montgomery, Fayette County.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY TICKET.

For House of Delegates,
GEORGE P. MOORE,
Of Edray.

For Commissioner of County Court.
.....
Of.....

For County Superintendent of Free Schools,
C. B. GRIMES,
Of Mill Point.

RELOCATION OF COUNTY SEAT.

For relocation at Huntersville.

Against relocation of County Seat.

COUNTY OF POCAHONTAS, TO-WIT:

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said County, do certify that the foregoing persons were certified to me as having been duly nominated by their respective parties for the offices for which

l Directory of Pocahontas

f Circuit Court, A. B. Campbell.
ting Attorney, L. H. McClintic.
J. C. Arbogast.
Sheriff, Robt. E. Burns.
Court, S. L. Brown.
Court, J. H. Patterson.
C. C. Arbogast.
Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. O. M. Kee.
{ Amos Barlow.
Geo. Baxter
Geo. P. Moore.
A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Clerk Circ. Court, Elkins—W. H. Gross
ville—Jno. R. Taylor, Dunmore Cherry, Academy—Thos. Brady.

THE COURTS.

Court convenes on the first in April, 3rd Tuesday in June Tuesday in October.
Court convenes on the 1st in January, March, October and Tuesday in July. July is m.

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Marlinton, West Va.
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L. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
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L. BUCKER,
et-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Poca- county and in the Supreme court eals.

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Lewisburg, W. Va.
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exact date of his visits will ap- this paper.

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Financial Reflections.

An editorial leader in the *Atlanta Constitution* says, in reference to financial troubles and tariff agitations, fifty years ago.

If any impartial student will study financial history, he will be impressed with the fact that the same cause that produced low prices and hard times from 1837 to 1849, is active in producing them now, namely, the contraction of the money supply. This contraction was partly owing to natural causes. The natural causes were the gradual exhaustion of the gold and silver mines, and the relatively small additions made to the supply of gold and silver, the money of final payments.

The artificial causes consisted in the efforts of the Federal State Bank and its branches to embarrass Andrew Jackson, who, with the people sustaining him, was endeavoring to abolish the institution.

The Bank finally fell, but such was the influence obtained in the brief period of its existence, that it was able to contract the circulating medium of the nation, and thus injure the best interests of the people at large.

In reviewing the history of the phenomenal hard times from 1837 to 1850, it will be seen that besides the contraction of the currency in circulation, as a cause of hard times, there was another event that had its effect in causing financial troubles. In 1834, the ratio between gold and silver was changed from 15½ to 1 to 16 to 1, by reducing the amount of gold in golden coins. Thus silver was under-valued, and even our legal tender silver was exported to France, where the owner could get a profit of half an ounce in sixteen. This deprived the people of their small change. But in 1848, the gold discoveries in California were made, and by 1850, the immense supplies there obtained by the gold-diggers had largely added to the amount of money, and prices for all commodities rose in response to the much needed expansion of the circulating, legal tender medium.

West Virginia is in a good condition to meet and endure the wear, and tear, and strain of of financial depression. While it may be true that we have no vast visible accumulations of wealth in our borders, yet it is equally as true that there are no serious aggregations of poverty.

The experiences that West Virginians are likely to have of hard times, may enable them to resist some of the evils that attend large prosperity.

One of the most forcible writers upon current questions is Kate Field, of Washington.

When she was asked if she wished to have a vote, her reply was, "I do most emphatically." She believes there should be an educational and property franchise, and that both sexes should stand a uniform test before being registered as voters. She thinks it ridiculous to assume that the right to cast the ballot would injure woman's purity or unfit her for the duties of home life, anymore than going to the post office or to the store. Some of the shrewdest political managers she has ever

---

In the *Atlanta Constitution*, October 21st, is an excellent editorial on the stringency of the times. It was written in the light of that lamp to which Patrick Henry referred as the 'Lamp of experience.' To encourage those inclined to take hopeless and disconsolate views of the hard times now upon us, the writer says:

"The moral of the history of the different panics lies in this. No matter how hard the times are, people will get along somehow. In their large results, events continue to be shaped, as in the days of the prophets, by a hand that is mightier than any human force, by a ruler that is wiser than presidents and congresses; in some way or other, and in good time, that mighty hand will lead our people out of the troubles and difficulties so burdensome now. When all is said and done, we come at last to the truth that lies at the source of the spring of bitter waters: Man proposes but God disposes; and all troubles and hardships shape themselves to His inevitable purposes in the end."

This is good sense and better politics.

It is a remarkable fact that the leading minds of the past few centuries attribute most of their intellectual power to the inspiration of the Holy Writings. Their verdict is that no one who expects to lead a professional life can afford to remain ignorant of the Bible. McCosh, in America, Gladstone, in England, the foremost men in the world, would never consent to be deprived of the privilege of searching the Scriptures. A student of the Bible recommends careful consecutive reading as very beneficial exercise in forming correct general impressions, and thus better qualified to interpret the particulars of the sacred books.

The Prophet Daniel was read in forty minutes. Two others reading at the some time, finished in forty and forty-five minutes. Upon making a calculation on this basis, it was found the Old Testament could be read in about thirty seven hours, the New Testament in ten hours, or the whole Bible in less than fifty hours. The Psalms would require three hours and twenty minutes, and Genesis, the next longest, would take two hours and twenty minutes. Lawyers, statesmen, physicians, and tradesmen will find many things relating to themselves and their respective spheres of duty upon an intelligent perusal of the Bible.

It has been regarded an important question whether there are any pagan people totally ignorant of a Supreme Being.

The Rev. John Lingginr, a specialist in this line of investigation, believes there are none such, though tourists in Africa, Australia, and Japan speak of tribes of people having no idea of God, whatever. It seems that some African tribes have produced this impression because of their profound reverence for God. Dr. Livingstone found this to be true of two tribes when they had overcome their reluctance to speak on sacred subjects. They call God "The Giver," and really pray to Him oftener than most other Africans do.

Dr. Ellis says, in reference to tribes in Madagascar, reported as having no idea of God, have always had an idea of God and call him "The Prince of Heaven."

Dr. Wilson, one of the most reliable authorities, says the idea of one Supreme Being, the Creator and Upholder of all things, is universal along the coast of Western

A Story of Waterloo.

This fall, a new drama by Dr. Conan Doyle (who is now lecturing in America) was produced at the Prince's Theater, Bristol, with Mr. Henry Irving in the principal role—Old Corporal Brewster.

The Pall Mall Budget has this description of the Old Corporal as portrayed by Mr. Irving:

"Old Corporal Brewster falls to babbling of a bull-pup which belonged to "Jarge" some seventy years ago, and suspects it is dead. His mind sinks into forgetfulness, and flashes into memory from moment to moment. He is astonished—a hero of Waterloo—at the bravery of his neice in traveling by train. He is helped to the window, but—the man who had fought the French cannot 'fight ag'in the flies.' He talks with the parson, who reads the bible to him; but he prefers Joshua to the New Testament, and—here is not nature—looks forward, not to a Heaven of peace, but to the great final fight of Armageddon, at which he doubts not the 3d Guards will be present, and the 'Duke will have something to say.' Then he drops his pipe, breaks it and cries helplessly, till the Sergeant gives him a new one and he is comforted. . . .

"The entrance of the Colonel of his old regiment wakes up the old man, and with a spasm of energy he draws a plan of the great battle with his bottle of paregoric, his pill-box, and his new pipe. And then, sinking back to lethargy, he only remembers that he lent a comrade three half-crowns before the battle, and that the comrade didn't pay them back before he was killed. Miss Annie Hughes had just consented to walk out with the Sergeant, when the veteran, who seemed asleep, rose suddenly erect, and with a shout of triumph fell dead in his chair. . . .

"There is, probably, no other actor but Mr. Irving who could portray so well and so painfully the psychology of decrepitude."

The Transit of Mercury.

An interesting astronomical event will take place on the 10th of November next. We allude to the transit of the planet Mercury across the sun. The phenomenon will be visible in North America, South America, Europe, and other quarters. It may be seen to advantage with the telescope.

A simple method whereby a number of persons may simultaneously observe the transit is to throw an enlarged image of the sun upon a sheet of white paper. This may be effected easily by using the telescope as a magic lantern.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 16. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1894. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Robt. E. Burns.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C. E. Beard. G. M. Kee. Amos Barlow.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter
Coroner	Geo. P. Moore.

Justices: A C L. Osteswood, Split Rock—Chas Cook, Edray—W H Gross Huntersville—Jno R Taylor, Dunmore—O H Curry, Academy—Thos Bruffy, Labelle.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Marlinton, West Va.
Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney-at-law.
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will be found at Times Office.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL.
DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year.
The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office next door to *H. A. Yeager's Hotel.* Residence opposite Hotel.
All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.
has located at
FROST, W. VA.
Calls promptly answered.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.
I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.
Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room 19 Reilly Block

Financial Reflections.

An editorial leader in the *Atlanta Constitution* says, in reference to financial troubles and tariff agitations, fifty years ago.

If any impartial student will study financial history, he will be impressed with the fact that the same cause that produced low prices and hard times from 1837 to 1849, is active in producing them now, namely, the contraction of the money supply. This contraction was partly owing to natural causes. The natural causes were the gradual exhaustion of the gold and silver mines, and the relatively small additions made to the supply of gold and silver, the money of final payments.

The artificial causes consisted in the efforts of the Federal State Bank and its branches to embarass Andrew Jackson, who, with the people sustaining him, was endeavoring to abolish the institution.

The Bank finally fell, but such was the influence obtained in the brief period of its existence, that it was able to contract the circulating medium of the nation, and thus injure the best interests of the people at large.

In reviewing the history of the phenomenal hard times from 1837 to 1850, it will be seen that besides the contraction of the currency in circulation, as a cause of hard times, there was another event that had its effect in causing financial troubles. In 1834, the ratio between gold and silver was changed from 15½ to 1 to 16 to 1, by reducing the amount of gold in golden coins. Thus silver was under-valued, and even our legal tender silver was exported to France, where the owner could get a profit of half an ounce in sixteen. This deprived the people of their small change. But in 1848, the gold discoveries in California were made, and by 1850, the immense supplies there obtained by the gold-diggers had largely added to the amount of money, and prices for all commodities rose in response to the much needed expansion of the circulating, legal tender medium.

West Virginia is in a good condition to meet and endure the wear, and tear, and strain of of financial depression. While it may be true that we have no vast visible accumulations of wealth in our borders, yet it is equally as true that there are no serious aggregations of poverty.

The experiences that West Virginians are likely to have of hard times, may enable them to resist some of the evils that attend large prosperity.

One of the most forcible writers upon current questions is Kate Field, of Washington.

When she was asked if she wished to have a vote, her reply was, "I do most emphatically." She believes there should be an educational and property franchise, and that both sexes should stand a uniform test before being registered as voters. She thinks it ridiculous to assume that the right to cast the ballot would injure woman's purity or unfit her for the duties of home life, anymore than going to the post office or to the store. Some of the shrewdest political managers she has ever known in her wide acquaintance at Washington, were women. History is full of information of what women have done as rulers. In her opinion, no one has ever demonstrated that politics are not natural to a woman, and that she can-

Is the *Atlanta Constitution*, October 21st, is an excellent editorial on the stringency of the times. It was written in the light of that lamp to which Patrick Henry referred as the 'Lamp of experience.' To encourage those inclined to take hopeless and disconsolate views of the hard times now upon us, the writer says:

"The moral of the history of the different panics lies in this. No matter how hard the times are, people will get along somehow. In their large results, events continue to be shaped, as in the days of the prophets, by a hand that is mightier than any human force, by a ruler that is wiser than presidents and congresses; in some way or other, and in good time, that mighty hand will lead our people out of the troubles and difficulties so burdensome now. When all is said and done, we come at last to the truth that lies at the source of the spring of bitter waters: Man proposes but God disposes; and all troubles and hardships shape themselves to His inevitable purposes in the end."

This is good sense and better politics.

It is a remarkable fact that the leading minds of the past few centuries attribute most of their intellectual power to the inspiration of the Holy Writings. Their verdict is that no one who expects to lead a professional life can afford to remain ignorant of the Bible. McCosh, in America, Gladstone, in England, the foremost men in the world, would never consent to be deprived of the privilege of searching the Scriptures. A student of the Bible recommends careful consecutive reading as very beneficial exercise in forming correct general impressions, and thus better qualified to interpret the particulars of the sacred books.

The Prophet Daniel was read in forty minutes. Two others reading at the some time, finished in forty and forty-five minutes. Upon making a calculation on this basis, it was found the Old Testament could be read in about thirty seven hours, the New Testament in ten hours, or the whole Bible in less than fifty hours. The Psalms would require three hours and twenty minutes, and Genesis, the next longest, would take two hours and twenty minutes. Lawyers, statesmen, physicians, and tradesmen will find many things relating to themselves and their respective spheres of duty upon an intelligent perusal of the Bible.

It has been regarded an important question whether there are any pagan people totally ignorant of a Supreme Being.

The Rev. John Lingginr, a specialist in this line of investigation, believes there are none such, though tourists in Africa, Australia, and Japan speak of tribes of people having no idea of God, whatever. It seems that some African tribes have produced this impression because of their profound reverence for God. Dr. Livingstone found this to be true of two tribes when they had overcome their reluctance to speak on sacred subjects. They call God "The Giver," and really pray to Him oftener than most other Africans do.

Dr. Ellis says, in reference to tribes in Madagascar, reported as having no idea of God, have always had an idea of God and call him "The Prince of Heaven."

Dr. Wilson, one of the most reliable authorities, says the idea of one Supreme Being, the Creator and Upholder of all things, is universal along the coast of Western Africa. Ashantees call Him "The Great Friend;" the Fantees pray to Him as "The Great Father."

Another eminent athority says the Zulus, and some other tribes, speak of God as "The Most Ancient One," the native word being almost an exact equivalent of the

A Story of Waterloo.

This fall, a new drama by Dr. Conan Doyle (who is now lecturing in America) was produced at the Prince's Theater, Bristol, with Mr. Henry Irving in the principal role—Old Corporal Brewster.

The Pall Mall Budget has this description of the Old Corporal as portrayed by Mr. Irving:

"Old Corporal Brewster falls to babbling of a bull-pup which belonged to "Jarge" some seventy years ago, and suspects it is dead. His mind sinks into forgetfulness, and flashes into memory from moment to moment. He is astonished—a hero of Waterloo—at the bravery of his neice in traveling by train. He is helped to the window, but—the man who had fought the French cannot 'fight ag'in the flies.' He talks with the parson, who reads the bible to him; but he prefers Joshua to the New Testament, and—here is not nature—looks forward, not to a Heaven of peace, but to the great final fight of Armageddon, at which he doubts not the 3d Guards will be present, and the 'Duke will have something to say.' Then he drops his pipe, breaks it and cries helplessly, till the Sergeant gives him a new one and he is comforted. . . .

"The entrance of the Colonel of his old regiment wakes up the old man, and with a spasm of energy he draws a plan of the great battle with his bottle of paregoric, his pill-box, and his new pipe. And then, sinking back to lethargy, he only remembers that he lent a comrade three half-crowns before the battle, and that the comrade didn't pay them back before he was killed. Miss Annie Hughes had just consented to walk out with the Sergeant, when the veteran, who seemed asleep, rose suddenly erect, and with a shout of triumph fell dead in his chair. . . .

"There is, probably, no other actor but Mr. Irving who could portray so well and so painfully the psychology of decrepitude."

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—Delaney, a man living on William's River, killed a bear last week. Then began a reign of plenty.

—Mr. J. H. G. Wilson's favorite horse, "Toby," so well known to almost everyone, died on Wednesday morning of lung fever.

—Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, had the misfortune to lose three good hounds, by some miserable wretch shooting them in the woods.

—Mr. Renick Carr who has been living on the G. H. McLaughlin place near Dunmore, will soon move to his farm near Glade Hill, on which he is at present erecting a comfortable dwelling place.

—Charles Lee and Barton Douglas, two negroes, were lodged in jail last Saturday, charged with rape, by Hannah Burgess. The accusation is such that it did not create much excitement. All parties are from the Levels District

—Mr. F. M. Durbin was stricken down with appoplexy, in Parkersburg, last week, and for awhile his life was despaired of. The latest news is that he is better, and on a fair way to complete recovery.

LATER: word comes of Mr. F. M. Durbin's death on Saturday. Thus passeth a noble minded, Christian gentleman to his reward.

—A peculiar process of law has taken in Staunton, the other day in a divorce suit. The father had taken the child of the marriage and had ran away with him. The mother had a receiver appointed to hold the child until the court decided who should have it. A case similar to this proceeding, is reported in the Old Testament, 1 Sol. 315.

—The splash dam on William's River is a pretty big affair. When the gates are opened the water rushes out like a cataract, and the roar may be heard a great distance It takes hours to empty, and causes a four foot flood fifteen miles below the dam. We will hear of somebody being drowned by a "splash" some day.

—Mr. E. F. McLaughlin, of Dunmore, recently sold a bunch of wethers, some of which weighed 150 pounds. As an example of what may be done in sheep raising take the following account of his past season's handling sheep: On April 1st, he bought 91 sheep for $226. He has sold from his flock $206 worth and has 73 sheep on hand.

—Frank Thomson has introduced a herd of about ten Angora goats, an animal not usually seen in these woods. They are white and have long hair. When they have to be driven across a small stream, the best plan is to lay a rail across, and they take a dry passage over. They were driven through Marlinton at night, and were detected by their peculiar odour, which is not at all nice.

—A gentleman who is famailier with both places says that the fortifications around Traveler's Repose thrown up during the war are as extensive, and big as those around Petersburg, Va.

The Confederates were camped there and the Yankee camp was at Cheat Bridge about ten miles away to the west of them.

The Confederates left this camp and moved to the top of the the Alleghany, one night and by daylight evry building was burnd by the Yankees.

A battle was fought on the top of the Alleghany, and the Confederate troops wintered there.

Wanted—A Deer.

Last Monday morning, word came from the lips of a very diminutive boy that a big six-prong buck was lying in a patch of woods on the point of the ridge near Mr. Aaron Moor's house. About five or six men went there immediately and just as they arrived at the covert where the deer was hiding, it was jumped by a pack of hounds which made music and brought the deer right by Pat Simmons. It looked like murder to Pat, but he pulled away at it for a half a dozen shots, and the echoes of his old 44 hung around those hollows

He shut his eyes and started the ball from his Winchester, which was neatly dodged by the deer. This was repeated five times. The deer passed on. Not to be partial, it went out of its way, to give Mr. Hubbell a chance, but he has reserved his fire until the present moment. Next it came by Paris Yeager who sent three shots in "that direction." It was evident that the deer bore a charmed life. It had only one more call to make, and presented itself to Mr. Ricketts, an English gentleman, and stopped to take a drink. Mr. Ricketts took two shots at it—and the last seen of the deer was on the point of the ridge near Levi Gay's going like all Marlinton was after it.

This famous buck has been in the woods around this place for eight years. It has been often seen and is known by iis deliberate movements, its immense size, and its fine horns.

Personal.

Samuel Scott, Esq., recently of Huntersville, has been admitted to the bar, and has located in Marlinton for the practice of his profession.

S. W. Holt and P. Goldin, two of our merchants, are in Baltimore this week to buy their winter goods.

G. D. Oliver & Bro., is the style of the new firm at Green Bank, which will take the business of the firm recently burned out there. They are stocking the store-house recently occupied by Jacob Boner.

Fred. Wallace, of Mill Point, at school at the University of Virginia, and Ed. Yeager, of Marlinton, in the employ of the Census Bureau at Washington, came home to vote.

Miss Eliza Kee, who has a desk in the Land Office in Washington, is visiting her old home at Marlinton.

The week before the election, Mr. John A. Preston, of Lewisburg, and Mr. W. A. Bratton, of Marlinton, canvassed the county in the interests of the Democratic party. They were met everywhere, with the exception of the town of Huntersville, with large and enthusiastic crowds of people, and they did a world of good. Mr. Preston is the coming statesman of West Virginia; to quote the words of Mr. Uriah Hevener, 'He's a William L. Wilson; its the best speech ever I heard, a'nt it?' Mr. Bratton made a most excellent speech, full of clear reasoning, and thoroughly in earnest. It is his first campaign, and one feels sure that he will soon be recognized everywhere as a power in the political field.

Election Day.

Last Tuesday was a bad day for an election, the snow falling and melting as it fell, and a crowd of voters stood on the sixty-foot dead line around the polls, early in the morning waiting for a chance to vote; about nine o'clock Mr. Levi Gay, came to the door and announced, "Oyez! the polls are now open!" and "the animals went in three by three" and voted.

The gravest apprehension has been felt for a long time that this precinct was destined to go Republican. This was materialized when the Swago contingent began to fill in. The voters were coming and going all day and at no time was there a crowd in the town.

One or two took some drinks and got up a little false excitement, but they soon went to sleep in some convenient hay-mow, after the style of "Old Ironsides."

The whole day was as quiet and ordinary as any other day in Marlinton.

The result showed four votes in favor of the Republicans, but there were nine Democratic votes that were lost by none of the ballots being cancelled. The whole vote was 143.

Last Monday, as Lock Kee was driving by the livery stable, his horses became unmanagable, and began to kick. His sister, Miss Eliza, and Ed. Yeager, who were driving with him, jumped out of the wagon, but he stain in and tried to manage the horses. The

Gone Republican!

The World, the Fullness thereof.

A Republican Legislature and all four Congressmen Lost.

Logan Probably Elected, as one of Three Senators.

Hill Defeated by 100,000 Maj.

Alderson Defeated by 2500.

Chickens for Sale at this Office.

We are beaten. Our big head is reduced, and we have received the punishment that we deserve for our carelessness. "We would not lime up," and the future looks black. The old Democratic Ship has been wrecked under the pilotage of Grover Cleveland, and he alone remains to view the ruin he has wrought.

Mr. Alderson is defeated past a doubt with Kanawha's majority of 2300 and Fayette's 1000.

Plenty of bad news, and more to come

Balfour elected, the Czar dead, and China gone Republican.

Mr. Windy Wilson loses his season's work, and finds "a power that keeps him from going to the United States Senate."

"Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—" "Comfort! comfort scorned of devils!" "Oh the dreary, dreary moreland, Oh the barren, barren shore—" "But 'tis truth the poet sings, that a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembring happier things."

But we deserve the lesson we have received, and the future remains to prove whether the action of the present Congress is justifiable. We will be drawn closer together by the reverse we have met, and nothing remains but for us to press on to the things that are before, and do what is needful to wipe out in 1896 the disgraceful rout of 1894.

The Deer.

There are a lot of deer in the Green Bank country, this fall. It is supposed that the work on the Gandy Creek railroad has driven them into Pocahontas. Five were killed in one day by a party of hunters in the "Upper Tract."

Four deer were seen in a large pasture, near Green Bank, last Friday. They were racing along in Indian file, and trotted around in every direction. On being frightened by the spectators, they waved their handkerchiefs and took to the mountain fastnesses.

Deer are killed daily in that section.

They do say that Poley Arbogast murdered one the other day. Two posts were set in ihe ground near together at the bottom and diverging at the top. A deer in running tried to jump through this opening, and falling became wedged between the posts, so that it could not move. Mr. Arbogast, who is a crippled man, saw it and taking a gun deliberately blew its brains out.

Jail Delivery.

Andrew Kellison, the boy who was lying in jail on the charge of burglary—having made a confession of robbing Overholt's store at Buckeye—escaped from the Huntersvill jail last Monday evening at supper time.

Jailer Doyle had taken his supper to him, and had opened the door to take it into the cell, when Kellison ran by him, and by another man, who struck at the escaping prisner with a stick of stove wood. The outer door being open Kellison escaped to the open air and has not been heard from since.

That old jail is a nuisance. Its arrangement is such that it is impossible for the jailer to tend the prisoners, without giving them a chance to knock him on the head or run by him as was done in this case. Though that building is

Official Vote of Pocahontas County.

	Huntersville.	Frost.	Marlinton.	Edray.	Split Rock.	Mill Point.	Academy.	Lobelia.	Green Bank.	Dunmore.	Trav. Repose.	Total.
Alderson	69	32	65	65	54	89	107	36	167	44	49	779
Huling	66	48	69	92	31	36	44	58	21	51	13	493
Logan	69	32	66	65	54	89	110	36	168	44	49	782
Davies	66	48	68	90	31	35	44	58	21	15	13	489
Mooman	69	31	54	34	46	80	111	34	159	43	50	711
Moore	68	48	77	118	37	50	47	50	25	15	12	544
Beard	21	4	120	143	70	99	147	79	11	11	2	707
Hogsett	111	68	7	3	0	28	3	1	162	43	49	485
Barlow	65	32	61	97	52	58	112	34	155	43	49	709
Grimes	69	45	74	60	32	71	47	57	21	15	13	491
For Relocation at H.	96	37	6	2	2	8	4	0	28	15	7	205
Against	11	7	129	134	78	113	147	84	19	17	8	730

District officers were elected as follows: EDRAY—A. C. L. Gatewood, Justice; George McCollum, Constable; Jacob Moore and George Gibson, Commissioners of Board of Education.

LEVELS: Clark Wooddell and J. R. Hill, Constables; Commissioners of Board of Education, Isaac McNeel and M. L. Beard.

GREEN BANK: Commissioners of Board of Education, S. B. Hannah and C. A Lightner; Justices, Wm. L. Brown and Robert Sutton.

HUNTERSVILLE: Commissioners of Board of Education, J. H. Doyle and W. J. Moore.

Clover Lick.

There have been some fine deer and turkeys killed here this fall.

Some one was mean enough to kill nine and wound another of Mrs Hanna Geiger's turkeys.

Mr. William Sharp has gone to Pickens on business.

Mr. Uriah Hevener is having a house built on the foundation of the house that was burned.

The schools at this place are flourishing.

The roads at this place are in a bad condition. Why should not all overseers work their hands alike? Some hands have worked one day some two and three days, and some have worked never a day.

Sam Gay's sawmill is whistling in our neighborhood again.

There was a corn husking at Godfrey Geiger's, the other day, and a party afterwards. Some of the boys got quite merry before morning on account of their sweethearts.

Miss Rosie McCalpin has gone to her father's in Webster county

Come back, come back, he cries aloud,
Across this stormy mountain,
And I'll take back what I have said,
My darling, o my darling!

Closed Up.

Our correspondent from Alderson writes us that the editor of *The Man*, a Populist paper recently started at Alderson, left last week without getting out a paper, and that the office has been locked up by the Mayor for the editor's board bill. We think it must be evident to all that there is no demand for a Populist paper in the Greenbrier Valley, just now, and we doubt if there ever will be.—*Greenbrier Independent*,

W. P. Hutchison, the founder of the paper, left the employ of this paper, and various creditors in Marlinton, in an equally surreptitious manner. A certain leader amoug the Populists of Pocahontas, recently sent *The Man* a club list of twenty names from this county, and a letter saying that the paper was like a ray of light amid the darkness of these wilds. It is to be hoped that that same man will not feel the loss of his money to a very great extent, when those subscribers collect from him the amount he had them subscribe.

Keys Missing.

Foul play was suspicioned in Beverly, when just before the election it was found that the keys of the ballot boxes were missing. There was barely time to secure new padlocks and keys, before the election. Had the loss been discovered a little later the grand Democratic majority of Randolph county must have been lost.

Fever in Randolph.

Most alarming reports have came of the scourge of fever in Randolph county, centering at Huttonsville. Mrs. Norval Russell a merchant there, died last week. Mr. Geo. D. Taylor, lately of this county, has it, and dozen more dangerous cases

An official declaration in the *Reichs-Anzeiger*, Berlin, has conclusively provde to the world at large that Dowe's "bullet-proof" armor consisted of a steel plate enclosed in a pad, the pad alone being easily pierced by missiles at almost any distance. On accounte of its cumbersomeness, such an appliance would not be of any practical use to modern troops, who would become an easy prey to artillery fire if robbed of their mobility. But, although the Mannheim tollor has failed to convince military authorities of the usefulness of his invention, he has certainly given a new impetus to the struggle between armor and projectile. The latest attempt to render a bullet-resisting plate available for service in the field is a return to the earliest form of defense, the shield. *The St. James's Gazette*, London, saye: "Captain Boynton has Patented a bullet-proof shield and rest, which has already beou tested in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge. The shield weighs at present about eight ponuds, but it could be made much lighter. It has been constructed with a view to protecting its bearer's head and chest, and can be fixed to the ground so as to form a perfect cover and a rest for the rifle, rendering pits unnecessary and the aim more sure. The trials were, in the words of the Duke of Cambridge, very satisfactory. The Duke indicated the spot at which a bullet fired at thirty yards should hit the shield, and several shots were fired within the compass of a penny, the result being slight dents only. The inventor was warmly congratulated. His plate is certainly bullet-proof, and has the advantage that it does not continually impose an additional weight upon the soldier, the main objection to armor worn on the body."

The New Survey.

A corps of engineers are surveying a route for a railroad from Beverly or Elkins to the Greenbrier River. They are accompanied by Mr. B. M. Yeager, who knows all these mountains from "away back."

The greatest difficulty is found in getting down off of Cheat Mountain on to the west prong of the river. The grade, however, is practicable and there are great hopes that the road will be built in the near future.

"Ringout wild tales, wherever from,
The dying hope, the waning light,
The railroad's coming in the night,
Ring out wild tales and let her come."

Some spread-eagle orator said in a speech the other day that the Republican party was like the phœnix arising from its ashes. He is mistaken! It is a toad-stool fungus springing from the decay of a dunghill! It's temporary growth is not a sign of new life but of the completion of decay!—*Clifton Forge Review.*

Capt. Marshall's offer of 20 cents a pound for next year's clip of wool will not be accepted by a single sensible farmer in this county

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Which will best protect your interests on a "Rainy Day," Is to make a Dollar go a long and the right way.

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Misses Shoes, our Fashion Dine, $1.75 for $1.25.

Have you ever thought how fast money accumulated when you can buy

A $15.00 SUIT FOR $10.85 ?

A $3.00 pair of pants for $2.25.

Thirty-three and one third dollon each $50 you spend, in five years will will make the sum total, $83.33⅓.

This is a Good Umbrella.

Yours, for Trade, P. GOLDEN.

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Always carries a first-class line of

Dry Goods, Groceries

Queensware, Hardware, etc.,

Customers wishing to buy anything usually found in a well stocked store can rely on being accommodated at my place of business. We give fair warning that the buyer who wishes to save money will do do well to look through our stock of Goods. Good country produce taken in exchange for goods.

Our Terms are CASH or to responsible parties thirty days. All outstanding debts must be settled at once.

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BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

Historical Collections.

From the following authentic extract from an early history of Virginia, it would seem that the first settlement of Greenbrier county was made at the place where Marlinton is situated, this part of Pocahontas being formerly in Greenbrier.

Since then Greenbrier as it now is has advanced by improvements, until the people of that county consider this place the wild-woods of this part.

About the year 1749, a person, who was a citizen of the county of Frederick, and subject to paroxysms lunacy, when influenced by such fits, usually made excursions into the wilderness, and in his rambles westwardly, fell in on the waters of Greenbrier River. At that time, the country on the western waters was but little known to the English inhabitants of the then colonies of America, being claimed by the French, who had commenced settlements on the Ohio and its waters, west of the Alleghany mountains. The lunatic being surprised to find water running a different course from any he had before known, returned with the intelligence of his discovery, which did abound with game. This soon excited the enterprise of others. Two men from New England, of the name of Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell, took up a residence upon Greenbrier River; but soon disagreeing in sentiment, a quarrnl occasioned their seperation, and Sewell, for the sake of peace, quit their cabin, and made his abode in a large hollow tree, In this situation they were found by the late General Andrew Lewis, in the year 1751. Mr. Lewis was appointed agent for a company of grantees, who obtained from the governor and council of Virginia, an order for one hundred thousands acres of land lying on the waters of Greenbrier River; and did, this year, proceed to make surveys to complete the quantity of said granted lands; and finding Marlin and Sewell living in the neighborhood of each other, inquired what would induce them to live seperate in a wilderness so distant from the habitations of any other human beings. They informed him that difference of opinion had occasioned their separation, and that they had since enjoyed more tranquillity and a better understanding; for Sewell said, that each morning when they arose and Marlin came out of the great house and he from his hollow tree, they saluted each other, saying, Good-morning, Mr. Marlin, and Good-morning Mr. Sewell, so that a good understanding then existed between them; but it did not last long, for Sewell removed about forty miles further west, to a creek that still bears his name. There the Indians found him and killed him.

Previous to the year 1755, Mr. Lewis had completed for the grantees, under the order of council, upwards of fifty thousands acres; —and the war then commencing between England aod France, nothing further was done in the business until the year 1761, when his majesfy issued his proclamation commanding all his subjects within the bonds of the colony of Virginia, who were living, or who had made settlements on the western waters, to remove from them, as the lands were claimed by the Indians, and good policy required that a peaceable understanding should be preserved with them, to prevent hostilities on their part. The order of council was never afterwards carried into effect, or his majesty's consent obtained to confirm it.

At the commencement of the Revolution, when the state of Virginia began to assume independence, and held a convention in 1776, some efforts were made to have the order of council established under the new order of things then beginning to take place. But it was not confirmed, and commissioners were applied, in 1777, to grant certificatesto esch individual who had made settlements on the western

ment claim, and the pre-emption of one thousand more, if so much were found clear of prior claims, and the holder chose to accept it. The following year 1778, Greenbrier was seperated from Botetourt county, and the county took i's name from the river, which was so named by old Colonel John Lewis, father to the late General, and one of the grantees under the order of council, who, in company with his son Andrew, exploring the country in 1751, entangled himself in a bunch of green briers on the river, and declared he would ever after call the river Greenbrier River.

THE celebrated humorist "Bill Arp" tells a pleasant incident that happened at a recent fair in Corinth, Georgia.

A middle-aged gentleman introduced himself, saying, "Major, as you do not remember me, let me refresh your memory. Many years since when you were a member of the School Board in Rome, I applied for a teacher's certificate. You told me to write down eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven, and I failed, yet you passed me." Will some one fond of arithmetical exercises, try this example and report what they make of it? The major saw among the relics on exhibition, an old battered canteen that had been through the war, and thereupon he attempted an apostrophe, with this result, which may please some of our own Confederate veterans:

"Hail, old canteen, the Southern soldiers friend,
While on the march his country to defend,
Close by his side, thy shining form was seen,
And none stuck closer than his old canteen."

There is one old Confederate in Pocahontas, "Captain Jim," who can match it, so let us hear from him.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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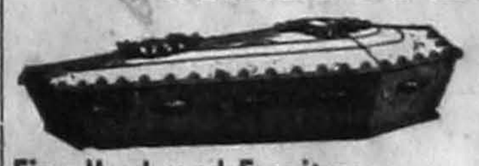

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12, NO. 17. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1894. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

l Directory of Pocahontas.

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ihar Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
J. C. Arbogast.
Sheriff, Robt. K. Burns.
Court, S. L. Brown.
Court, J. H. Patterson.
C. O. Arbogast.
C. E. Beard.
O. M. Kee.
Amos Barlow.
Geo. Baxter
Geo. P. Moore.
A. & L. Gatewood, Split
Thos Cook, Edray—W H Grose
erville—Jno R Taylor, Dunmore
urry, Academy—Thos Beatty.

THE COURTS.

h Court convenes on the first
y in April, and Tuesday in June
Tuesday in October.
ty Court convenes on the 1st
y in January, March, October
ond Tuesday in July. July is
rm.

L. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Marlinton, West Va.
practice in the Courts of Poca-
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O. J. CAMPBELL.
DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.
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a year
exact date of his visits will ap-
n this paper.

J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
ll visit Pocahontas County ev-
pring and Fall. The exact
of each visit will appear in
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lls promptly answered.

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SECTIONS NOT UNION.

The attention of our younger citizens should be directed to a remarkable feature in our national legislation, with the hope that they may modify it when they assume governmental affairs. The matter alluded to is sectional law-making which passes under the name of honest legislation. The eastern states control the money power, hence, all financial laws are especially in their interest, and silver is virtually knocked out. Had the western states ruled the money power, free coinage of silver would be in active operation. In either party to financial legislation thus disposed of, where is there anybody to be found inquiring for what would be best for the interest of the whole country.

Many remember when all the political contests were between the North and the South. For a period the South was able to control. Then came the time when the South lost its political power, and thereupon all legislation went adversely. So far as national history this has always been the way. No party or political leader, of commanding influence stands for the whole country.

It is not best for any one section to have all the benefits, and were legislation transferred form a sectional basis, to a basis of justice to all, there would be more prosperity and less discontent and restlessness among the people.

But there is nobody to manage the government in the interests of the whole country, and therefore sectionalism promises to remain and continue, a moving issue. Once the South realized the whole power of the Federal government as being used against her. Now the West is complaining about the East getting all the benefits. The West is about to get the power, then the East will suffer. All for sections, nothing for union.

THERE exists no longer any doubt that the South is about to afford an illustration of what may be meant by the famous aphorism, "the first shall be last, and the last first." When journals identified with the interests and prosperity of the North, express sentiments like the following, the significance is startling, and is worthy of profound attention:

"In the opening of Oklahoma, the last of the government lands of special importance have been absorbed. Seekers of cheap homes must hereafter look for them in the South. The climate, the absence of destructive droughts, and the variety of products afford phenomenal advantages. Beyond all question, the time has come for a greater activity in southern railroads, and in southern enterprises of all kinds, than has yet been seen."

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, author of Robert Elsmere, David Grieve, and Marcella, enjoins two things, as important for all Christians to see to, if they would keep up with the "living present." First, see what Christ says of God, man, and nature, both from what was put in his mouth by others, and from the remarks of his followers about his own character and mission. Second, learn what discipleship might

The Late Unpleasantness.

As has often been remarked, it must seem strange to an outsider, that we people living at the county seat of a rich and prosperous county, in a town up to date in every other way, should lack telegraphic communication with the railroad. Yet this is the case, but it can not long continue—but the line is to be built another day, and now we want to go over the long, dreary waits that we have after some stirring event has taken place in the country.

On the evening of the election, after sundown, those of our citizens who had been plowing around in the snow and slush all day, explaining the mysteries of the Australian ballot, to a group of shivering peers, assembled around the red ballots posted, on which a man might look and not commit a felony; these workers being men most alive to the result of the election naturally turned their thoughts in that direction, and though these local politicians were not Edgar Allan Poe's, they might have asked a few questions about the election, had some mysterious visitor come in on their meditations.

Now these prominent Democrats one and all were feeling very comfortable and warm that night after the exposure on the day of the election, and if they could not be comfortable in any other way, they would take something and compel themselves to be comfortable. The result was that before twelve o'clock each and every one had an [illegible] Democratic party had swept everything before it in its usual impetuous fashion. The news that we would receive in a couple of days would but confirm this intuition, and, except that it would give the figures, was looked upon to be superfluous.

The day after the election was devoted to waiting around the big fire at the court-house, waiting to see how the county had voted. A commissioner from some precinct would come in lugging a big, keg-shaped ballot box, of japanned tin. He was cold, and all he wanted to do was to hear how some other precinct had voted on Beard and Hogsett, and did not seem to realize that a crowd of "representative citizens" had been waiting for him for many a mortal hour, to know whether they were to locate at Huntersville, or whether Hogsett had beat Beard, sure enough. Finally, all the districts were in except Green Bank, and the excitement of the Beard-Hogsett contest was over, for with it all Beard was leading 461, and it could not be overcome by the vote of the remaining districs.

It was then that the friends of Mr. Beard, (and he has a host of them about Marlinton), were free to send in their congratulatiohs, some of the envelopes bearing the crest—a rooster rampant—which was to be the fowl's only appearance in politics of this year.

On Thursday, there were rumors afloat indicating that a good many Republican's had voted. These thickened during the day, but nothing on earth had been reported that we would believe before pearance from the outside, and there was nothing on earth to indicate that they carried the most unexpected tidings.

A "representative citizen" opened one of his hurriedly, and the first words visible on the typewritten page were "All gone to h——l!" followed by the news that we have gotton used to by now. Then the "representative citizen" used terms of endearment that represented the feelings of every Democrat present.

The choice spirits assembled, being of both parties, a suggestion was made that a part celebrate by taking a drink, and that the others console themselves in the same way. Had it not been a "dry" town, this unheard of measure would probably have been taken.

After the first outburst of feeling, the casual observer could not have distinguished any difference in the crowd, unless it was a tired look, about the eyes of some staunch Democrat. This feeling is apt to bring on heavy fits of sleep, and very soon the Democrats threw up the sponge and went to bed.

The next day hardly a Democrat could be found but who had expected the landslide since last spring, but who had been afraid to say a word about it.

The Indian Printer.

An Englishman, who was for some years editor of *The Morning Post*, of Allahabad, gives some curious particulars of the uncertainties of the native Indian printer. He says:

"You want about three hundred compositors, one-half Hindu and the other half Mohammedan. When the Hindus haven't a sacred holiday, the Mohammedans have, so you must prepare for all emergencies. They don't understand a word of the English language, and they set up the copy by a kind of intuition. The first proof is disheartening and incomprehensible, the second gayly idiotic, and then through the third and fourth stages, after corrections, it assumes a coherent form. You can't argue with the foreman printer, who is an imposing creature in flowing robe and turban. He doesn't understand, and thinks you are saying something complimentary. All you can do is to swear at him in a loud tone of voice before the other men if he does not carry out your instructions. This humbles him, and he goes steadily for a few days when his salaams begin again to increase and his usefulness to evaporate. But look at the wages. At two dollars a month the compositars consider themselves wealthy enough to keep a wife and family and several other families involved by their marriage. The coolies who work the presses get no more than one dollar a month, and at that figure you must admit that they are cheaper than gas, electricity, or any other motive power, for that matter."

"My husband is absurdly afraid of fires." Has he ever suffered from them?' "Yes, he had one to make once in the kitchen stove.'

How many sticks go to the building of a crow's nest? None; they are all carried.

The reason.—Sally—"What a silly smile young Freddy Lusher has on his lips this evening.

Chaperone—"Yes. He has been

DO YOU WANT A SITUATION?

Pref. Wilbur R. Smith, Lexington, Kentucky.

PROF. WILBUR R. SMITH, LEXINGTON KY.

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Prof. Smith has kept books; several years Vice-President of a bank; World's Fair Commissioner from Kentucky, and a reliable business man.

Among the 10,000 successful graduates of the Profs. Smith, are 100 in banks, 100 officials from this and other statas. Prof. E. W. Smith, Principal of the College referred to, was awarded the medal at World's Columbian Exposition, for Book-keeping, etc.

If you wish a Business Education, or a knowledge of Phonography, Typewriting, or Telegraphy, at the least total cost, with diploma from Kentucky University on graduation, we advise you to cut this out and write for circulars to Prof. W. R. Smith, Lexington Ky.

How a Poem Saved a Ship.

The recent death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes recalls an interesting incident connected with his literary work. In the year 1829 a great many men and women in this country were disturbed by news that came from Washington. The Secretary of the Navy, it was said, after hearing that some of the timbers in the frigate *Constitution* were unsound, had ordered this old ship to be broken up and destroyed. How to prevent this desecration now became a question of the day. Some people suggested one thing, some another, and the newspapers were filled with protests against the destruction of the most famous ship in the navy. In the midst of it all a poem appeared in a Boston newspaper. Though it was a short poem, of only three eight-line stanzas, few poems have ever accomplished so much. It was copied into every newspaper in the land, it was printed on handbills and circulated in the streets of Washington. Everybody read the poem, and everybody felt so indignant at the Secretary of the Navy for having even thought of destroying the *Constitution*, that, rather than incur further ill will, he issued orders that the famous firigate should be thoroughly overhauled, repaired, and put into service again.

The author of "Old Ironsides," the little poem that had accomplished so much, was Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young man of twenty, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1829. He wrote the poem, as he afterwards said, very hurriedly while sitting at a window of the old gambrel-roofed house which was his birthplace and early home. Although in after-years Dr. Holmes wrote many poems that in some ways are greater than this, it is safe to say that not one of them was ever as widely read or as widely quoted.

This is the last stanza of that poem:

"O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the waves;—
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave,—
Nail to her mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!
—*Selected.*

Among the breakers.—"I suppose you spent your summer down where the wild waves break. Mr

Failed of the goal which once had been
my aim,
The distant port which I once had sailed,
I think the graven words above my name
Must be "He failed."

Failed to achieve the vision and the quest,
The self-forgetting and self-sacrificing;
Failed to attain the heritage of rest
Beyond all price.

Failed to retain the birthright, having sold
For passing pleasure and from fear of
pain;
Paying the wage of God's eternal gold
For timely gain.

Failed of the purity that purges sight,
The faith that nourishes with daily bread;
Failed of the hand that reaches through the
night
To guide our tread.

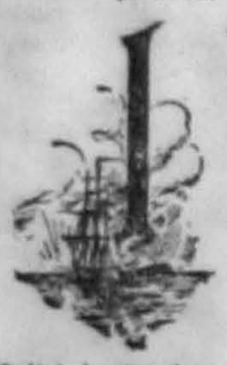
Failed, having laid his hand upon the plow,
So soon to falter and so soon to tire;
Failed, though the God of life may even
now
Save as by fire.

However bright life's after-glow may flame,
If storms retreat that have so long as-
sailed,
Think the graven words above my name
Must be "He failed."

—Arthur L. Salmon, in The Academy.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.



"I JUST hate it!" said Julia Ives, not violently, but plaintively.

"What?" her mother questioned, in anxiety.

And her father looked up in startled apprehension.

Not that they were astonished at Julia's having found something new to despise. She was their only child, and perhaps a little spoiled and capricious.

"Oh, Pelham Heights and everything in it!" said Julia. She had on her gray riding-habit, with a rosebud on her lapel. "I'm sick of Pelham Heights! Let's move! Isn't two years of it enough for you? Such a place—such restrictions! You can't build a house under four thousand dollars; you can't keep a cow; you can't," said Julia, satirically, "wear a silk hat with a sack coat, or eat your salad without oil. I want to move out in the woods and live in a shanty and keep pigs!"

"Julia!" her mother gasped. And she added with as much severity as she was able to master, "*You* to be tired of Pelham Heights! When you have had such a magnificent time here, so much attention from all the gentlemen, and—"

"The gentlemen!" Julia murmured, pulling on her gauntlets. "It is the gentlemen that I want to get away from. You meet one Pelham Heights man, and you know all the rest. They're precisely alike. They're just like the place itself—perfectly correct, and polite, and swell, and monotonous and tame, and—and wearing! I'm deathly tired of them! If I could meet a—a farmer or something," said Julia, "that didn't know anything about clothes or the opera, or the books that you have to read if you're proper, and that wore a slouch hat and tucked his trousers in his boots, and said, 'ain't' and 'du tell!'—if I could meet him I'd marry him!" Miss Ives informed her staring parents.

And then she went out and mounted her horse, changed her mind about having the groom accompany her, and rode off alone.

"I don't know what to make of her," said her mother, despairingly. "She isn't like my family. She's an Orcutt. She has your Aunt Felicia Orcutt's nose, and she's like her. I hope she won't do anything peculiar. I couldn't live through it. If she only would take a liking to some nice fellow here in town and settle near us! But how she talks!"

"Let her alone," Julia's father responded, with a coolness which was exasperating. "She's a little romantic just now, but she'll come out just as she ought to go. She's a level-headed girl. I'm not worrying about her."

"Do you ever worry about anything?" said his harassed wife. "If she could like Horace Upham or Spencer Prescott—both eligible. But she won't."

"She'll like somebody just as good," Julia's trustful father retorted.

Miss Ives chirruped to her horse till he struck into a hard trot. People bowed and smiled from hammocks and porches; hats flew off at her approach.

She saw Spencer Prescott on his bicycle and Mr. Upham in his road cart, and she smiled in weariness. Perhaps her father and mother had considered it nonsense, but she was tired of Pelham Heights. She did pine for something new and interesting.

She rode fast, wanted to get as far away from town as she could.

Bingo enjoyed the outing as keenly as his mistress. He trotted smoothly and swiftly. At turning of a new road, Julia reined him at last, hesitatingly, then sent him on.

The road looked smooth. It was inviting, at any rate; there was a shady thicket on either side.

Miss Ives threw back her graceful head and drank in the woody fragrance. Bingo bounded along with positive enthusiasm. But Bingo was rather young and sometimes heedless without a strong guiding hand, and Julia had forgotten everything but her triumphant enjoyment of being five miles away from Pelham Heights.

At an unlooked-for unevenness in the newly-made road, Bingo stumbled, could not recover himself and came down on his knees, with a frightened whinney, and his mistress was thrown to the ground.

She was on her feet the next instant. Had anybody seen her—her, that was rated the best horse woman in the region? She felt a dreadful, creeping certainty that somebody had; and she was right.

Out from the tangle of young trees on the left came stalking a young man with a gun and a dog.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "I'm just in time. Are you hurt?"

"Not in the least," said Julia.

Her nose—the nose which partook of the qualities of her father's Aunt Felicia's—went up a haughty three inches. Bingo got on his feet and looked crestfallen.

"Well, your habit is torn a little," the young man observed, eying the tear with a twinkling expression.

Julia could have boxed his ears.

"I presume I should have discovered it," she retorted, stroking Bingo's nose.

"No doubt. And your posy came off," said the stranger, picking up the fallen rosebud. "A Jack, isn't it?"

Julia fixed him with a severe look; but that look revealed to her some interesting facts—interesting and amusing.

He was a tall fellow, blonde-haired and blue-eyed and darkly sunburned; his eyes were really fine, and he wore a faded coat and disreputable looking old soft hat. He looked a good deal like a tramp, but there were the gun and dog.

"An American Beauty, since you are particular about knowing," said Julia, frigidly.

"I am particular about everything; it's my nature," said the young man, in a tone of mild apology. "And you'll excuse me, but it disturbs me to see your hat on one side—fearfully on one side."

Julia's frowning eyes met his. She could not hold out against his mischievous, gay impertinence. She laughed.

"I did look absurd, I suppose, and Bingo, too. We never made such a break before, did we, Bingo? Is my hat straight now, please?"

"Perfectly, geometrically. Seriously, I was frightened when I saw you go over. Are you certain your're not hurt?"

"Not a bit."

She blushed a little under his look of concern.

"But you are shaken up a little bit. Let me tell you!" he said, almost shyly, his strong, brown hand on Bingo's shoulder. "There is a farmhouse only a quarter of a mile up the road, and I know the people well. If you will ride up there with me, I will get you some milk, or buttermilk, whichever you like best. I happen to know the quality of it. I've had many a meal there."

"Is buttermilk the best thing to take when you've fallen off your horse?" said Julia.

"Always. You know those little books about first aid to the injured? Buttermilk is always recommended in a case like this."

"You are ridiculous, Julia said, laughing.

"It isn't buttermilk alone, you know. Mrs. McIntyre makes splendid gingerbread, and she's been baking to-day. It melts in your mouth.

The buttons were off his coat—most of them. He was peculiarly graceful, every move was easy. What was he, who was he?

"I don't know," Julia murmured. "I—"

"Is it too unconventional?" said her new acquaintance. "Don't say so. You don't know Mrs. McIntyre's ginger-cake—you don't, indeed!"

"Unconventional?" Miss Ives echoed. "I hate conventionality!"

The young man cast a look at her faultless attire.

"So do I," he responded, quite solemnly. "Do come, then. I can smell that ginger-cake 'way here."

"You are an incorrigible joker," said Julia, biting her lips as she laughed. "I will go," she added, with a pretty graciousness quite her own; and he helped her to mount.

She rode back past the scene of the accident seventeen short minutes later. She looked at the spot where he had the faintest notion as to who he was. For all she knew he was a farm-hand. But he was a strangely clever and well-bred and handsome farm-hand, and—and fascinating.

And she was going back to Pelham Heights—back to Spencer Prescott and Horace Upham. Her head drooped; her eyes dwelt on the dusty road somberly.

"Bingo," she said, "I'm sorry we came out this way. Yes, I am."

There was a hop at Pelham Heights club house, a week later. It was small, because the club was exclusively and early.

Mr. and Mrs. Ives and their handsome daughter came into the ballroom at nine o'clock, and were hemmed in directly by a small crowd of men—Mr Upham and Mr. Prescott, and half a dozen others.

And Miss Ives's card was almost full, when old Judge Lambert reached over the head of the shortest man in the surrounding throng, and touched her arm.

"Save a dance for Jack Harcourt, Julia!" he commanded, with jovial familiarity. "My friend John Harcourt—Mrs. Ives, Miss Ives, Mr. Ives."

Julia was looking her best, in a pale-green silk and cloudy chiffon; but when she looked up at the judge's friend, she gazed and smiled and blushed till she looked quite dazzlingly pretty.

"Allow me!" he said.

Somebody had taken her first dance, but she forgot it. She took Mr. Harcourt's proffered arm and walked away with him.

Neither of them spoke, but in a secluded corner of the room he pulled a dried rosebud out of an inner pocket and dangled it before her eyes.

"I was so glad you let me keep it!" he murmured. "It was kind in you."

"I didn't know you had it," said Julia, striving to frown, and smiling instead, with the happiness she could not smother. "Give it right back to me."

"Never!" said Mr. Harcourt. If he had been handsome in a dilapidated coat and a slouch hat, he was a striking in a dress suit, with a white flower in his buttonhole. "You see yourself how I have carried it around with me. Give it back?"

Julia met his bantering look and returned it.

"You looked precisely like a tramp," she remarked, "or a farm laborer, and I thought you were. Are you?"

"Come out on the piazza," said Mr. Harcourt, laughing, in gay contentment. "No, I'm not a farm hand, Miss Ives. I'm a lawyer up in the city, and when I feel the need of total rest I bury myself down there in the woods with the McIntyres for two weeks or so, and hunt and fish. Sometimes the judge ferrets me out and makes me stop a night with him and go to some 'function' here in Pelham Heights. So I bring my dress suit along as a provision against that catastrophe. This time, Miss Ives," said Mr. Harcourt, slowly and softly, "it is not a catastrophe. This time I bless the dear old judge from the bottom of my heart!"

Six months later, Miss Ives's engagement to Mr. Harcourt, the prominent young lawyer, was announced with pomp and ceremony, and nobody was surprised.

Julia's mother drew long breaths of peaceful relief.

"I am so glad?" she said to her husband, in her thankfulness. "Do you remember what alarming notions the child had awhile ago! She worried me terribly. And now she is going to marry John Harcourt, the most delightful society man I ever met, and have an establishment right here in Pelham Heights for all but a few months in the winter, and do everything just as we could have wished. And she is so happy with it all! Don't you feel thankful?"

Julia's father chuckled for several moments.

"Didn't I tell you she'd come out in good shape!" he queried. "She did have some notions one while, didn't she? It's the point of view, you see—it's the point of view."—Saturday Night.

Brazen Impudence He Thought.

A west-bound train had just pulled out of the Union Station at Albany, says the Express, and the conductor was harvesting tickets. All the seats were taken and several passengers were obliged to stand up. Among the latter was a diffident-looking, mild-mannered man, who refused to give up a ticket. "When I get a seat, you get a ticket," he remarked mildly, but firmly; "you are probably aware that the company can not collect fares from passengers whom it does not provide with seats." "Oh, come now, that don't go; I want your ticket, see?" Thus spoke the conductor. "No seat, no ticket," laconically observed the passenger. "We'll see about that," growled the conductor, who hustled around and finally found a brother-conductor who was going up the road a way, whom he induced to give up his seat to the

FISH THAT CLIMB, LIVE IN WOODS, AND UTTER SOUNDS.

The Climbing Fish of the Dutch East Indies—Finny Inhabitants of Forests—Musical Fish.

IMAGINATION had a boundless range in devising legends and marvels about fish until Knowledge clipped her wings, remarks the London Standard. When Lieutenant Daldorf, of the Dutch East India Service, reported to Sir Joseph Banks that he had caught a fish on the stem of a palm tree five feet above the ground, and still mounting upwards, even Sir Joseph's acceptance of his tale did not preserve that officer from an outburst of universal mockery. It was asked with reason what on earth the fish expected to find useful for its purposes at the top of a palm tree? The earliest reporter of this fact, Abouzeyd, who wrote in the ninth century, had a sufficient explanation. He was not bothered with science. The creature went up to feed upon the fruit, and when satisfied it returned to the water. But this would not do for the savants even a hundred years ago. They pointed out that Percha scandens live on water insects, that it could not and would not eat fruit, and that if its fins and gill-covers be so framed that it might possibly climb a tree, they are so framed also that it could not make even an effort to descend. Their objections are not yet answered, nor, so far as we are aware, has any fish since been caught nine feet above the ground. But the habit of climbing is admitted whatever the motive. In fact, the Cingalese cover their fish traps with a netting because, as they explained to Mr. Layard, some species would creep up the poles and escape over the other side. A few hours' sojourn in almost any tropic realm will convince the stranger that fish can climb, if he spend them on the banks of a tidal river. The funny little mud fish scurry and paddle there all day long, mounting to the top of the rocks, however smooth; running up and down the mangrove roots as active almost as lizards. Not least curious of their peculiarities is the trick of running over the surface of the water for a distance which seems bounded only by their inclination.

As for the fish that live in the woods—barring exaggeration—they also abound. The morachung, of Bootan, is most famous. It is never caught in rivers, or even in standing ponds, though, as some accounts say, its abiding places always communicate with water, so that it can return to its "native element" when so disposed. However that may be, they are caught not by hook or net, but by the spade; and they are worth some digging—two feet long, perhaps, disproportionately thick and always in pairs. Plenty of other species are taken in the same way during the hot months, and plenty more divert themselves with a stroll on dry land occasionally. Sir R. Schomburgh saw colored men going out to fish in the jungles Guiana with nothing but a basket, and they brought back as many as they could carry. Sir John Bowring constantly observed the fish go ashore and "lose themselves amongst the trees" upon the Siamese River Meinam. Mr. Morris was inspecting a leaking tank by Trincomalee when heavy rain came on. His man suddenly raised a shout and galloped up a "knoll," the far side of which—that distant from the tank—proved to be alive with fish climbing upward at prodigious speed; we are to suppose that they left the pool when the water escaped, but hastened to return, knowing that the rain would refill it. As for burying fishes, they are numberless. We have a grave report of one species found nineteen feet below the surface of a field. It is not necessary to believe this. But in Abyssinia they are dug up six feet or more below the river bed when it is dry.

It is not commonly believed that fishes have any power of utterance, but, although the fact is not proved yet, so far as we have read, there is such a mass of testimony from divers regions, contributed by observers of such credit, that the fact is no longer doubtful.

At Calders, in Chili, near the landing place, a very pleasant serenade is heard sometimes. The music resembles that of a harp, with a range of four notes at least; the incurious people of the neighborhood have no theory about it. But a like concert is usual at various points of the Indian coast; and there, of course, its origin is well understood—that is, the natives may be right or wrong, but they have an explanation. Dr. Buist describes it as "long, distinct sounds, like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitch-pipe or pitch-fork, or any other long-drawn-out musical note." It became much more sonorous when a listener put his head to the planks of the vessel. Next day the boatmen presented Dr. Buist with a number of fish which

chord or the faint vibration of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each distinct and clear in itself, the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The lungs hold five quarts of air.

There are 173,706 species of plants known.

The trolley is used for street sprinkling at Louisville.

The normal weight of the liver is between three and four pounds.

The elephant takes eight breaths a minute; the mouse one hundred and twenty.

The French war department has reported in favor of a new buckler made of aluminum and copper.

The liver, like the heart, is never idle, though its period of greatest activity is several hours after digestion has begun.

Our sun, with his train of attendant planets, is traveling through space at the unthinkable speed of eighteen miles per second.

A Florida turtle's burrow was explored and among its inhabitants were found thirteen species of insects, ten of them new to science.

Glass, copper, zinc, lead, platinum, carbon, plaster, petroleum, silk, cotton and paper are used in the manufacture of incandescent lamps.

Of all the water evaporated by the sun from land and sea, not one drop returns which has condensed on a particle of dust as a nucleus.

Platinum has been drawn into wire so fine that eighteen strands of it twisted together could be inserted into the hollow of a human hair.

Camels are, perhaps, the only animals that cannot swim; immediately after they enter the water they turn on their backs and are drowned.

Dr. McClintock, of the University of Michigan, has performed experiments which indicate that eggs may become infected with microbes before they are laid.

Baths are named from the temperature as follows: Cold, 33 to 55 degrees; cool, 55 to 66; lukewarm, 65 to 70; tepid, 70 to 85; warm, 85 to 95; hot, 95 to 100.

Richard Hennig concludes that a great flood was contemporaneous with the ice age, converting countries in milder latitudes into swamp and sea and leaving only isolated lands—Egypt, for instance—free from inundation.

About nine per cent. of amputations of the arm are fatal, and about eight per cent. of amputations of the leg at the knee. Hip joint amputations are rarely successful. Nine patients out of ten die under or immediately after the operation.

In health and during exercise the average man has about twenty respirations a minute and forty cubic inches are inhaled at each respiration. In an hour 48,000 cubic inches of air will be inspired; in twenty-four hours, 1,152,000 cubic inches.

The director of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizonia, announces that the southern polar cap of Mars has already receded beyond the mountain summits detected by him on June 8 as star-like points. An observation of July 10 shows a minute patch of snow on one of the summits, entirely separated from the snow cap itself. This is considered as evidence that the mountains are not very high.

Peasant Jewelers.

The enameling of silver was very little known in Russia until about 1850, and the work previous to that time was imperfectly executed. This art began to be developed owing to the Moscow manufacturer, Ovchinnikov, who founded his establishment in 1845.

Later on he opened at his works a school with practical classes of drawing and of the science of silver art. The jewelry industry is principally centred in St. Petersburg and Moscow, where it has numerous representatives who possess well-organized factories. Some of them use mechanical apparatus, especially a stamping machine for the manufacture of more ordinary articles. Silver and jewelry industries bear also in some localities a domestic character which was especially developed, and attained great proportions about the early thirties in the Government of Kostroma, along the borders of the Volga, in the village of Krasnov, which is the centre of the trade, and partly in the village of Sidorovskoe, and in fifty others which adjoin it.

The peasants of some of these villages do not at all occupy themselves with agriculture, and devote their whole time to the silver and jewelry industry. The articles manufactured by these peasants are sold all over Russia, not excepting the capitals, by

The Terrible Experience of a Well Known Official's Wife—A Story That Appeals to Every Mother in the Land.

From the Chattanooga, Tenn., Press.

No county official in East Tennessee is better known and more highly esteemed than Mr. J. C. Wilson, Circuit Court Clerk of Rhea County, at Dayton, the home of Mr. Wilson. He enjoys the confidence and respect of all classes, and in the business community his word is as good as his bond. Just now Mr. Wilson is receiving heartiest congratulations from his numerous friends because of the restoration to robust health of his estimable wife, who has for years been a helpless invalid. Mrs. Wilson's high standing in society, and her many lovable traits of character have won her a host of friends, and her wonderful recovery has attracted widespread attention.

As the *Press* was the medium of bringing to the invalid lady's attention the remedy that has effected her remarkable cure, a reporter was sent to Dayton to interview Mrs. Wilson, in order that the general public might have the benefit of the sufferer's experience and be made aware of the treatment that wrought such a marvelous change in her condition. The reporter was welcomed at the Wilson home, and the enthusiastic lady with becoming reluctance gave the history of her affliction and the manner in which she was relieved:

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson, "I was for 8 years an invalid with one of the most distressing afflictions woman can suffer. For 8 years I moped around, dragging myself with difficulty and pain out of bed. My little ones went untrained and were greatly neglected, while I looked listlessly and helplessly at the cheerless prospect before me and them. I suffered the most intense pains in the small of my back, and these seemed even greater in the region of the stomach, extending down to the groins. I suffered agony sleeping or awake. Despair is no word for the feeling caused by that dreadful sensation of weakness and helplessness I constantly experienced.

"I was treated for my trouble by several local physicians, but they were able to give me only temporary relief by the use of sedatives and narcotics. I had almost given up all hope of ever securing permanent relief when I saw an account in the *Press* of a cure which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had effected. I decided to try them, as I knew the lady who had been cured and had great confidence in her statement. I began to take the pills in October, 1893, and in two months I was doing light housework and attending to the children without any bad effects or weakness, such as I had formerly experienced. Hitherto, I had been unable to retain any food, but now my appetite grew stronger, and with it came back that old, healthy and hearty tone of the stomach. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me, and I assure you the cure has brought a great change in our home. I can now rejoice in my husband's success, for I feel that I have something to live for. Who has a better right to feel this than a mother? One thing more. I have recommended these pills to others, and many of the women of Dayton have taken them with good results, and it is my greatest pleasure to recommend to every suffering woman a remedy that has done so much for me."

An analysis proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

—A Maine farmer has received an order for 25,000 barrels of cider.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

—Nothing hickory is the strongest wood grown in the United States.

Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., the largest manufacturers of pure, high grade, non-chemically treated Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent, have just carried off the highest honors at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco. The printed rules governing the Judges at the Fair, states that "One hundred points entitles the exhibit to a special award, or Diploma of Honor. The scale, however, is placed so high, they say 'that it will be attained only in most exceptional cases.'" All of Walter Baker & Co.'s goods received one hundred points, entitling them to the special award stated in the rules.

A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health, and when the natural desire for food is gone strength will soon fail. For loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and other troubles of a dyspeptic nature, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy which most certainly cures. It quickly tones the stomach and makes you "real hungry." Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

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FOR WOMEN

This is the age of bodices.

Bald women are becoming rarer.

Brides have discarded the bouquet.

English ladies are very partial to Brussels lace.

Bronze slippers are popular for evening wear.

Queen Victoria likes to have her photograph taken.

Refined and dressy costumes are made of silky-surfaced cotton crepes.

Mrs. Burton-Harrison, the American novelist, is being honized by literary London.

Many women wear natural wool underclothing both in winter and summer.

The Princess of Wales is pronounced the youngest-looking grandmother in England.

In the Baptist denomination eight women in all have been ordained to the ministry.

Probably the finest collection of laces in New York belongs to Mrs. Jesse Seligman.

The Duchess of York is fond of her baby-blue costumes, as they are very becoming to her.

Ouida, the novelist, is passionately fond of big dogs, and has several colossal canine pets.

The Queen Regent of Spain is very short-sighted and makes free use of her double glasses.

In the village of Senite, in Burmah, the women wear thirty and often forty pounds of brass wire as ornaments.

There are clubs of girls in Sydney, New South Wales, the object of which is to attend the theatre without male escort.

Professor Bruhl pronounced the brain of woman to be superior to man's, because of its more delicate formation.

Alexandra, Princess of Wales, is at her most winning best when she visits the sick and sorrowing in hospitals, and she is specially gentle to little children.

Lady Aberdeen is actively engaged in arranging an exhibition, to be held in 1898, to celebrate the progress of the work of women during the Victorian era.

An ornament which Mrs. John Jacob Astor always wears is a plain gold bangle on her left arm; doubtless it was a gift of her husband in their engagement days.

Miss Florence Nightingale has been appointed an Honorary President of a section of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, to be held at Buda Pesth.

Many of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters were destroyed by her daughter, who imagined that the family name was impaired by connection with literature.

Georgia has a female mail carrier who is only twenty-two years old. She makes a forty-mile route three times a week on her pony, and manages a large farm as well.

Miss Adelina Robinson, at one time champion tennis player, has lately turned her attention to banjo playing. Her skill in this direction is quite as great as with the racquet.

At a recent wedding in the suburbs of New York City the bridesmaids carried pretty bags made of the materials of the bride's gown, filled with rice, for the post-ceremony throwing.

A Chinese lady spends her time in embroidering shoes, in cards and domino playing, in lounging in garden houses, in gossiping with her female friends and amahs, and in smoking occasionally.

"Don't," says an authority, "if you are going abroad, try to buy shoes in London. Take all you will need from New York, for there are no boots in London to suit the taste or the foot of the American girl."

Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., of New York City, is the best whip in America among women—or "one of the best" is, perhaps, the better way to put it, for this country boasts of many skillful horsewomen.

Matt Crim, the young Georgian novelist, had her first introduction to literary life as secretary to Edmund Clarence Stedman, the greatest living American critic, during an illness he had some years ago.

A new dress fabric made of "peat fiber" is in contemplation, and the possibility of using aluminum for making drapery goods is thought to be very practical, since it can be drawn into wires finer than a hair, and yet so fine and supple that they can be woven with silk. It has already been used for silk bows.

The Empress of Russia possesses an automatic scent fountain capable of diffusing no fewer than twenty-seven different perfumes. All that is necessary to do is to remove a lever opposite the name of the scent required, after the manner of some of our automatic sweetmeat machines, press a button and forth comes a spray of the selected scent.

Sam Slip Thro' Their Fingers.

All England is deeply interested in a new mystery—what became of King Theebaw's crown jewels and other wealth when the British occupied the palace in Mandalay, Burmah, after the campaign of 1885.

This question has come up through the death-bed confession of a private in the West Surrey Regiment, who declares that he and a companion, Private William White, secured all or a portion of these treasures and hid them in a moat in the vicinity. This statement has been made public, and Private White has been sent to Burmah to help recover the treasure.

At the time of the British occupation orders were given by the Government that the annexation of Burmah should be carried out peacefully and without bloodshed, and every endeavor was made to obtain King Theebaw's submission. But he refused to comply with the British demands, and the troops were marched from the flotilla to the palace walls. An assault was then made, and the palace was occupied. Shortly after Theebaw abdicated, and he and his two wives were sent off by steamer.

As soon as the King had given his submission guards were hurriedly placed in the royal rooms to protect the jewels of countless worth which were known to be there. And great was the British disappointment when it was discovered that the treasures had disappeared. Among these missing treasures was a gold calf weighing several hundred-weight, as well as a portion of the regalia and quantities of precious stones. The crown is studded with rubies and diamonds and is surmounted by a peacock.

At the time suspicion rested on the Burmah Ministers and the maids of honor, and every effort was made to trace the treasure, but without avail. Now, after nine years, the whole subject comes up on this confession of a private soldier who was present at the attack on the palace, and who declared that he and a companion buried the stolen plunder beneath a sentry-box.

Theebaw's kingly wealth was indisputable. He had accumulated from his ruby mines a most valuable collection of stones, and his insignia were set with diamonds of the rarest size. What was known as his betel-box was of pure gold, and the cover was ornamented with rows of rubies and diamonds, the center ruby alone weighing thirty-nine and one-half carats. There was also in this collection a golden ewer, made as a receptacle for sacred water to be used at the coronation. It was done in the shape of a crayfish, of pure gold and studded with jewels.

The crown is also of gold and covered with pearls and diamonds.

These articles, together with the royal peacock and the Henza, were present at all royal audiences and were therefore familiar to the many agents and officers of the British Government who had been admitted to Theebaw's presence. They were, in fact, carried about with him.

Through all this picturesqueness one can perceive an earnest pique that Great Britain somehow failed to gobble that thirty-nine carat ruby.

Grewsome Name for a Doctor.

Greene Graves is the name of a new doctor who has located in Kansas. With the aid of the watermelon season he ought to be able to keep up the reputation of the family name.—Kansas City Times.

Some men would never marry if they could not marry a grass widow.

LONG STRING of diseases and derangements have their origin in torpor of the liver. Deranged appetite, constipation, headache, sour stomach, gassy belchings, indigestion, or dyspepsia, are due to sluggish liver.

Mr. John A. Derry, U. S. Inspector of Immigration at *Buffalo, N. Y.*, writes as follows: "From early childhood I suffered from a sluggish liver. Doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines afforded only temporary relief. I tried Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, taking three at night and two after dinner every day for two weeks and then one "Pellet" every day for two months. I have in six months increased in solid flesh, twenty-six pounds. I am in better health than I have been since childhood. Drowsiness and unpleasant feelings after meals have completely disappeared. Respectfully yours.

John A. McBerry

U. S. Inspector of Immigration.

F N U 36 '94

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES On this Continent, have received SPECIAL AND HIGHEST AWARDS on all their Goods at the CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

Their BREAKFAST COCOA, which, unlike the Dutch Process, is made without the use of Alkalies or other Chemicals or Drugs, is a delicious, healthful, and nutritious beverage, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is the best dressing. It restores faded hair to its youthful color, and makes it grow. It is the only hair preparation that does all this.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the last twenty years, and find it the best dressing for the hair I have ever used. It restores the color of faded hair, and makes it grow. I have also used Ayer's Pills for many years, and find them the best cathartic medicine I have ever taken."—Mrs. Mary Hall, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Cures

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a concentrated extract of the best alterative remedies known to medical science. It is the most powerful blood purifier, and the best spring medicine ever offered to the public.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for many years, and find it the best blood purifier I have ever known. It is the best spring medicine I have ever taken."—Mrs. Mary Hall, Lowell, Mass.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Subject: Disease and Its Uses.

Text: "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick."—John xi., 3.

Disease is a mysterious thing. Why it should be permitted to exist in the world is a question that has been discussed for ages, and will be discussed for ages to come

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Nov. 16, 1894

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

The University of Pennsylvania has beaten Princeton at foot-ball.

TEXAS belongs to the Populists. The Lone Star has fallen in evil places.

COMING events cast their shadows before; the Republicans cried calamity and it came.

CORBETT and Fitzsimmons seem to have some trouble in finding a place where they can have it out with one another.

THE Democratic newspapers take the late defeat most philosophically. Some will persist in using their "roosters." The *Grafton Leader* has one lone chicken, upside down—a little UP-set on account of the election.

THE Republican papers say that they will restore peace and plenty, by promising that there shall be no more "tariff tinkering." What the Wilson Bill does for the country, will be claimed by them as being due to their assurance, that the old abscess will not be probed again.

THE new Czar of Russia is much more liberal in his views than his father. The late Czar was a "Tartar." Russia is mourning the death of its "father." Ceremonies were held in the Greek church in Washington; our fat President Cleveland carried a candle in a most marvelous way, it is said.

The way the Rupublicans came out of the woods under the persistent beating of the bushes by the Republican workers, was truly saddening and a caution to those Democrats who stayed at home. At each precinct a number of ballots had to be thrown out because improperly marked, or else because not marked at all, showing that our election law is not understood as it ought to be.—*Monroe Watchman.*

The elections in Pocahontas were remarkable in these two respects. The Republicans were all listed in hand books, and everyone was brought out, or their leaders knew the reason why. A great number of ballots were lost by none of them being cancelled. Here in the enlightened town of Marlinton, though all the lawyers stood around in the miserable slush and snow, telling the voters how to vote, and winding up with a strong personal appeal that they get the clerks to prepare their ballots if they did not understand it, yet nine ballots went in unscratched. The law is not very well understood.

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

"With that low cunning which in fools supplies,
And amply, too, the place of being wise,
Which nature kind indulgent parent gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave,
With that smooth falsehood whose appearance charms,
And reason of its wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day and butchers in the night."

At a congregational meeting held at the Presbyterian church last Sunday, Revd. William McC. White, now serving a church in the suburbs of Richmond, Va., was unanimously called to the pastorate of the church here. Mr. White is a young man of fine attainments and will be welcomed by a host of friends.

COUNTING THE COST.

The next House of Representatives will be Republican by nearly if not quite as much majority as present House is Democratic. Thomas B. Reed of Maine will again be Speaker.

The solid South comprises 127 Congressional districts, of which the Republicans now hold 6. In the next Congress about 24 Southern districts will be represented by Republicans. New York now has 19 Democratic Congressmen but can only count 4 in the next House. Pennsylvania only returns 2 of her Democratic Congressmen; Maryland loses 3 out of 6; West Virginia loses the entire delegation, and so on throughout the entire country.

In addition to losing the majority in the House, the majority of the states has also been lost, so if the next Presidential election is thrown in the House, the Republicans will have a majority of states against the Democratic candidate.

New York's slump is still the marvel of the day. No one understands exactly how it occurred, and the leaders there seem too dazed too properly explain it. Among the leading Democrats who went down, are General Daniel E. Sickles and Amos J. Cummings.

The Legislature of West Virginia is in about the same fix that Congress finds itself. Governor MacCorkle will perform the office of holding his thumb on the bunghole, in the manner that President Cleveland is expected to watch over the propensities of the Republican Congressmen, and the destinies of his country.

It will be a most unsatisfactory time for members of both parties, in Charleston, next winter. It is pretty safe to predict that there will be no extra session. The Democratic member will be about as useful as a bump on a log, and will lose all that magnificent prestige which he has always enjoyed in West Virginia.

Mr. Elkins will enter the pearly gates of the United States Senate. There is pretty sure to be a good deal of redistricting done, as the Democrats had intended to change lines of the Judicial, Senatorial, and Delegate districts, and the Republicans have long complained of what they were pleased to term the gerrymandering of the State.

The Senate stands twelve to fourteen in favor of the Republicans, and the House twenty-one to forty-nine. Democratic Senators from the Twelfth and Thirteenth districts were alone returned.

If this thing continues, the Republicans will elect a governor in 1896. So see here people, its going to be incumbent on you to come out from your hiding places. In 1892, the Democratic party carried the state by 4,100 majority. The 1st District goes Republican by 4,300, the 2nd District 2127, the 3d District 3,900, and the 4th District 3,033, a total rising 13,000, a Republican gain of 17000.

A LA KIPLING.

Wot makes the Democrat to swear, wot makes him to perspire,
It ai'nt a gettin' beat agin, that on'y he'ps his fire;
Its when some blam' Republican comes off his bloody hills
Into this here village, puttin' on his bloomin' frills.

O the gump, O the gump, O the Gawd-forsaken gump,
When he takes his bloomin' pole cat skins and brings 'em in to sell—
And we sets him down a lookin' as a waggin', braggin' chump,
And we hates the very looks of him, his blowin' and his smell.

We held the paper back two days this week hoping to get some election news that would sound Democratic, but the longer we

Buckeye.

Cold weather, and more to follow.

The farmers have been gathering their corn and storing it into their granaries.

The schools are now in a progressive stage, and will soon close at Swago and Rocky Point.

Preaching last Sunday at the M. E. Church, by Rev. Sharp.

Professor Barlow has been visiting schools in this vicinity. The teachers are always glad for the County Superintendent to visit their schools.

Miss Anna Duncan has diphtheria. Diptheria is still prevalent in this vicinity.

This community was shocked to hear of the death of one of our neighbor boys, Dallas McKeever, son of Mr. George W. and Mrs. Alcinda McKeever, who died November 8, 1894, aged 17 years.

KINDERGARTEN.

Thanksgiving.

The proclamations of the President and Goveanor MacCorkle have been received, setting Thursday, November 29th, as the day of Thanksgiving and prayer.

They set out in the usual stereotyped way all the mercies they can think of, for which we should give thanks as a nation, and it is not incomplete. There is, however, none to know except God and ourselves, what we each as individuals owe to a beneficent Providence, for benefits that have come into our lives since last Thanksgiving day. If it were not for the sacred consciousness that each one of us has everything to remind us daily that we are finite creatures, guided and controlled by an unseen hand, Thanksgiving Day, as prescribed by the authorities, would not mean much.

Manufactured for the TIMES, the result of much thought, and sent in, by a friend:

Why is a Banana Stand like the Setting Sun?

(Give it up?)

Because the (Dago's) day goes with it!

"The busier a mon is the harder it is for the devil to get into conversation with him."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED: AT ONCE.
A First Class Miller.

To take charge of a good burr mill; married or single; house furnished; must come well recommended. Apply to
Marlinton, W. Va. G. H. MCLAUGHLIN.

THE BEST!

I carry in stock the best Driving Shoe now made.

ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

A shoe made in the state of Michigan, by a maker who knows what is required to stand water and hold calks. You need not fear to give them a trial.

10 INCH TOPS ONLY $5 00.

Marlinton, W. Va. P. GOLDEN.

Prof. Phil Knapp, the Optician,
will again be in LEWISBURG,
November 26, 27, 28, and 29.
Eyes examined free and glasses accurately suited. Office at Dr. S. H. Austin's office.

Notice.

On account of sickness in my family, I am compelled to retire from business here. I will dispose of my entire stock of goods at first cost and carriage. All parties indebted to are requested to call at once and settle their accounts, by note or otherwise. All accounts remaining unpaid by December 1st 1894, will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

Thanking my patrons for past favors, I remain very respectfull,
Green Bank, W. Va., JACOB BONAR

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

PILES

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Special Notice.

All persons having any claims against the Manly Manufacturing Company or any sub-contractor for materials furnished or labor performed for building of Court House and Jail at Marlinton, are hereby notified to file itemized accounts of same, and name of debtor, with S. L. Brown, Clerk, on or before November 25th, 1894, and to meet Court of County Commissioners on November 26th, 1894, for the purpose of properly substantiating same for settlement.

MANLY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, by ROBERT P. MANLY, President.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all not to trespass on my lands by hunting passing through, leaving fences down, or in any other way, and that I will prosecute to the fullest extent of the law anyone disregarding this notice.

RICHARD CALLISON, Locust, W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles,
Neuralgia, Bad Blood
Constipation, Nervous ailments
Malaria, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

WANTED,

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 29th day of October, 1892, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 23, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina R. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court-house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1887, said deed or patent numbered 13031.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber.

LEVI GAY, Trustee.
ANDREW PRICE, Attorney
Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

MARLINTON HOUSE.
Located near Court House.
Terms.
per day 1.00
per meal --- 25
lodging - - 25
Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.
Special rates made by the week or month.
C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

The . . Amateur Camerist Begins Well

The Folding Kodet.

If in selecting an instrument he chooses one that is not too limited in the range of work it will do, is adapted to hand or tripod use and is light and compact.

Now take the Kodet, it is not expensive but it has a good lens, uses plates or films, takes vest pocket or other pictures and focuses with scales or on the ground glass. New improved shutter, revolving stops and speed regulator for snapper. Latest improvements. Handsomely finished, handsome finish. Send for circulars.

HOME NEWS

—There will be a Sacramental meeting at the Marlinton church next Sunday.

—Will McLaughlin sprained his ankle while playing football, last Saturday.

—The Marlinton football team has challenged the English team at Mingo, for a game of football here on Thanksgiving day.

—N. C. McNeil, of Marlinton, and S. S. Varner, of Split Rock, are off to Charleston as petit jurors of the Federal Court.

—Greenbrier Presbytery has been divided; all churches below Hinton, formerly in this presbtery form the Kanawha Presbytery.

—Some people about this place are said to be very businesslike. They sell their corn in the fall at sixty cents, and buy it back in the winter at one dollar.

—The many friends of Mrs. S. B. Hannah will be pleased to know that the has so far recovered from her severe injuries as to be about equal to her domestic duties.

—Mr. J. H. Curry is about well of the suffering that required the amputation of his finger, and hopes soon to resume his work, suspended so long by his injury.

—Its a cold day when a whiskey man gets left, but J. Alex. Bumgardner, the man who has manufactured the famous brand of whiskey, of Staunton, has assigned his entire property.

—It looks specially providential that the nice residences owned by Messrs. Gladwell and Yeager were not burned by the Oliver conflagration. There was a lively fusilade of cartridges. One perforated the dining room window at Gladwell's. This indicated the door was open on that side.

—Levi Gay, Esqr., as receiver, is prepared to make a pro rata payment of 22 per cent on the U. S. McNeil debts, and is now paying out money at this rate. All having claims which have been duly reported and decreed to be paid, will receive their money by calling on him.

—A survey has been begun from this place to the C. & O. Railroad, in the Southeastern part of the State. The route from here is up Craven's Run to the top of Cheat mountain, and across to Shaffer's Fork, and thence to the head of Shaffer's Fork, across the divide, and down Greenbrier river.—*Elkins Inter-Mountain.*

—Andrew Sheets, son of William Sheets, of Green Bank, met with a severe accident, several weeks since, while logging near Alexander, Upshur county, narrowly escaping with his life. The doctor thought by amputating half of the foot the rest might be saved. The results were not favorable, so there was a second amputation, just above the ankle joint. His father brought him home last week; he stood the journey well, and is improving rapidly.

—The hauling of the material used for building the court-house, is something immense. Sixty tons of slate are being hauled from Hot Springs, thirty-four miles over two mountains. Forty tons of other material is at Ronceverte, 46 miles distant, to be hauled. There will be probably two hundred tons in all to come from the railroad. There have been thousands of loads of stone and probably 700000 bricks. A one-horse load of brick is about three thousand pounds.

—Those who have noticed the moon this week, have remarked that it appeared unusually large. *The Scientific American* explains this as being due to the fact that the moon is in its perigee, and very much nearer the earth than usual, hence there is very good reason that the moon should appear larger. It is nearest on the 16th. Another astronomical phenomenon is attracting the attention of the scientists this month, the star Algol losses as a star of the fourth magnitude, and then becomes so dim that it can hardly be seen, to renew its brilliancy in short shortly. This is supposed to be due to a large black mass [illegible] and re-

—A critical operation was performed the 3d of November on the left eye of Mrs. Mary Ann Wooddell, relict of the late Andrew Wooddell, of Green Bank, by the resident physicians, Moomau, Austin, and Little. Thirty-three years ago, her brothers being in the service, she helped her father, the venerable Thomas Kerr, in the meadows. Something, supposed to have been a hayseed, got into her eye, and has caused her suffering ever since. The injury became so painful and swollen it was deemed necessary to extract the eye to save her life.

—The Green Bank vicinity seems to excel in productive gardens. Some fine specimens were shown the writer during a recent visit. Mr. George W. Kerr exhibited an "old field" turnip that weighed seven pounds. The top was three feet high, and it would require both hands to grasp it. Mr. John R. Warwick showed a cabbage head that weighed seventeen pounds when free from stalk and surplus leaves, and seemed solid as a block of wood. Mrs. J. C. Arbogast seems to excel in the beet industry.

—A Levels man has a way of keeping chestnuts by burying them as one does vegetables. This is said to keep the worms from destroying them, and, also, to keep them fresh and sweet. The greatest trouble with chestnuts is that the worms destroy them often before they can be marketed, let the dealer be ever so expeditious, so if this is a successful way of keeping them it will be a great boon. The idea belongs to the ground squirrel, who stores his hoard in a hole in the ground.

—There is one case of typhoid fever on Elk. This dread disease has seldom appeared in Pocahontas, and it is to be hoped that every precaution will be taken to prevent the fever spreading. About ten per cent. of the cases of typhoid fever are fatal. Cold weather will not stop it. The only safe way is to burn everything that comes out of the patient's room.

—The Marlinton Debating Club will have an unusually interesting session next Friday evening at 7 p. m. The question is "Resolved that Washington deserves more praise for defending America than Columbus for discovering it." Affirmative E. H. Smith, and J. Woods Price: negative J. H. G. Wilson, and G. H. McLaughlin.

—The marriage of Mr. Amos S. Gay and Miss Mary M. M. Barlow daughter of Josiah Barlow, was performed at Marlinton, Tuesday morning, November 13th, by Rev. William T. Price. Congratulations are hereby cordially extended.

—Mr. Andrew McLaughlin was in Pocahontas this week and last on matters of special importance

Kellison Recaptured.

Kellison, the boy charged with burglary, who escaped from the Huntersville jail, about dusk on the evening of November 5th, was brought back to jail last Sunday by Dice Rymal, of Hunter, assisted by a man named Crummett, having enjoyed a week's holiday.

Mr. Rymal was riding along and met the boy and suspicioned at once that it was Kellison. He asked some lumbermen about it, but they were disposed to shield him and gave evasive answers.

Rymal then got his pistol and overtaking Kellison, ordered him to drop all intentions of crossing the state line which was very near, and come to jail. Kellison protested, saying that he was just in from Staunton on most pressing business, and denied that he was the man. He came to Huntersville, however, and was identified.

Jailer Doyle had offered a reward of $25, which was the immediate cause of his being brought back. Kellison's mother lives near Hunter, which is within a quarter of a mile of the state line. It was very foolish in the boy not going away when he had a chance, when he stands confessed of a felony, with no hope of escaping the penitentiary.

Jake Loury contradicts that when he ran out of the jail by him that he passed between his legs, a report that has been circulated.

OBITUARY.

FRANCIS MARION DURBIN.

F. M. Durbin, Esq., well known to the citizens of Marlinton and elsewhere in our county, died in Parkersburg, Sunday morning, November 1st, aged about fifty seven years.

He was stricken of apoplexy, Thursday morning previous, and lingered unconscious until the end. He was born and reared at Morgantown, and before attaining his majority, became clerk in the Morgantown bank, and during life was actively employed in the banking business, with but few intervals for recuperation owing to broken health. He was cashier of the First National Bank of Grafton, then of the First National Bank of Parkersburg, and at the time of his decease, was cashier of the Wood County Bank.

He was married in 1860, and his estiable wife and one son survive him. His wife was Miss Pickenpaugh of Morgantown. His son, C. R. Durbin, resides at Grafton, and is prominent in business affairs. Mother and son mourn an irreparable loss.

Mr. Durbin's financial genius and business experience was frequently sought for. He seems to have been esteemed and honored as few persons have been in this respect.

He was a conspicuous member of the M. P. Church, but had many attached christians friends in denominations.

He will be long and affectionately remembered by the Sabbath School at Marlinton, and many others, for his liberal views and fervent christian example.

He was often heard to remark that of all places he ever lived in, he found Marlinton to be his peference for congenial Christian fellowship, pleasant society, and healthful climate in its influence upon himself.

MRS. ANN NOURSE VANDERVOORT

The sympathies of our entire community were deeply awakened by the sudden death of this estimable lady, the wife of Mr. William Vandervoort.

She was paralyzed Thursday night and lingered until Friday, in a comatose condition, when she gently passed away in the 76th year of her life. These worthy people were on the eve of their golden nuptials, having been married about fifty years. She was a professing Christian for forty years in the M. P. Church. She possessed to a remarkable degree the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

Mrs. E. D. King and Mr. Frank Vandervoort are her children.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep."

ADAM MARSHALL.

Adam Marshall, youngest son of Capt. J. W. Marshall, of Mingo, died Saturday, November 10th, of typhoid fever, at his home, aged 18 years. His illness was prolonged through weary weeks, hopes and fears alternating in the hearts of his devoted father, sisters, brothers, and hosts of sympathizing friends. He was a very quiet and amiable youth. The past two years he was much about Marlinton as a cadet of the Academy, and was greatly esteemed as a diligent student.

Being a child of the Covenant, the son of a mother passed into the skies, and the subject of many prayers and tears, there is much to console his friends in this sad event that removes a youth so interesting.

DALLAS MCKEEVER.

Dallas McKeever, youngest son of Geo. W. McKeever, on Swago, died, last week, aged 18 years. He was sick three weeks and died of a relapse of diptheria. A few weeks ago he was the picture of strength and vitality. His death came as a great shock to his friends, and was very unexpected. He was a brother of O. E. McKeever of Marlinton.

The Musical Association.

The singers of the county met in convention at Marlinton, on Thursday last, and continued in session for three days. The best talent was represented. Mr. S. B. Moore of Edray, has been President of the body for eight years, and was reelected. H. Lee White, of Driscol, is Secretary. The society holds semi-annual sessions at different points throughout the county pertaining to music. The music is led by the singers, turn about, who by the way, are all called professors.

One amusing thing happened. A Professor was up leading a piece of music, when a gentleman on the back seat, who had imbibed something far more affecting than the intoxicating strains of music, woke up and demanded that they give the professor a harp, and became quite clamerous.

The musical association is an institution that has come to stay, and to a great number of our citizens, who have good voices, its meetings are looked forward to as one of the pleasantest events of the year.

Personal.

STUDENTS.

Mathews Hannah has entered the famous business college at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Robert Kerr, of Green Bank, writes home twice a week from West Point, and is progressing well; he ranks nineteenth in a class of one hundred and twenty.

Hunter Moomau has matriculated as a medical student in a Baltimore college.

James Moomau, followed his old teacher, Professor Arbuckle, to Spring Garden, Pittsylvania county, Va., where there is a flourishing high school.

Master Willie Bestor, lately with his uncle S. L. Brown, of Marlinton, is with his mother in Baltimore, and at school. His grandfather, Mr. Wm. L. Brown, saw on a recent business trip. He asked Willie which he liked best, Baltimore or Marlinton. "When I am in Baltimore I think I would like to be at Marlinton; when I am in Marlinton, I think I like Baltimore best."

THE SCHOOLS.

Miss Myrtle Herold has charge of the Glade Hill school.

Miss Bessie Patterson is teaching the Cross Roads school, half way between Dunmore and Green Bank.

Miss Norah Riley teaches at the Hanna school-house.

Miss Bertie Beard teaches at Pine Grove, north-east of Green Bank.

Miss Lena McLaughlin, at the commodious new Driftwood school house.

Miss Dora Brownlee, of Waynesboro, Va., conducts the Green Bank school.

Capt. C. B. Swecker, of Dunmore, a veteran correspondent of this paper, has been quite unwell for several weeks.

An interesting Sabbath school closed recently at Sunset. Misses Belle and Anna Cleek received prizes awarded for memorizing Scripture.

A. S. Bratton, Esqr., of Bath, was in Marlinton last Snuday to visit his son, W. A. Bratton, who returned to Virgiaia with him, to be gone a week.

Captain Smith, the lumber king, is absent at Ronceverte.

Mrs. Van Buren Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose, with her nephew, Yeager Beard, and neice Miss Veva Ledbetter, were in this village for a few days last week.

The Board of Canvassers.

The Board of Canvassers of this county, consisting of the members of the County Court, met this week on Monday and Tuesday, to count the votes. They were two days in finishing and had a lot of work to do. At Academy, the certificates of the qualification of the election officers had not been properly filled out, and the commissioners and clerks had to be summoned, and their evidence written down. Split Rock was a little informal in its returns, also Lobelia. The conclusion has been reached that the Australian Election Law is a daisy and passeth all understanding.

Wenless.

Winter has made its appearance. Quite a snow storm at this writing.

Rev. Fultz closed his meeting here on the 28th, ultimo, resulting in six conversions.

Corn bu-king seems to be the or[illegible]

load of flour.

Miss Lucy Chestnut, of Bath county, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Agnes Gaiford.

Mr. Henry Barlow and wife and Mrs. George Baxter, of Edray, were visiting friends and relatives here last week.

Mr. Allen Galford raised the boss pumpkid this season, which weighed sixty pounds.

Mrs. Isabel Slaven, of Gillispie, was the guest of Mrs. Allen Burner last week.

Quite a number of persons from this vicinity attended the funeral of Mr. Charles Hevener, last Sunday, at the Moore School House. Also, the baptizing at the river, and report a crowd of four or five hundred people present on this occasion.

D. L. Barlow, County Superintendent, was visiting schools in this section, last week.

Miss Ella Kerr is teaching the Cold Run school, near Mr. James McLaughlin's.

Miss Early Wilfong, of Driftwood, was the guest of Miss Lizzie Wilfong, last Saturday night, and returned to her home on Sunday.

Mr. J. N. Gum is visiting her sister and brother near Gillispie.

Why not have our mail three times a week up Back Alleghany? Nov. 5. A CORRESPONDENT.

Green Bank.

Mr. J. Jackson, of Virginia, and Miss Lucy Siple passed through our burg last Saturday enroute for Monterey, Virginia.

Mr. G. D. Oliver will move into the S. Cooper property this week. We welcome him to our village.

Mrs. George Beverage and daughter, who have been ill with diphtheria, are convalescing.

Mrs. A. C. Sheets is ill with the dreaded diphtheria.

Mrs. S. C. Gay is convalescing.

The TIMES says that there was no sectional feeling raised over Barlow's candidacy, and that he was voted for simply as the nominee of the Democratic party, which is enough to say that he is the right man for the right place. Then why was Hon. J. P. Moomau scratched by voters of certain sections, he being the nominee of the same party.

Three cheers for old Green Bank District! If her voters did have to ride over the rugged Greenbrier Valley, they came in mass and for Democracy. Shame on the lower Districts for going astray because of prejudices.

Married: on the 7th instant, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. P. C. Ervine, Mr. Bud Arbogast and Miss Clara Ervine.

Married: on the 7th instant, (as reported) at the home of the bride, in Crabbottom, Virginia, Mr. Jesse Patterson and Miss Mollie Arbogast. That happiness may be their portion is the wish of your correspondent. OLD HICKORY.

Dilley's Mill.

Sweet summer is gone, and we feel the chilling winds of another winter.

The election is over and the Solid South is broken.

Mr. Johnnie Shrader is quite sick, at this writing, with typhoid fever.

Some of our young people attended the Musical Association, at Marlinton.

Messrs. W. and J. Shrader held a husking bee on the 9th instant, at which there were present twenty-four hands.

The people at this vicinity have been packing and wagoning grain to the Dunmore mill. Dilly's mill was much damaged by stopping to remove sawdust in the dam.

We understand that Renick Kerr found the head and hide of one of his hogs in Michel's Mountain. It is not very healthy for fat hogs in that part.

Mr. Morgan Grimes had several bushels of corn stolen from a pile in the field where he had been husking. Lork out, thieves, there are traps and Winchesters in this neighborhood, and they will be resorted to.

Professor G. E. Moore has been visiting sweetheart and friends near Academy.

Quarterly meeting at Mt. Tabor last Sunday. Rev. C. M. Fultz preached from Revelation 21st chapter 3d and 4th verses.

Rev. R. R. Little is transferred to Indiana Conference. The people are very loath to give up such a noble man.

A. C. Moore, the famous hunter, and W. [illegible] Moore killed two [illegible]

...ever forces have most influenced the destinies of mankind through warfare.

"There ought to be a law compelling every man to read a petition before signing it," thinks the Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

It is said that the world uses 19,-000,000,000 bushels of wheat and 25,-000,000,000 bushels of Indian corn annually. Of the latter about 7,500,-000,000 bushels are used by man, the rest being fed to animals.

It is said that a set of harness is on exhibition in London, England, which automatically slips off a horse when it falls down, leaving the animal perfectly free. If safe, remarks the New York World, this harness will meet a long-felt want, especially in cities with asphalt pavements.

A school census of Chicago, just completed, puts the population of that city at 1,567,727, which is less than the total claimed on the basis of the names in the directory. Of this number 658,360 are under twenty-one years of age. The number of pupils attending private schools is 43,546. The same census places the foreign-born population of Chicago at 618,565.

Bran, the refuse of wheat, and which at one time was considered so worthless as to be spouted into the river at Minneapolis, now sells within a fraction of the wheat itself, announces the American Cultivator. And oats, hulls and all, bring nearly as much as the finished product. The following comparison of wholesale bulk values per ton will show how matters stand: Bran, per ton, $16.25; corn, $19.25; wheat, $18.50; oats, $24.50; flour (best St. Louis), $26.

American interest naturally attaches to the Japanese Navy from the fact that her first armed ship of modern design was an American vessel, and her first admiral was an American officer. The vessel was the ram Stonewall, which was captured from the Confederates while at Havana, and in 1868 was sold to Japan and taken to Yokohama by way of the Straits of Magellan, in charge of Captain George Brown, United States Navy. The first Japanese Admiral was Walter Grinnell, who was appointed to that office while an ensign in the United States Navy stationed at Hiago.

Says the Buffalo News: The frequent reference to the "Midway" in the newspapers, periodicals and the everyday speech of the people proves that the unique thoroughfare on the World's Fair grounds took a wonderfuld hold upon the imagination of those who visited that most peculiar feature of the fair. The "Midway" as found entrance to church exhibitions, to society festivals and public amusements of various kinds, and "Midway" seems to be a word that lingers longer upon the lips of the people than any other term connected with the great Columbian festival of last year.

E. T. Simcox in his "Primitive Civilization" says the two occupations in China are learning and agriculture. The standard of comfort for the laboring masses is fixed by that of the smallest cultivators, who form the largest section of the population. Poverty never involves actual starvation, except in times of famine. It means having to eat plain rice. The average man in China probably gets enough to eat, such as it is, in ordinary times. The farms are small, from half an acre to four and a half acres; the estimate is that one acre will support twelve persons in abundance. Wages are very low. A recent Chinese writer states that the average earnings of workmen are twenty cents a day, and that half of this is enough to support a family of five, after Chinese fashion. The new Penal Code fixes the value of labor impressed into the public service at fourteen cents a day. But these are minimum rates. In cities carpenters and masons get thirty cents a day without food; servants, $3 a month without food; farmhands,

Who is she that you love?
Oh, I adore her!
How do you worship her?
I bow before her.
What is she that you love?
Her ways are honor!
Who worships her?
Whoever looks upon her!
And is she fair, thy love?
As skies a-clearing!
And stately is she?
As stars appearing!
And is she true, thy love?
There is none truer!
And is she good, thy love?
Go thou and view her!
And did she tell her love?
She did dissemble!
How knew you that she loved?
I saw her tremble.
And when she trembled—then?
I knelt beside her.
And then?
Why, then—why, then, sweet joy betide her!

—Langdon Mitchell.

DICK MERRIDITH'S FAIRY.

BY HOMER BISHOP.

THE winter had been a hard one for Dick. Now spring had come, and it promised to be harder than the winter.

Dick was an artist: an illustrator for magazines, and a good one at that; but he had not made a name for himself, and there were many others in the field, and what work he did he was so very poorly paid for, when it was paid for at all; and then he had lost much time being ill, very ill, and—well, altogether he had had a very hard time of it, and was still in the same condition.

The day this story opens found Dick very blue. He had been encouraged by quite a large order for illustrations from one of the leading magazines, and had utilized every speck of daylight during the past two weeks to get them finished. The art-editor of the magazine had even advanced him ten dollars on account. On the strength of this he had been to the theatre a half dozen times, and had even invited a friend to dine with him at the little French table-d' hote. They both had had fifteen-cent cigars, and Dick had thoroughly enjoyed it. He had also sent a large accumulation of shirts, collars, and cuffs to the laundry, and had counted up that it would cost him nearly two whole dollars to get them out.

"And now "the whole thing had fizzled," as he ruefully expressed it. For some unaccountable reason the pictures had not been according to the author's conception of the characters in the story, and they had been thrown back on him. Not only would he not get any more work for goodness knows how long, but he was that ten dollars "in the soup"; and the ten dollars, by the way, was all gone. It was late in the afternoon, and somehow Dick felt as though he could not stay in his room. He got up, pulled his hat over his eyes, and went out. On his way he took out his collapsed-looking purse and investigated his financial condition. One dime, two nickels, and five pennies—just twenty-five cents all told. Dinner to-night, fifteen cents—breakfast to-morrow, ten cents.

It was between hours for Broadway, just after the daily parade, and before the theatre-goers were abroad. But Broadway was wide-awake and lively for all that. When is Broadway not wide-awake? All the restaurants and chop-houses were crowded with diners. Men and women who had worked late were hurrying along home to their dinners. On Dick went, however, crossing under the "L" at Thirty-third street; on past the great theatres where he had enjoyed so many hours; on past the hotels, across Forty-second street, and then following the cable cars out Seventh avenue until the park was reached.

It was a delightful evening. Still dim twilight. A cool breeze was swaying the budding branches of the trees, and the few pines and spruces were humming a soft lullaby to the birds. Before he knew it, he was walking along the Mall. How silent it was; not a soul in sight. At the far end of the Mall he crossed the road, walked down the great stone steps, and finally turned into the Ramble. He stopped under a large tree just to hear the sleepy arguments of the sparrows that were going to bed in its branches, and finally sat down on a bench near the cave.

He was horribly blue, and would not have been there under any other circumstances. It was not a bit like Dick to walk in the park at night. For once he had lost hope, and was a picture of limp dejection as he sat there.

He did not know how he was going

peered closer. Yes, it moved again! Clearly there was something alive in the bushes close to the mouth of the cave. What could it be; a bear? Dick laughed at the thought, and then sobered as quickly when he remembered that there was quite an assortment of wild animals in the menagerie that would be equally as unpleasant to meet as a bear. He was no coward, but his first inclination was to get away from there as quickly as possible. Then curiosity got the better of him, and he cautiously approached the object. In response to a faint call it sat up. Dick's fears vanished. It was undoubtedly a child. It was almost quite dark now, and he could just make out that it was a little girl about seven years old.

"What on earth are you doing here?" asked Dick.

"I ain't doin' nawthin'," replied the child. "Is yer goin' te pinch me?"

"Pinch you?" asked Dick, blankly. "Certainly not. Why don't you go home?"

"Don't want to go home," was the sobbing reply. "Pop got pinched the other day, and mom's so full she's been awful. I jist want ter die!"

Here was somebody else ready to give up the fight. Dick thought for a moment, and then held out his hand to the little waif.

"Come," he said kindly, "I'm not going to 'pinch' you or be 'awful,' but you must not stay here."

"Where is yer goin' ter take me ter?"

"Only to where I live," he answered, encouragingly. "It's nice there."

"So long as yer don't send me back to mom I'll go wid yer," said the child, taking the proffered hand. So they started toward the Mall, Dick asking his little charge question after question about her home and her life, and drew out as pitiful a picture of East Side tenement misery as one would care to hear. He learned that her name was Maggie, with a long-drawn a, and her home included two or three younger brothers and sisters, a criminal father and a drunken mother. She had often been away for days at a time before, and was never missed.

They walked down Sixth avenue together, and Dick looked with pity at the ragged shoes—three or four sizes too large—that the child wore. He noticed, also, that she had a very dirty and remarkably pretty face. He asked her if she was hungry, and she "guessed yes," so they stopped at a small imitation of Delmonico's and had "sinkers and," which is the colloquial for butter-cakes and coffee. The child enjoyed the repast hugely, and managed to eat two of Dick's butter-cakes besides her own three.

An odd-looking couple they made as they marched down Broadway. The bare head and light golden curls of the child contrasted oddly with her dirty, threadbare dress and huge shoes, which she had to scuff along the ground to keep on at all. Dick looked taller and broader than ever beside the little girl, who kept up an incessant chatter in blissful unconsciousness of the staring pedestrians. At last Dick's side-street was reached, and in a few minutes more they were safely in his snug little den.

"Here we are, Maggie," he said, cheerfully, as he lit the gas. "What do you think of this?"

"Gosh! but it's out o' sight!" answered Maggie, warmly. "Are all them piktures an' things yourn?"

"Yes, all mine; do you like them?"

"I jes' love piktures," the child replied, clasping her hands rapturously.

"Now," continued Dick, "you just make yourself comfortable, while I go out for a little while."

Dick was rather glad to be out of the house again. He wanted a chance to think. What was he going to do with her; how could he provide for her. She could not stay in his room indefinitely, and, of course, he could not turn her out. He had, moreover, spent twenty cents of his quarter.

Suddenly an inspiration seemed to strike him.

"Why, Miss Debney, of course!" he exclaimed, aloud. "Why didn't I think of her before!"

Nan Debney was an artist like Dick. No, not like Dick, for she had studied abroad, and had been very successful since her return. She lived at a very fashionable private boarding-house, just east of Fifth avenue. Dick had known her for a long time, and realized that she possessed two virtues that are rarely combined in the same woman—beauty and common sense. "It is almost paradoxical," Dick had often remarked, in speaking of Miss Debney. "Beautiful women are generally outrageously vain, while common-sense girls are almost invariably homely. Of course a pretty girl may be clever, and all that, but she is generally more or less foolish as well."

Miss Debney was not foolish—far from it—and was very beautiful besides. Dick had called on her often during the winter, and they were very good friends.

"There is one thing eminently satisfactory about being an artist,"

ful taste, and the picture she made in her evening toilets when Dick called, lingered in his mind a very pleasant memory. So much so, in fact, that he had transferred the memory to canvas, and it hung over his mantel.

Dick wended his way to her home as quickly as possible. Yes, she was in, and received him with that delightful graciousness of manner only found in true gentlewomen.

Dick made short work of his story, and found Miss Debney a delightful listener.

"How perfectly charming!" she said, enthusiastically. "Why, it sounds like a fairy tale! But what are you going to do with her, Mr. Merridith."

"That is exactly what I don't know, and just what I came to ask you about."

Nan Debney hesitated for a moment.

"I will tell you," she said, at length. "I'll ask Mrs. Blake, my landlady. She is forever helping somebody or other, and will know just what to do and how to do it. Will you excuse me for a moment while I see her?"

In a few minutes she came back with Mrs. Blake, who was at once interested.

"Bring her right here," said the good lady. "I have a little attic-room she can occupy, until we find some school or home to send her to. Why can't Miss Debney and I go around to your studio now and get her? No, pray do not make any excuse! I know just how delightfully disorderly artists' rooms always are."

Dick bit his lip, as he thought of Nan Debney coming into his little third story room; but there was no way out of it, and so he acquiesced. Miss Debney left them to change her dress, and Dick had to tell his story all over again to Mrs. Blake.

"What a noble act it was, Mr. Merridith!" said Mrs. Blake, feelingly.

"A fellow could not do much less," said Dick, deprecatingly.

They soon started out together, full of the project.

"You will find her hopelessly vulgar," said Dick, "and so must be prepared to be shocked."

"Why, what can you expect of a tenement child," said Mrs. Blake. "Just think of the influences that have surrounded her poor little life. Did you say 'criminal mother,' Mr. Merridith?"

"No; 'criminal father' and 'drunken mother,'" corrected Dick.

"Dear me, it's much the same thing! How interestingly shocking. What, is this the house? You lead the way, Mr. Merridith, please."

Dick let them in with his latch-key, and led the way upstairs. Mrs. Blake stopped to breathe on the second landing and asked hopelessly, "How many more?"

"Only one," said Dick, encouragingly, and running up ahead, pushed open the door of his room.

His student lamp was burning low, and cast a subdued light over the room. Maggie was seated in a rocking chair by the radiator, under Dick's artistically-draped mantel, fast asleep. Her golden curls lay straggling over her shoulders, her head had fallen to one side, and her lips were parted.

"What a lovely picture!" said Mrs. Blake, in a whisper.

"How very pretty she is!" said Miss Debney.

They had come up behind him, and were peering over his shoulder. Dick entered the room and took the sleeping child's hand in his. She woke immediately with a start, and recoiled as though expecting a blow.

"I thought sure yer was never comin," she said to Dick.

Miss Debney knelt beside the child, and putting her arms around her, said: "Would you like to come with me, Maggie, and let me take care of you—Mrs. Blake and me?"

"An' leave him?" asked the child, pointing to Dick.

"Why, you would see him very often; every day, if you liked." Then, turning to Dick, she said laughingly, "See what a conquest you have already made!" As she spoke, her eyes fell upon the painting over the mantel. She gave a startled gasp of surprise, and turned to Dick in a half-frightened way. Dick answered her look quietly, although he felt the blood mount to his temples. That glance meant volumes.

Then all three began questioning the child, and discussing the situation, and finally Miss Debney asked to see some of Dick's sketches.

"Here are a few wash drawing," he said, picking up the rejected pictures, "but there is not much merit in them."

"Why, how perfectly exquisite!" exclaimed Miss Debney. Excuse me for asking, Mr. Merridith, but have you sold them? If not, I'm sure Mr. Daub, the art editor of the Conglommerate Magazine, would be delighted to get them; won't you let me show them to him?"

"If you wish, Miss Debney," said Dick, awkwardly. "It is extremely good of you to take such an interest, but hardly fair to allow you to go to so much trouble."

me often ain't yer?"

"Yes, Maggie, often," said Dick, smoothing the rumpled curls.

The next day Dick subsisted on his solitary nickel and did not feel a bit hungry. The evening mail brought him a courteous note from Mr. Daub, of the Conglommerate Magazine, asking him to call for instructions regarding the illustration of a series of articles, and to please find enclosure for the wash-drawings given him by Miss Debney, hoping it would be satisfactory.

The "enclosure" nearly took Dick's breath away. It was a check for one hundred dollars.

"God bless that girl!" muttered Dick, fervently. He got the check cashed at a hotel where he was known, and at once purchased a fifty-dollar suit of clothes, pair of patent-leather boots, a bell-shaped silk hat, and a pair of gloves.

In the evening he called on Miss Debney and Maggie, and was greeted with an overwhelming surprise. Maggie was Maggie no longer, but Margaret, and as prettily-dressed and attractive-looking a child as any one would care to see.

Miss Debney was radiant. "Is she not really beautiful?" she asked. "Did you ever see such a complete transformation?"

Dick was quite overwhelmed, and then when he told Miss Debney about Mr. Daub's letter, and tried to express his appreciation, he was wofully awkward, to say the least.

There was even something constrained about Miss Debney's manner that he couldn't understand at all.

Yes, Dick's clouds had passed away, and success followed success. A few months had hardly passed before no magazine was quite up to date without some examples of Dick's superb illustrations. Margaret was sent to school, and improved so rapidly that before the year was out there was no trace of the slum-child in her.

And then—but surely the reader knows the rest. It is almost trite to add that ere another summer had passed, golden wedding-bells had chimmed their sweetest for Dick Merridith and Nan Debney, and that Margaret shared their home.

One thing only deserves mention. At the last exhibition of the Academy of Design, the gold medal was awarded to one of Merridith's paintings. It represented a ragged child, with bare feet, fast asleep in an arm chair. But every one insisted that the title had nothing in common with the painting. It was "Dick's Fairy."—Home and Country.

WISE WORDS.

In delay we waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.—Shakespeare.

A prince wants only the pleasures of private life to complete his happiness.—Bruyere.

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes error a fault, and truth discourtesy.—Herbert.

Men love to nurse their cares, and seem as uneasy without some fret as an old friar would be without his hair girdle.—H. W. Beecher.

Despotism can no more exist in a nation until the liberty of the press be destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set.—Colton.

Of all the cants in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.—Sterne.

The brave man wants no charms to encourage him to duty, and the good man scorns all warnings that would deter him from doing it.—Bulwer.

The noblest of all holidays are those kept by ourselves in silence and apart, the secret anniversaries of the heart, when the full tide of feeling overflows.—Longfellow.

He who acts wickedly in private life can never be expected to show himself noble in public conduct. He that is base at home will not acquit himself with honor abroad; for it is not the man, but only the place that is changed.—Aeschines.

It is not necessary to be garrulous in order to be entertaining. To be a judicious and sympathetic listener will go far toward making you an agreeable companion, self-forgetful, self-possessed, but not selfish enough to monopolize the conversation.—A. L. Jack.

A Scientific Poison.

Not long ago the rural districts of France were overrun with a plague of fieldmice. They were everywhere, and it was estimated that every acre was infested by thousands of these nuisances, to the serious detriment of the crops. Some ingenious scientist devised a method for getting rid of them all. He procured the germs of a disease, which was fatal to the rodents and contagious, and after cultivating a considerable quantity of them, he soaked in the solution small cubes of bread, which were then scattered over the fields where the mice were the thickest. Within two weeks there

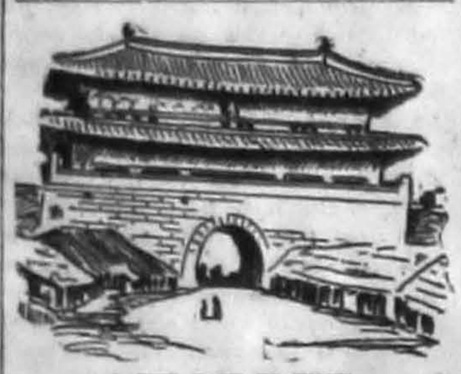
OUR KOREAN WAR.

A PUNITIVE SORTIE FOLLOWS A MASSACRE OF AMERICANS.

A Landing Party From the Old Monocacy Does Prodigies of Valor—The Hermit Kingdom Humbled.

IN order to trace the history of America's relations with Korea and the general opening up of the country to the influences of Western civilization, observes the New York Herald, it is necessary to go back to the year 1866. At that time Korea was the "Hermit Kingdom" in more than name. The present King had ascended the throne a couple of years before, but being a mere boy the Government was wholly in the hands of his regent father, who was a bitter hater both of foreigners and of change. Some French missionaries, who had braved the law of the country and boldly advanced into the native cities, were horribly massacred in 1866, and a French expedition sent to chastise the Koreans ascended the Seoul River and attacked several forts, but lost so heavily that the expedition sailed away without having accomplished the end aimed at, and having left the Korean soldiers with the impression that the foreigner could not fight, and that the Korean was invincible.

In the same year an American schooner, the General Sherman, chartered by a British trader, sailed for China on an experimental voyage of trade and discovery. The vessel entered the Ta-tong River and never returned. It was burned by natives, and those on board were slaughtered to the last man. On the news of the massacre being received, Commander —now Real Admiral—R. W. Schufeldt, visited the peninsula with the war steamer Wachusett on a mission of inquiry. No satisfaction, however, was obtained, and a similar mission, under



A CITY GATE IN SEOUL.

posed of six hundred and forty men, was led by Commander L. A. Kimberly, the Adjutant-General being Lieutenant Commander W. Scott Schley, who was afterward to win fame as the rescuer of Lieutenant Greely.

The first battery, which was attacked unexpectedly in the rear, was taken without difficulty; the works were completely demolished and the cannon rolled into the river. On the next day the next fort—"Fort Monocacy," as it was christened—was cleared by shells from the Monocacy's guns, and was then dismantled by the landed troops. An advance was made upon the citadel or principal fort, which was perched on the crest of a rocky hill. The Koreans were hovering beyond the reach of our guns in vastly superior numbers, and were evidently waiting for an opportunity to crush the little American army as soon as it had entered the ravine lying below the fort.

KOREA'S MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS ON HIS WAY TO COUNCIL.

...mander Febiger, of the Shenan-..., despatched a few months later, ...ed equally barren. Finally in ... the Asiatic squadron, consisting ...e flag ship Colorado, the cor-...s Alaska and Benicia, with the ...uboats Monocacy—now at Chemulpo —and Palos, was despatched, under Rear Admiral Rodgers, to Korean waters.

It was intended to secure a treaty for the protection of Americans shipwrecked on the coast of Korea, to inquire into the General Sherman affair and to obtain if possible a treaty of commerce. Peaceful negotiations, however, proved to be impossible. The natives garrisoned the forts along the river and prepared to make things hot for the foreigners should they attempt to ascend the river toward the

KOREAN WOMEN.

capital. A survey expedition, under Captain Homer Blake, consisting of the Monocacy and Palos, with four steam launches, was sent up the river. When they were close to Kang-wa Island the Korean batteries, containing some eighty guns, suddenly opened fire upon them. The redoubt was instantly wrapped in a sheet of flames, discharging in a few seconds about three hundred shots. One account says that these reaped the water like a hailstorm. The veterans of the Civil War had never known such ...

To defeat these tactics five howitzers and two companies of infantry were posted as a rear guard on rising ground, while the main body moved forward to storm the citadel. The Koreans attacked the howitzers in large numbers, but the excellent practice made by the American gunners under Master A. V. Wadhams scattered them effectually and prevented any large body of them from getting into close quarters with our men.

Presently, at a signal previously agreed upon, the firing from the Monocacy ceased, and amid a hail of bullets from the enemy our men sprang up the steep incline to attack the citadel. They swarmed over the ramparts or through the breaches, and in a twinkling they were at close quarters with the defending garrison. The Koreans fought stubbornly to the last without asking for quarter, and were all of them slain. After that the remaining subsidiary forts were soon captured, and fifty flags and 481 pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the conquerors. The citadel was named Fort McKee, in honor of the young officer who was first over the parapet.

The defeat of 1871 probably rendered the Koreans more ready to treat peaceably with foreigners than they were before. In any case the hour for opening up the country was at hand. The process began in 1876, when a treaty was made with Japan. A party of Japanese sailors, while landing for water on Kang-wa Island, were mistaken for Americans or Frenchmen and were fired upon by a neighboring fort. Japan saw her opportunity and her fleet demanded as an indemnity that certain privileges in trade should be granted her. This was the first step toward the opening of the country to foreign intercourse. The Korean-Japanese treaty of 1876—the first entered into by the Koreans—was concluded on the basis of free trade, only a small amount of tonnage dues on shipping being payable. In a subsequent convention in 1877 Japan was granted the privilege of opening three coaling stations on the coast; in 1879 the harbor of Gensan, and later Chemulpo, were thrown open to Japanese commerce, all other nations being excluded from the benefits granted to Japan. In the meantime, China, which has always regarded Korea as a dependency of her counteract this hold of her inveterate enemy, encouraged, if not actually instigated, foreign Powers to follow in the footsteps of Japan in concluding treaties with this "Hermit Kingdom," and it was with her help that Admiral Shufeldt led the way and successfully carried through a treaty between the United States and Korea in 1882. Later on commercial treaties were also negotiated by Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia and Italy.

An interesting account of the circumstances attending the conclusion of the American treaty has been given by Rear Admiral Shufeldt, an account, moreover, which throws an important light upon the General Sherman affair. The Rear Admiral's narrative is as follows:

"I had been in Korea some years before to settle the trouble in regard to the massacre of the troops of our ship General Sherman, and had written a letter to the King, asking an explanation of the matter. I was told that I must wait twenty days for my answer. It was then late in the autumn, and I feared to be frozen up, with few provisions, in this out of the way and untraveled land. I had to set sail without hearing word from the King. Upon my arrival in America I received orders for a three years' cruise, and immediately left the United States for the voyage. In the meantime the King of Korea had answered my letter, and finding that I had gone he sent the message overland to our Minister at Pekin. From here it was forwarded to the United States without being opened, and it was several years before I received it. It was full of friendship from the King toward the Americans, and it explained the killing of the crew of the General Sherman in such a way as to show that the King was not to blame.

"In that letter lay the seeds which grew into the Korean treaty, and the country would have been opened sooner had the letter been addressed to the diplomatic agents of the United States and not to me in my private capacity. It would have thus been opened by our Minister at Pekin and Korea might have been ten years further advanced in its acquaintance with the world of to-day. As it was, the letter caused my appointment as the diplomatic agent for the bringing about of the treaty. I was sent by the Secretary of State to Pekin, with the rank of Naval Attache of the Legation there, and with full powers to negotiate with Korea. I bore at this time in my pocket, though no one knew it, a commission from the President of the United States appointing me Minister to Korea, and I found upon my landing in the country that the people and the King had not forgotten my letter of nearly ten years before. The treaty was signed near Chemulpo, and our ships fired a salute at the time, in response to a signal which I waved from the shore. An American cottage now stands on the spot where the treaty was signed, and it is the residence of Mrs. Schoenicke, the German who acts as the Chinese Commissioner of Customs.

"The Americans also opened Japan," Admiral Shufeldt said, "and had our people pushed their claims to that trade, as have the other nations who came in later, we would now be the greatest foreign nation in connection with the Japanese Empire. It is the same with Korea. Americans are now in the lead in that country, and they can, if they will, be the predominating power. It is true that Korea is still wrapped in the darkness of its thousands of years of seclusion. Its people are, however, no further back than were the Japanese at the time Commodore Perry lay at anchor in Mississippi Bay. I have lived some months in Korea, and I know something of the King and the people. I consider them a very bright race, and I expect to see a growth of civilization among them which will develop their country and put them upon a high plane among the nations of Asia."

A Compromise.

Mrs. Homespun—"Here! Come back, sir! You said you'd saw a cord of wood for a good breakfast, and you've only sawed one stick."

Wandering William—"I'm sorry, mum, but I've decided to go into liquidation, and compromise wid me creditors at two per cent."—Truth.

A company is forming in St. Petersburg for the purpose of establishing extensive cotton plantations on the Bokhara banks of the Amoo-Darya.

BURMAH AND ITS PEOPLE.

A LAND OF REMARKABLE SIGHTS AND QUEER IDEAS.

Horrible Beggars Who Line the Way to the Great Pagoda—The Wonderful Golden Dome.

BURMAH is a country of queer sights and strange sounds. I was talking a few days since to Professor S. S. Baldwin, the famed traveler, so well known throughout the East by the title of "The White Mahatma." Said he: "Burmah is what an American girl would call 'a funny country.'"

Rangoon is an attractive city of beautiful buildings, stately pagodas and long avenues, overhung with magnificent shade trees, yet right through the centre of one of these beautiful boulevards runs a sluggish open stream of the nature of a sewer, in which dead dogs, cats and rats make the air redolent with a perfume that is not at all suggestive of "Araby the Blest."

At Rangoon is the great golden pagoda, situated at the top of a hill in the outskirts of the city. The roadway from the valley to the top of the hill consists of a series of irregular steps, some ten or twelve feet wide, and from three to ten inches high. These steps are entirely inclosed on the left side (as you proceed toward the top), and are covered with an arched and vaulted roof. On the right side the roof is supported by pillars and arches opening out on a terrace of gardens and walled inclosures. This stairway is about one-eighth of a mile long, and at the bottom on each side are two enormous dragons, some thirty or forty feet high, carved out of brick and plaster work. These dragons have immense mouths wide open, showing horrible fangs and a protruding tongue, while the tail of the beast is curled and forked, like that of the traditional devil. The architecture is extremely quaint and interesting, as well as beautiful. The pagoda itself is built in the center of, and surrounded by, an immense garden of palm trees, in one of the most beautiful spots that one can conceive of, and if the place and the approaches were kept clean it would be a lovely spot. But at the very entrance of the stairway, each side is simply lined with the most disgusting beggars—men, women and children, but mostly men and women—thin and attenuated, and mostly with some portion of their body half eaten away with leprosy. These people simply swarm around the traveler, clamoring for alms, thrusting their mutilated arms and limbs, that have been partially eaten off by the ravages of the disease, fairly into one's face; sometimes an eye will be gone or a portion of the jaw. If charity is given to one, it is almost a necessity to give it to all his comrades, for they crowd around you like flies, and fairly bar your passage.

Most tourists before visiting this pagoda, which at one time was deemed so wonderful and beautiful that it was included in one of the lists of the seven wonders of the world, are cautioned to take with them a stout stick, also a light rattan switch. The stick is intended as a defense against the pariah dogs, with which the place is overrun. The light rattan is to be used to keep the beggars at a distance, for cruel as it may seem, often the only way to keep them from absolute annoyance is by a vigorous slashing at their bare backs or nude limbs, and then they will often stand at a little distance and spit at the traveler and overwhelm him with curses and imprecations. As the beggars are all religious mendicants, they are looked upon by most of the natives with perhaps somewhat of a spirit of modified veneration, and unless the English traveler is accompanied by a party sufficiently large to be perfectly able to take care of themselves it is just possible he might be roughly handled by the natives in case of any hurt to one of the beggars. Should the tourist be accompanied by a native policeman, which is often the case, the policeman has no hesitation at all in pushing the beggars right and left as if they were nine pins, so that they generally keep at a respectful distance.

It is said that it cost some eighty or ninety thousand dollars to gild the dome of the large pagoda, but this is done every two years or thereabouts. This is usually the gift of religious Burmans as an offering to Buddha.

Professor Baldwin, who has had very many years of Oriental travel, states that one of the most peculiar things which he has ever seen is the rocking pagoda at a Burmese village many miles up the Irawaddy. This pagoda was originally built on the top of a very large bowlder of granite, some sixty or seventy feet high. After the pagoda was built the lower part of the bowlder was gradually removed and rounded until now it seems as if the pagoda was resting upon an enormous ball or globe of solid rock. The rock is so nicely balanced that a heavy wind or the exertion of a person pushing strongly on the rock will cause it to slightly oscillate. It does not go far enough to cause any damage, but rolls and rocks backward and forward like

by means of a rope ladder, which is drawn up after them, they are thus kept from annoyance.

The phoongyi, or priests, are very numerous, each father, especially among the better class, making every effort so that one son at least shall belong to the order. They are a lazy and insolent lot, and to the European observer never seem to be engaged in any special duties except squatting on their haunches and holding conversations with each other, or else squatting in the same position for hours, gazing dreamily into the distance and supposed to be contemplating the virtues and graces of Buddha, or in earnest prayer for the joys of Nirvana, the Buddist heaven, where each and all lose individuality and finally sink into a deep and eternal sleep and become a part of the great mother nature. —New York Advertiser.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Oldest specimens of glass are Egyptian.

Fishes can be frozen hard without losing their vitality.

Spider silk thread is used to some extent in Madagascar.

Storm warnings were first given early in the last century.

The best specimens of alabaster carvings have been exhumed at Ninevah.

The first caricaturist is said to have been Antiphitus, an Egyptian, about B. C. 332.

The perfectly round pearls are the most valuable; next in order come the pear-shaped, and lastly, the egg-shaped.

Species of snakes that are enemies of one another in captivity will coil up into their winter sleep in the same bundle.

Research shows that there is not a particle of vegetation in the eastern part of the North Sea. It is one great watery waste.

The woodpecker has a three-barbed tongue like a Fijian spear, with which it draws out the worm which it has excited by its tapping.

A seventeen-year-old girl, who was arrested in Brooklyn recently on the charge of vagrancy, could converse fluently in six languages.

Bicycle riders in Southland, Australia, are required to dismount twenty-two yards from an approaching horse and draw their wheels past.

The last criminals who were beheaded in England were the Cato street conspirators in 1820, though they had previously been killed by hanging.

Drone cells are larger than workers' cells. The queen cells are still larger and may be easily recognized, as they always point downward after being capped.

Mrs. John Shenk, living near Lebanon, Penn., went into her cellar to procure some provisions recently, and while there was stung by a copperhead snake. A favorite cat which accompanied Mrs. Shenk attacked the reptile and killed it.

A farmer tells of a sheep with twin lambs, one of which was blind. The mother and the other twin lamb evidently knew that the little one was sightless, for they were unwearied in their care lest it should come to harm. A kindly "butt" from one or the other prevented it from running into danger.

Every one is familiar with the strength of an egg, pressed endwise between the palms of both hands. Strong men, even with fingers locked, have been unable to break an egg held in this manner. One was tested at the Waterville, (N. Y.) Arsenal recently in the testing machine, and it required sixty-five pounds to crush the egg.

Dressing Small Skins.

Small skins may be dressed and made equal to tanned ones by the simple process called tawing. This is as follows; The skin is soaked in warm water to soften the adhering flesh and fat, these being then scraped or shaved off with a sharp knife, such as a mowing scythe, with a smooth, keen edge, the skin lying on a rounded block or slab. The skins are then placed in a tub of a solution of equal parts of sugar of lead, alum and salt, and remain in it for a week, being turned and opened so that every part is exposed to the liquid. After the skins have absorbed all the liquid, or rather those substances which are drawn from the water by the skins, they are taken out and again shaved and partly dried, then well rubbed and pulled, to soften the skin, until nearly dry. The inner side of the skin is then rubbed with a smooth piece of pumice stone and yellow ochre until it is smooth and soft; when thoroughly dry this is repeated until all dust is got rid of. A little oil may be slightly rubbed over the fur to brighten and soften it.—New York Times.

A Shoplifter's Bogus Baby.

A Parisian shoplifter carried a bogus baby with her during her predatory excursions. The infant had a wax face and a hollow, leather body. It was the thief's custom to dexterously transfer purloined articles, such as

THE UMBRELLA

West Side, End of County Bridge.

Best and Cheapest Goods for the Least money

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Which will best protect your interests on a "Rainy Day,"
Is to make a Dollar go a long and the right way.

Your income will look larger than ever when compared with the

BIG VALUES I offer in DRY GOODS.

Calico, 5 cents a yard ....Ladies Shoes, LaBelle Helena, $2.25 for $1.75
Misses Shoes, our Fashion Dine, $1.75 for $1.25.

Have you ever thought how fast money accumulated when you can buy

A $15.00 SUIT FOR $10.85?

A $3.00 pair of pants for $2.25.

Thirty-three and one third dollars on each $50 you spend, in five years will will make the sum total, $83.33⅓.

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Yours, for Trade, P. GOLDEN.

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Dry Goods, Groceries

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Customers wishing to buy anything usually found in a well stocked store can rely on being accommodated at my place of business. We give fair warning that the buyer who wishes to save money will do do well to look through our stock of Goods. Good country produce taken in exchange for goods.

Our Terms are CASH or to responsible parties thirty days. All outstanding debts must be settled at once.

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Historical Collections.

In 1778, an attack was made by about 200 Indians upon Donnally's Fort. This fort stood on Rader's Run in Greenbrier county, ten miles from Lowisburg. It was a double log house, with a chimney in the center, and surrounded by a stockade of split logs. The house was destroyed about the year 1825, at which time many bullets were found in the timber. The doors have been preserved and a few weeks since they were brought into Lewisburg to be shipped to the Museum of the West Virginia Historical Society, at Charleston.

Dick Pointer the old negro who acted so gallantly in its defense, died in the thirties. The state had purchased his freedom in reward for his services, and he was buried with the honors of war. The account of the the attack on Donnally's Fort is here given from *Stuart's Memoirs:*

Intelligence having been conveyed to Col. Donnally of the approach of the Indians, he lost no time in collecting all his nearest neighbors that night, and sent a servant to my house to inform me. Before day about twenty men, including Hammond and Prior, were collected at Donnally's, and they had advantage of a stockade fort around and adjoining the house. On the next day they kept a good look-out, in momentary expectation of the enemy.

Colonel Samuel Lewis was at my house when Donnally's servant came with the intelligence; and we lost no time in alarming the people, and to collect as many men for defense as we could get at Camp Union all the next day. But all were busy; some flying with their families to the inward settlements, and others securing their property, so that in the course of the day, we had not collected near one hundred men. On the following day we sent out two scouts to Donnally's, very early in the morning, who soon returned with intelligence that the fort was attacked. The scouts had got within one mile, and heard the guns firing briskly. We determined to give all the aid we could to the besieged, and every man who was willing to go was paraded. They amounted to sixty-eight in all, including Colonel Lewis, Captain Arbuckle, and myself. We drew near Donnally's house about two o'clock, P. M., but heard no firing. For the sake of expedition we had left the road for a nearer way, which led to the back side of the house, and thus escaped falling into an ambuscade, placed on the road some distance from the house, which might have been fatal to us, being greatly inferior to the enemy in numbers. We soon discovered Indians, behind trees in a rye-field, looking earnestly at the house. Charles Gatliff and I fired upon them, when we saw others running in the rye, near where they stood. We all ran directly to the fort. The people, on hearing the guns on the back side of the house, supposed that it was another party of Indians, and all were at the port-holes ready to fire upon us; but some discovering that we were their friends, opened the gate and we all got in safe. One man only was shot through his clothes.

When we got into the fort, we found that there were only four men killed. Two of them who were coming to the fort, fell into the midst of the Indians, and were killed. A servant of Donnally's was killed early in the morning on the first attack; and one man was killed in a bastion in the fort. The Indians had commenced their attack about daylight in the morning, when the people were all in bed, except Philip Hammond and an old negro. The house formed one part of the fort, and was double, the kitchen making one end of the house, and there Hammond and the negro were. A hogshead of water was placed against the door. The enemy had laid down their guns at a stable, about fifty yards from the house, and made their attack with tomahawks and warclubs. Hammond and the negro held the door till they were splitting it with their tomahawks: they suddenly let the door open, and Hammond killed the Indian on the threshold, who was splitting the door. The negro had a musket charged with swanshot, and was jumping about in the floor asking Hammond where he should shoot? Hammond bade him fire away among them; for the yard was crowded as thick as they could stand. Dick fired away, and, I believe, with good effect; for a war-club lay in the yard with a swan-shot in it. Dick is now upwards of eighty years old,

by their own endeavors. This is the negro to whom our Assembly, at its last session, refused to grant a small pension to support the short remainder of his wretched days, which must soon end, although his humble petition was supported by certificates of the most respectable men in the county, of his meritorious service on this occasion, which saved the lives of many citizens then in the house.

The firing of Hammond and Dick awakened the people in the other end of the house, and up stairs, where the chief of the men were lying. They soon fired out of the windows on the Indians so briskly, that when we got to the fort, seventeen of them lay dead in the yard, one of whom was a boy about fifteen or sixteen years old. His body was so torn by the bullets that a man might have run his arm through him, yet he lived almost all day, and made a most lamentable cry. The Indians called to him to go into the house.

After dark, a fellow drew near to the fort and called out in English that he wanted to make peace. We invited him in to consult on the terms, but he declined our civility. They departed that night, after dragging eight of their slain out of the yard; but we never afterwards found where they buried them. They visited Greenbrier but twice afterwards, and then in very small parties, one of which killed a man and his wife, of the name of Munday, and wounded Captain Samuel McClung. The last person killed was Thomas Griffith; his son was taken, but going down the Kanawha, they were pursued, one of the Indians was killed, and the boy was relieved, which ended our wars in Greenbrier with the Indians, in the year 1780.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Nickle Plate(good family)	3.00
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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 18. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1894. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Robt. K. Burns.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C E. Beard. G. M. Kee. Amos Barlow.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter
Coroner	Geo. P. Moore.

Justices: A C L Gatewood, Split Rock—Chas Cook, Elray—W H Grose Huntersville—Jno R Taylor, Dunmore—G R Carry, Academy—Thos Bruffy, Labelle.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,
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Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of est Virginia.

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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL.
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Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year
The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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HOME PROPRIETORSHIP.

The subject of farmer home proprietorship, for the first time in the history of any country has been considered by the United States government, and the results have been made public lately from the Census office. Of the twelve million six hundred and ninety thousand one hundred and fifty-two families living in the states and territories, nearly one half own their farms and homes, and the others rent. Of the families owning their homes and farms, about twenty-eight per cent. have incumbrances, and something more than seventy-two per cent. have no incumbrances. This shows up well for the farming interest as being on a firm financial basis. The stability of the government mainly depends on those who have homes and are out of debt. This was the state of affairs in 1890. Matters may be something different now, but not very materially so.

No Gerrymander.

Those Republicans who are fondly dreaming of a gerrymander of the Senatorial and Delegate districts of the State for exclusively partisan purposes will be interested in the fact that the thing is impossible. No general rearrangement of the State for members of the Legislature may submit a projected change in the Senatorial districts in other than a census year to a vote of the people, who must assent to it by a majority vote at a general election before the Legislature can act.

This will come as a shock to a number of Republicans, who have been prematurely rearranging the map of the State so as to make it possible relegate Democrats to a permanent minority position in the Legislature, but they must endeavor to live down their disappointment, and meanwhile we shall select our Senators and delegates upon the old basis.

The Republicans can and doubtless will gerrymander the State for Congressional purposes, but there their power for mischief ends.—*Wheeling Register.*

Roaring Creek Railroad.

The Italians employed on the Roaring Creek and Charleston railroad, about four hundred in number, who have not been paid anything for nearly three months, struck Monday. President Diller and General Manager Womelsdorff are in Pennsylvania, ostensibly for the purpose of procuring money with which to pay off, and, unless they return the first of the week, the men, who are on the verge of starvation, may become desperate. They have already torn out the switches, thus imprisoning the only engine on the road, at the town of Womelsdorff, about five miles from Roaring Creek Junction, where the road connects with the West Virginia Central.—*Tygart's Valley News.*

Judge Joseph T. Hoke, of the Circuit Court of Randolph county, in vacation at Grafton, appointed T. Bennett Phillips, of Philadelphia, recieved for the Roaring Creek & Charleston Railroad Company, with bond at $80,000. This road is located in Randolph county, and connects with the West Virginia Central railroad at Roaring Creek Junction, in said county. About ten miles is now built and in operation through the Roaring Creek coal region. The original intention was to run the road from Roaring Creek Junction through the State to Charleston.—*Intelligencer.*

"Well, I've studied the matter over thoroughly, and have come to the conclusion that there is only

Our Japanese Letter.

(*Special Correspondence.*)

Seoul, Corea, November 10th.

Not having seen anything in your valuable paper from this part, I will this evening drop you a few lines concerning the "*gardaramie*," "or going on," of the Japanese army in this country of Corea. By great good luck, I was able to find the company of which my friend Suchero, is captain. When he and I were together at school in the United States, we had often talked of the likelihood of a war between Japan and China, and he had promised me then to write to me to come in such an event, if there was any chance of my participating in the war. He wrote me in August to come, and I arrived in Yokohama on November 3d, and found my friend Suchero's regiment had been ordered to this part of the empire to look after the insurrection, which had risen and assinated the Honourable Mr. Kimpski, Vice-President of the Council of State. These fiends in Chinese form, constitute an organized gang under the name Longlaks.

On the evening of October 30th, as Mr. Kimpski sat, or rather squatted, at supper, a new waiter, whom he had recently hired, and who was a Tonghak in disguise, suddenly entered bearing a large hogshead used to store rice in, which had been soaking in the back yard, and ere Kimpski could move, it was placed over him and the bird was caged. The signal being given, about a dozen Tonghaks filed into the room, and began firing the hogshead full of holes. After the Vice-President had been thus most foull murdered, the gang ransacked the house, and dispersed as silently as they had come.

Word being sent at once to the Japanese capital, a regiment was ordered to the scene, which happened to be one to which Suchero belongs. He told me to come along and act as a lieutenant, and see how I liked it, and that I could enlist regularly when we came back, if I so desired. But we had only a half-hour to the time of assembling to march on board of the ship waiting for us at the wharf.

On going out and walking quickly, we came to a sort of armory, which looked like a flat cattle barn in a barn-yard, and I had my first sight of Japanese soldiers. At a distance they looked like a cadet school of half-grown boys, who had been cheated into buying poor uniforms which had shrunk out of shape. However, a close look at the average soldier impresses you with the idea that he would about as leave cut your heart out as look at you. They are well armed with a sort of musket, and bayonet, but what impresses the observer most was that they were continually whetting, whetting, and whetting at murderous looking knives, with a blade about a foot long, and continually trying the edge by cutting a hair that has been pulled from American dog, with a fine silky coat. The hair of an average Japanese is so brittle that if it falls on the floor it will break. Another noticable, though unmentionable, thing about a Jap soldier is his smell, which is his own peculiarity that cannot be imitated. The ordinary American can follow the trail of the army like a dog after a deer.

About 2 o'clock, the regiment lounging about the armory, fell in and trotted off briskly down the street to the quay.

A big wooden ship was lying near the stone wharf with a plank inclined so that one man at a time could walk up and on the deck.

At the head of the plank was a keen-eyed looking official, whose duty it was to scan closely the face of everyone entering the ship, and who could detect the spy or

tic at the armory, though the Inspector could not have known this. There may be an opportunity to know in the future how true the Inspector's suspicions are.

We were sailing west before night, and last evening we landed at this place and went into camp. There is not a riding horse in our regiment, and there is comparatively little to transport. Our work will lie within a twenty-mile radius of this place, and the country is very mountainous and broken, in a few miles from the sea, and we have bad country before us to break up a bad gang of toughs in.

The regiment is camped in a narrow bottom, on a beautifully clear creek. The soldiers are in messes of about twenty each, and they put everything they can get to eat in one big iron pot holding about a bushel, and make tea in another. When they eat, they take the dinner out of the pot with anything they can get until it cools sufficiently to allow the hand to be thrust, They are still whetting their knives.

We will have a lot of work to do in a day or two, and you may expect a letter next week, if anything happens. J. T.

An Ostrich Fight.

The San Diego (Cal.) correspondent of the Chicago Tribune wrote this about a prize fight between ostriches on his farm:

There is novelty about an ostrich fight. The ponderous birds are quick as cats. They use their feet more dexterously than a pugilist uses his fists and with far more deadly effect. One of these birds can thrust his bony, pointed toe through an inch board with very slight effort. Such a blow is enough to kill an ox. with a single kick one of thse ostriches would disembowel a man instantly.

The fight started over the division of cabbage leaves which Keeper Campbel had thrown to the hungry birds. Seldom have two bipeds fight with more desire to kill than did these ostrichs. And a royal fight it was in the eyes of the keeper as he saw plumes wrote $10 each soar from the body of a bird in response to the kick of the enemy and fall crumpled and worthless into the dust.

Feathers didn't count for much in the flashing eyes of the ostriches.

They wanted blood.

Nothing but pure gore would satisfy their sense of honor.

Blood they did get and enough to satisfy Governor Waite ere the battle ceased. With a deep hiss and outstretched wings ostrich Jim bore down on Colonel like a forty-footer in a gale, sheered to the right, and caught Colonel on the left thigh, ripping the thick hide off the bare leg and causing it to bleed freely. Colonel retaliated, and almost crippled Jim's wing with a kick that nearly capsized him. They then sparred with feet and beaks, picking and kicking feathers from one another, until Colonel dealt a terrific blow on Jim's stomach which seemed to literally lift him from the ground. Only the thick mass of feathers prevented the awful toe from penetrating Jim's abdomen.

Jim was game. Regaining his breath he knocked Colonel over with a side kick, breaking his wing. Colonel recovered his feet before the attack was renewed. Both birds had by this time lost their plumes, and looked as if they had been plucked. Both were tird and weak from loss of blood. Their attacks grew feebler, and finally, as if by common consent, they ceased fighting and walked off among the bushes to recuperate.

The fight was a draw and the anxious keeper felt relieved that the birds lived.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

A Western edithr, writing of a contemporary, says: "His intellect

DO YOU WANT A SITUATION?

Pref. Wilbur R. Smith, Lexington, Kentucky.

PROF. WILBUR R. SMITH, LEXINGTON KY.

For 18 years President of the renowned Commercial College of Kentucky University, gives special attention to securing situations for his graduates. Cost of Business Course about 90 dollars, including Tuition and Board in a family.

Prof. Smith has kept books; several years Vice-President of a bank; World's Fair Commissioner from Kentucky, and a reliable business man.

Among the 10,000 successful graduates of the Profs. Smith, are 100 in banks, 100 officials from this and other statas. Prof. E. W. Smith, Principal of the College referred to, was awarded the medal at World's Columbian Exposition, for Book-keeping, etc.

If you wish a Business Education, or a knowledge of Phonography, Typewriting, or Telegraphy, at the least total cost, with diploma from Kentucky University on graduation, we advise you to cut this out and write for circulars to Prof. W. R. Smith, Lexington Ky.

"Jack of No. 18."

A fire company without a dog would be hard to find. At first merely a waif, possibly take in off the streets and made comfortable in the cheerful surroundings which distinguish most engine houses, doggy is generally sure of a good time, plenty to eat and a chance to distinguish himielf. It is a poor dog, indeed, who dosn't find in the excitement of a fireman's life something which appeals to his native instincts, and who doesn't learn to love to run alongside the horses to a fire and make himself useful on occasion. Jack, of hook and ladder company No. 18, considers himself to be as important and necessary a number of the fire department as any man employed in it. He is a huge, brown, full bred shepherd dog, whose main object in life seems to be to imitate and do everything the men of his company do. On entering the engine house in the morning he always reports by standing with his fore paws on the desk, remaining there until the foreman says:

"All right, Jack."

When the alarm rings Jack runs first to one horse, then to another, biting at their hind legs, as if to hurry them up. He closely follows the engine, and when the scene of the fire is reached is the first to dash amid the smoke and flames. On one occasion, during a fire on Forty-second street, his paws were badly burnd because he persisted in remaining with the men on the tin roof of a burning building. At another time he tried to follow the men up a ladder; he actually managed to scramble up eight rounds, but could not get down again with assistance.—*New York Advertiser.*

Special Notice.

All persons having any claims against the Manly Manufacturing Company or any sub-contractor for materials furnished or labor performed for building of Court House and Jail at Marlinton, are hereby notified to file itemized accounts of same, and name of debtor, with S. L. Brown, Clerk, on or before November 25th, 1894, and to meet Court of County Commissioners on November 26th, 1894, for the purpose of properly substantiating same for settlement.

MANLY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, by ROBERT P. MANLY, President.

Prof. Phil Knapp, the Optician,

000,000.

In twelve months American railroad companies have paid $239,616,284 as interest on bonds and $95,337,681 as dividends on stocks.

The Egyptian Government pays interest on $60,000,000 Nile Canal debt and $30,000,000 Suez Canal bonds, squeezing the money out of the farmers.

The most unhealthy city in Europe, according to statistics recently issued, is Barcelona, Spain, one of the loveliest places in that part of the continent. One who lives in Barcelona increases considerably his chances of death.

A young man of Lewiston, Me., who prides himself on his attractiveness for the gentler sex, got on a train the other day and saw a good-looking young lady, who seemed to have nobody with her. He approached her, relates the New Orleans Picayune, and did the masher act. She was responsive, and he was having a very nice time when a man came in and thanked him for having made the task of taking a lunatic to the asylum easier than he dared hope.

An estimate of the charitable bequests in England during 1893 puts the total sum at about $7,000,000. This is held to be about one-tenth of the estates upon which probate duty has been levied. Among the larger amounts given are the following: Earl of Derby, $100,000; Richard Vaughan, of Bath, a retired brewer, $225,000; the Rev. James Spurrell, $1,300,000; John Horniman, a tea merchant, $450,000; Henry Spicer, the well-known paper dealer, $750,000; Sir William Mackinnon, $300,000. The largest legacy of all is by Baroness Forrester, $1,500,000.

N. S. Nesteroff, an attache of the Russian Department of Agriculture, is in Michigan inspecting methods employed there in cutting and marketing lumber. His object is principally to get information respecting improvements in sawmill machinery. Mr. Nesteroff pronounces the Saginaw Valley mills the finest he has ever seen. He was especially interested in the maple sugar industry in the spring, and spent a month in a New York State sugar camp. This business was entirely new to him, and he will try to introduce it into his native country, which has, he says, an abundance of sugar maples.

The Chinese trade unions can trace their history back for more than 4000 years. The Chinaman does not discuss with his employer what he is to receive for the work he does; he simply takes what he considers a fair and proper remuneration. He levies toll on every transaction according to laws laid down by his trade union, and without for a moment taking into consideration what his employer may consider proper. He is, therefore, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph, generally called a thief; but he is acting under due guarantees, in obedience to laws that are far better observed and more strict than any the police have been able to impose.

It takes 3200 mail cars to distribute Uncle Sam's mail, and the New York division alone requires 819 railway post clerks to handle it. Last year these clerks handled 1,297,220,571 pieces of mail bound past their division, of which 753,976,835 were letters. To get a clear idea of the immense amount of mail matter in this number of letters, suppose they average four inches in length and are laid end to end. They will stretch over a line 2975 miles long. All railway post clerks must be quick and intelligent and have a thorough knowledge of the whole country. In the second division there are 18,000 postoffices, and the clerks know every one. This system of railway postoffices has proved a valuable, says the writer from whose interesting article in Harper's Young

And the whispered "Tell a 'tory,
Said in such a drowsy way,
Makes me hear the bells of Dreamland,
That ring at close of day.

So you want a story, darling!
What shall the story be?
Of Little Boy Blue in the haystack,
And the sheep he tails to see,
As they nibble the meadow clover
While the cows are in the corn?
O Little Boy Blue, wake up, wake up,
For the farmer blows his horn!

Or shall it be the story
Of Little Bo Peep I tell,
And the sheep he lost and mourned for,
As if awful fate befell?
But there was no need of sorrow
For the pet that went astray,
Since, left home, he came back home
In his own good time and way.

Oh, the pigs that went to market—
That's the tale for me to tell!
The great big pig, and the little pigs,
And the wee, wee pig as well.
Here's the big pig—what a beauty!
But not half as cunning is he
As this little tot of a baby pig
That can only say "We-we!"

Just look at the baby, bless him!
The little rogue's fast asleep,
I might have stopped telling stories
When I got to Little Bo Peep.
Oh, little one, how I love you!
You are so dear, so fair!
Here's a good-night kiss, my baby—
God have you in His care!

—Eben E. Rexford.

OCTAVIA'S CHOICE.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

"I ain't right, accordin' to my idees of what's right an what's wrong, Octavy!" said Grandma Mockbee, severely. "An' I shan't give my consent!" added the old lady, winding briskly away on a big ball of clouded red and white yarn.

Miss Octavia Mockbee, black-eyed and scarlet-lipped, turned sharply around with an impatient frown on her shapely forehead.

"I haven't asked your consent yet!" she retorted, imperiously. "When I do, it will be time enough to refuse!"

"Then you ain't a-goin' to marry him after all, Octavy?" cheerfully commented Aunt Adaline, looking up from the sponge pudding she was making for dinner. "I'm so glad! Mr. Fothergill may be respectable, for all we know, an' then ag'in he mayn't. But we know all about Jerome Meadowgay, an' his folks afore him. Not a shiftless one among 'em."

"An' like as not the t'other one is a wolf in sheep's clothin'," sagely commented Miss Martha Phipps, who was spending the day. "It ain't best to take no reaks, Octavy."

"But you hadn't ought to encourage Mr. Fothergill so much, Ockie," admonished Mrs. Mockbee, with a mollified glance at her tall granddaughter. "It ain't right to accept the attentions of any man without you think—"

"Now, look here, grandma, and Aunt Adaline—and you, too, Miss Phipps!"

The black-eyed beauty wheeled around and leveled a whole battery of angry glances at her startled hearers.

"You may all keep your good advice till it's called for! I don't want it! I'm going to marry Ferdinand Fothergill and live in the city. I shan't tie myself down to a common farmer like Jerome Meadowgay, and you needn't think it!"

And the offended Xantippe flounced out of the room, leaving her auditors breathless with astonishment.

One hour later, sixteen-year-old Margie, coming in from the barn-loft with a flat split-basket of fresh-laid eggs, met Jerome Meadowgay leaving the house.

"Oh, Jerome, do stay to dinner!" greeted Margie, cordially. "We're going to have rice waffles and sponge pudding."

But Jerome gloomily shook his head.

"I'm going away, Margie," he said gently. "This is the last time I shall see you for a long while—perhaps forever."

Margie's dimpled face clouded over like an April sky.

"Going away, Jerome! But—but where?" she asked, blankly.

"I—I don't know yet," hesitated Jerome. "Maybe to Greenland," he added, recklessly. "But good-by, little Margie. Don't forget me, will you? There'll be nobody else to remember me."

But Margie clung to his hand.

"Oh, Jerome, mamma and grandma will remember you, and so will I!" she declared, impulsively. "And if Cousin Octavia prefers that little dude of a Ferdinand Fothergill to you, she'll rue it some day, see if she don't."

"But you'll write to us, won't you, Jerome?" she pleaded, looking at him

I don't think I'll freeze, Margie, and I'll certainly write to you," he promised.

And releasing the mite of a hand, he strode away, while Margie hurried into the house.

"I mustn't watch him out of sight, because it would bring bad luck, and maybe he would never come back," she commented, gravely, to herself, as she stowed the eggs away in a stone jar on the pantry shelf. "Ugh! how I would hate to go to Greenland!" she reflected, with a shudder at the picture her fancy conjured up.

How Jerome Meadowgay had come to fall so desperately in love with Octavia Mockbee was a mystery, seeing there were plenty of other girls—quite as pretty, and with more amiable dispositions around the village of Hillsdale.

However, love is proverbially blind to all defects, and though Octavia was as heartless as one of the marble Bacchantes at Forest Park, she was really very attractive-looking, with her red lips and Spanish black eyes.

And as Jerome Meadowgay was considered quite an eligible match among the belles of Hillsdale, the course of his love seemed to drift placidly along, and bid fair to run in a smooth channel for a time—until Ferdinand Fothergill appeared upon the scene. Then everything was changed.

Mr. Fothergill was an insurance agent, and made plenty of money; at least he spent it plentifully, which amounts to the same thing as far as appearances are concerned.

He was a dashing young man, with sharp gray eyes, and whiskers cut a la Vandyke.

He wore a seal-ring, a dangling gold watch chain and the finest of broadcloth attire. And as Octavia Mockbee was one of those persons who are caught by superficial attractions and outside glitter, she straightway gave Jerome Meadowgay the cold shoulder.

The forty-acre farm, well stocked and timbered, with its snug cottage, Gothic-roofed and covered in spring with clambering hop vines and Virginia creepers, whereof Jerome had hoped to make her the mistress of compared to the prospects offered by the dashing city dude, soon dwindled into insignificance.

And in spite of all opposition, Octavia determinedly took her fate into her own hands and made no secret of the fact that she was "off with the old love, and on with the new."

Seeing that she was determined to follow her own course, Grandma Mockbee and Aunt Adaline decided to give her a respectable wedding, at least.

"It's the best we can do fur her," sighed the grandmother. "A willful girl must have her own way; but if she lives to repent, it won't be laid to our charge."

And so the wedding drew near, and there was whisking of eggs and baking of cakes, to say nothing of dressmaking and clear starching, within the old Mockbee homestead.

The prospective bridgroom had gone on a collecting tour which would detain him till the eve of the wedding day, and the morning before the auspicious event arrived.

Octavia was trying the effect of a pale pink necktie against her creamy complexion; Aunt Adaline was basting the box pleats in a silver gray poplin that was to do duty as a "second-day" dress; Grandma Mockbee was threading the laces in a French corset, over which the wedding gown was to be tried on.

Margie alone was idle, having refused to lend any assistance whatever toward the coming festivities.

"I shall not help to injure poor Jerome!" she declared, with a curling lip.

"Poor Jerome, indeed!" mimicked Octavia, sneeringly.

She was about to add some stinging remark, when a scream from the dressmaker, Miss Martha Phipps, drew every eye in her direction.

"Oh, Miss Mockbee—Octavia—look here! I don't understand it. Maybe it don't mean him, though."

"Dear me, what a fuss you are making Miss Phipps!" cried Octavia, impatiently. "Can't you tell what the matter is, or have you lost the use of your tongue?"

Miss Phipps resented the caustic speech with a toss of her head.

"No, I haven't lost the use of my tongue," she responded, spitefully—"nor my eyes, either, or I wouldn't have spied this notice in the Poplar Bluff Gazette! It's the marriage license of Ferdinand Fothergill, Hillsdale, and Miss Amy Cotterill, of Poplar Bluff."

"It's a lie!" shrieked Octavia, evidently verging on hysterics. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"It's right here in black and white," asserted Miss Phipps, holding up the paper.

And at that very moment a letter was brought by a special carrier, addressed to Octavia.

She tore it open and read:

Dear Miss Mockbee—Owing to the hard times and business reverses, I regret to say

the Mockbee farm and turned his steps toward the old stile at the foot of the lane.

A tall figure stood in the dusky twilight, saintly outlined against the slowly-fading crimson of the west.

"Welcome home!" called a soft voice.

Jerome sprang eagerly forward.

"Margie!" he cried.

"No, not Margie!" in pettish tones. "It's Octavia. Don't you know me, Jerome?" she asked; then added, in dulcet accents, "—I did not know my own heart when I sent you away. Forgive me, Jerome, and—and let us bury the past!"

A soft hand was laid on his arm, and Octavia's liquid eyes looked apparently into his.

Jerome put the hand coldly aside.

"The past is buried, so far as I am concerned," he assured her. "You said all was over between us that day, Octavia, and I accepted your decision."

"But—but it is not too late yet, Jerome. I—"

"It is too late!" was the stern reply.

Pretty, pink-cheeked, Margie made a charming bride, a few weeks later, and the Gothic-roofed cottage, with its hop-vines and Virginia creepers, is no longer in want of a mistress.—Saturday Night.

New Building Material.

A new building material called compoboard is thus described by the Northwestern Lumberman: It is made of one-eighth-inch strips of wood from three-quarters to one and a quarter inches wide, placed between two sheets of heavy strawboard and united under heavy pressure with a strong cement. The process of manufacture is peculiar. Into the machine that molds the board are run two sheets of the strawboard from rolls, one from above and one from below a table onto which are fed from a feeding device the strips of wood. A roller running in a tank of the liquid cement rolls upon the inner surface of the sheets of strawboard, and the three layers of material run together between rolls and into a hydraulic press capable of exerting a pressure 120 tons to the square inch. Ten feet of the board is stopped automatically for a few seconds in the press, then run out upon a table fitted with cut-off saws, where it is sawed to the desired length. It is then run upon trucks, placed in the dry-kiln, and when taken out is trimmed to forty-eight inches in width.

The strength of the board as compared with its weight is marvelous. The ends of an eighteen foot can be brought together without breaking or warping it. No conditions can warp it.

Wall paper is put upon the board and the finish is as fine as upon any plastered wall. The strong points claimed for the board: It is not more expensive than first-class plastering. It forms an absolutely air-tight wall. It stiffens a building much more than any coat of mortar can. It is quickly put on and produces no dampness, thus causing no swelling and shrinking of floors and casings. It is light, thus avoiding the dragging down of the house frame, the consequent cracking of walls and the warping of the door frames. It forms a solider, cleaner, drier wall at no more expense than is involved in the old way.

Fear as a Cause of Disease.

An eminent medical authority makes the statement that a great deal of contagion is due largely to nervous apprehension and fear. Terror causes radical changes in the secretions and nerve cells, and while the possibility is not the direct cause of disease, it certainly is sufficient to put the person in the proper condition to be attacked by the prevailing malady. It is a well-understood fact that excessive anger infuses a toxic element into the secretions, and the bite of a man in a state of frenzied rage is almost as deadly as that of a mad dog. Fear destroys the resistive capability and, as it were, lets down the drawbridge and makes way for the enemy. In seasons of epidemic, therefore, it is necessary to cultivate tranquility and cheerfulness, to learn not to fear and to surround oneself with an atmosphere of personal, mental and physical defiance of dangers. If, in addition to this, due precautions as to dress, diet and rest are taken, one may walk in the midst of the pestilence and dwell in infected regions, and no deadly thing shall harm one.—New York Ledger.

Some Old Statues Found.

Some interesting discoveries are reported in the ancient Roman city of Thamugadis, in Algeria, now known as Timigad. In excavating the capitol many fragments of colossal statues, at least twenty-eight feet high, have been found. Traces of painting have been discovered on three other statues recently unearthed. It now appears indisputable that the ancients were not content with the mere beauties of

"If you love me as I love you
No knife can cut our love in two."

That "Sander's Speller," so tattered and torn,
Has always a halo of romance worn,
And never a poet with honeyed pen
Has written so precious a rhyme since then—
"If you love me as I love you."
Ah, dear, you know I did—I do.

I've kept it safely for many a year—
This dog's-eared, shabby old spelling-book, dear,
And now, as I hold it within my hand,
Again in the school-room I seem to stand—
Reading once more with rapture new—
"If you love me as I love you."

How some foolish saying from out the past
Like a rose branch is over the pathway cast,
And the time of flowers, we still remember,
Till minds blow cold in the bleak December.
God grant it always may be true—
"That you love me as I love you."
—Carolyn L. Bacon, in Buffalo Express.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Doing time—The lady who grows younger every year.—Puck.

It is usually a great big man who insults you.—Atchison Globe.

The politician's favorite novel—"Put Yourself in His Place."—Puck.

Many do a heap of hard climbing in search of easy grades.—Chicago Herald.

Order of the Bath—Come right out of that water this minute!—Boston Transcript.

No man can worry about how he looks and keep his bank account growing.—Atchison Globe.

Some people are of such happy dispositions that they never amount to much.—Atchison Globe.

A great deal of the piety of to-day is a thing of great beauty because it is only skin deep.—Puck.

Never put any confidence in the answers of a man who is afraid to say "I don't know," occasionally.

Don't think that because a man has done you a favor he is under everlasting obligations to you.—Puck.

Butter is prime while it's fresh; but a man has long lost his freshness when he reaches his prime.—Puck.

"Are you certain that you love me?" "I am." "But are you sure that you are certain?" —New York Press.

The lawyer who worked like a horse was engaged in drawing a conveyance.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

May—"Next to a man, what's the jolliest thing you know of?" Ethel—"Myself, if he's nice."—Brooklyn Life.

One of the dampers of ambition is the fact that the mantle of greatness has to be worn as a shroud too often.—Puck.

One's own capacity is a poor standard of measurement; the stars shine, though my near-sighted neighbor deny it.—Puck.

When a man does not want to do a thing he says "I cannot;" when he cannot do it he says "I don't want to."—Fliegende Blaetter.

The average dwarf is at a very serious disadvantage. No matter how large his income he is always sure to be short.—Buffalo Courier.

When a boy goes out West hunting, and writes home that he killed a deer, he can fool his mother, but he can't fool his father.—Atchison Globe.

As the express dashes through the station—"O, porter, doesn't that train stop here?" Porter—"No, mum; it don't even hesitate."—Tit-Bits.

Dora—"Don't you think my gowns fit better than they used to?" Cora—"Yes. Your dressmaker told me yesterday she was taking lessons in geometry."—Harlem Life.

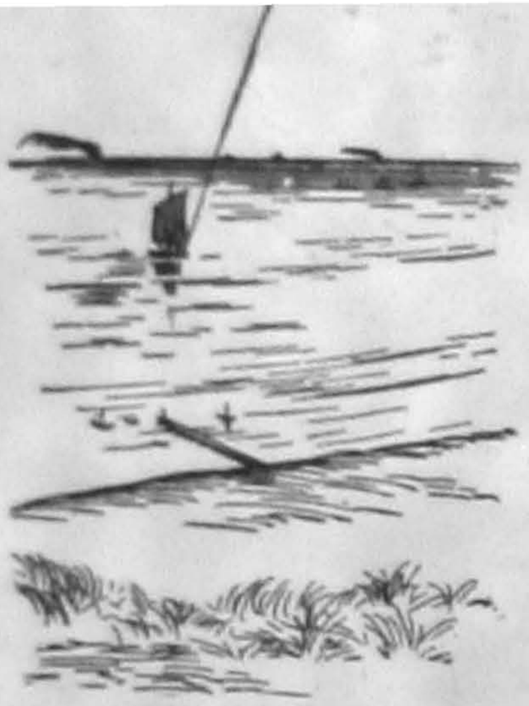
Mr. Oldstyle—"I don't think that a college education amounts to much." Mr. Sparerod—"Don't you? Well, you ought to foot my boy's bills and see."—New York World.

No woman is such a slouch at mathematics that she can't tell in half a minute how much her husband would save in the course of a year if he shaved himself.—Atchison Globe.

One of the unexplained mysteries of life is how difficult it is sometimes to get into a comfortable position when you go to bed, and how unusual to find one that isn't comfortable when you have to get up.—Puck.

Jinks (on the rail)—"I was talking with an eminent physician in the smoker." Mrs. Jinks—"What is his name?" "He didn't mention it, and I did not like to ask." "Then why do you think he is an eminent physician?" "I asked him what was the best cure for consumption, and he said he didn't know."—Puck.

Cabman (at library)—"Say, is this here the novel you advised me to read?" Librarian—"Yes; that's the one." Cabman—"Well, you can take it back. There's nine people in the first four chapters who hired cabs, and each of 'em when he got out 'dung his purse to the driver.



TOWING THE BALLOON.

fore him to ask them personally and separately about their observations and sensations.

Of course, if William choose to do so, he might go up in a balloon from one of his warships, unknown to anybody but his officers and crew, who are bound to secrecy. Still it is hardly probable that His Majesty will pursue such a course. He is too fond of advertising his deeds and capabilities to

SHOOTING AT A WAR BALLOON.

forego the pleasure of seeing himself in print as the first imperial aeronaut of the world.

The special interest taken by the Emperor in aeronautics of late has encouraged the aeronautical section of the army to some highly interesting, and likewise highly expensive, experiments in destroying balloons. The double-column engraving printed with this article shows a battery of artillery in the act of shooting at a so called "war balloon," supposed to be sent up by a besieged garrison. When the correspondent took the photograph the battery was experimenting on a captive balloon. Later on a "free balloon" will be substituted for that on the line.

The balloon filling was provided from steel flasks containing compressed gas, so called, the flasks being about the size of sugar loaves. They are transported on a vehicle not unlike a gun carriage. The men turned the compressed gas into hydrogen gas in very short order, and the process seemed to be a very simple one.

As the invention of compressed gas is not the exclusive property of the German Army, its leaders must the more provide against being served by the enemy in the same manner as they intend to employ to spy out the movements and intentions of adversaries.

In the Franco-German War many

Stairs in Samoa.

In Samoa, where he makes his home, Robert Louis Stevenson has done much in the way of instructing the natives in European methods of work. He tells an amusing story in this connection. A new house-boy had been engaged, and on his arrival was lost in awe and admiration of the magnificence of the mansion.

He was given a large bucket of water and told to take it to the bedroom up above. He looked up, and, pointing, asked if it was there? On being answered in the affirmative, he seized the bucket in his teeth, and before any one could remonstrate he had rushed up one of the posts of the veranda. The whole family ran up the staircase, and when they showed him that that was the usual mode of getting to those rooms, he was overpowered with delight, and for two or three days could do absolutely nothing but race up and down stairs, chuckling and crowing in an ecstasy of joy. And when detachments of his friends came to visit him they were always taken to see the stairs the first thing!—San Francisco Examiner.

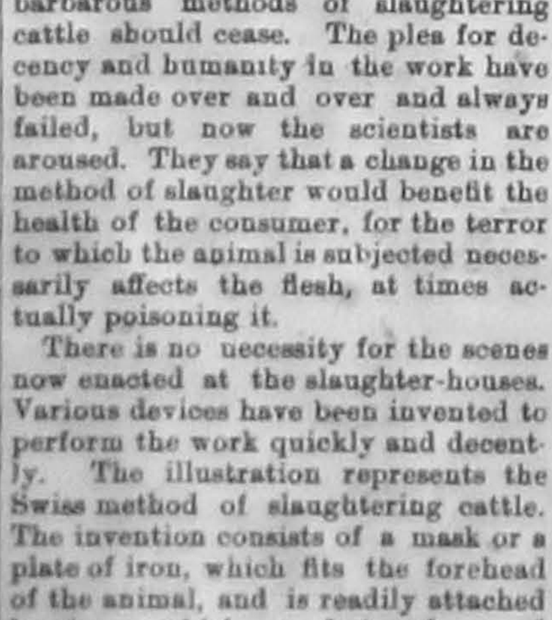
The Nile by Night.

"I suppose no professional 'globe-trotter' is ever satisfied," said James T. Hurd, of New York, "without a sojourn in Alexandria and a voyage of four or five weeks up the Nile. The river itself, I must say, did at first sadly disappoint me. We Americans are apt to be rather exacting in the matter of rivers—naturally enough, considering the beauty and grandeur of our own. When I saw the strong stream in the hot sunshine, looking like floating mud rather than water, I hated to believe it the Nile of my dreams. Beauty, majesty and power, not utility, was what I wanted to see in the historic river. But when the sun went down and the moon gilded, not silvered, the stream, then it became, indeed, the river of my imagination. The unsightly banks, which by day were steep walls of black mud, like huge unbaked brick, became picturesque and even beautiful, with waving groves of palm and fields of grain."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Killing Cattle Mercifully.

It is often urged that the present barbarous methods of slaughtering cattle should cease. The plea for decency and humanity in the work have been made over and over and always failed, but now the scientists are aroused. They say that a change in the method of slaughter would benefit the health of the consumer, for the terror to which the animal is subjected necessarily affects the flesh, at times actually poisoning it.

There is no necessity for the scenes now enacted at the slaughter-houses. Various devices have been invented to perform the work quickly and decently. The illustration represents the Swiss method of slaughtering cattle. The invention consists of a mask or a plate of iron, which fits the forehead of the animal, and is readily attached by straps, which are fastened round the horns. In the center of the mask is fixed a steel gun, ten inches long and of about thirty-eight callibre, the breech being outward and provided with a steel needle, which, on being struck with a small hammer explodes the ordinary metallic cartridge with which it is loaded. The barrel is fixed at such an angle to the interior



THE SLAUGHTERING DEVICE.

surface of the head that the bullet

rope in existence allows. The question is, how high will they have to go in order to escape the bullets of guns? Probably nobody can answer that question, for improvements in gunmaking are going on steadily.

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THE SLAUGHTERING DEVICE.

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D., in Harper's Magazine: Many of the glacial traces about New York are buried up by the soil which has been slowly forming over them since the end of the great ice age. If, however, one lingers in his wanderings hereabouts where the ground is being cleared for building, he will observe, almost everywhere, where much soil and earth and gravel are being dug out and carted off to clear the rock surfaces in preparation for blasting, that larger and smaller rounded rocks are found imbedded in the gravel. They are usually too round and awkward in shape to be useful in the masonry even of the foundations of buildings. Many of them are too large to be shoveled into the carts and carried away with the dirt and gravel. And so one usually sees them rolled off on one side, out of the way, on the bared rock surfaces, until these are freed from soil, when they, too, are hoisted up and dragged off to some convenient dumping-ground where land, as they say, is being "made."

If one looks a little closely at these despised bowlders he will find that many of them are of entirely different character from any of our native rocks. Sometimes they are rock called trap, like that which makes the Palisades; sometimes rock like that which is at home in regions many miles to the north and west of New York. And they are rounded and smoothed in a way which indicates an enormous amount of wear and rubbing sometime somewhere.

It is curious turning back in the books to the record of a time only a few decades ago, to read the speculations of the learned as to the origin and nature of these erratic bowlders, which, from their noteworthy shape and their structure, often so different from that of the rocks over which they lie scattered, early attracted attention. Some thought that they must have been cast up out of a distant volcano in an earlier time and fell scattered here. For some they were rounded by the wash of Noah's flood, and swept by its fierce torrents into alien regions. Others sank—in theory—the earth's crust thereabouts for many feet, and—in theory still—let enormous icebergs from some distant arctic region drift over here, and melting, drop their ice-borne freight of rocks. Some would have it that the earth was once surrounded by a separate rock shell which somehow came to grief and left its shattered remnants down broadcast. Others, still more dramatic, worked up their facts and fancies to the point of assuming collision with a comet. The record, graven on the rocks told the true story at last, however, when the people got ready to read it.

These rounded rocks or bowlders—these erratics, waifs and aliens—are, as well-known to-day, the torn-off and transported fragments of rock masses which the great ice mantle brought down here during the cold weather so long ago and incontinently dropped when the climate changed and the sun swept its borders back toward Greenland and the pole. Many of these erratics still bear bruises and scratches testifying to their fierce encounters with the old bed rock along which the relentless ice mass ground them in their journey toward the coast. Here they have lain, these stony aliens, through all the long ages, buried up with other glacial wreckage, covered in by soil later formed, sharing their secrets with the rootlets of vanished generations of plants and trees, until at last another alien, Italian or Celt mayhap, breaks in upon their seclusion with pick and shovel and rolls them ignominiously away. Then, at the scarred rock surfaces, the steam-drill pecks viciously, puny successors to the gigantic sculptor of the old ice age, whose records it and its explosive allies soon erase.

Difference Between Knots and Miles.

One of the things which it seems difficult for the public mind to grasp is that there is a decided difference between the knot and the mile. It is certainly about time to have it thoroughly understood that the two are not the same thing. It seems easy enough to remember that a mile is only about eighty-seven per cent. of a knot, the latter being approximately 6080 feet in length, while the statute

does to be unhappy.

Too many people would rather ha glory than goodness.

The man who seeks happiness mu learn to take short steps.

Society is what people are wh they know they are watched.

Fortune never changes men. It on brings out what is already in them.

"Is the young man safe?" N while his father is taking crook steps.

The man who is the least willing practice is sure to find the most fau with the preaching.

People who are always telling the troubles are never at a loss for som thing to talk about.

Self-denial is about the last thi some people undertake when th start out to be religious.

No man is truly brave who hasn the courage to do right.—Ram Horn.

Trees as Historians.

It has been found that the rings o growth visible in the trunks of tree have a far more interesting story t tell than has usually been supposed Everybody knows that they indicat the number of years that the tree ha lived, but J. Keuchler, of Texas, ha recently made experiments and obser vations which seem to show that tree carry in their trunks a record of th weather conditions that have prevaile during the successive years of thei growth.

Several trees, each more than 13 years old, were felled, and the orde and relative width of the rings o growth in their trunks were found t agree exactly.

This fact showed that all the tree had experienced the same stimulatio in certain years and the same retards tion in other years. Assuming tha the most rapid growth had occurred i wet years, and the least rapid in dr years, it was concluded that out o the 134 years covered by the life o the trees sixty had been very wet, si extremely wet, eighteen wet, seven teen average as to the supply of mois ture, nineteen dry, eight very dry an six extremely dry.

But when the records of rainfall running back as far as 1840, were con sulted, it was found that they did no all agree with the record of the trees Still it could not be denied that the rings in the trunks told a true story of the weather influences which ha effected the trees in successive years.

The conclusion was therefore reached that the record of the rings contained more than a mere index o the annual rainfall; that it showed what the character of the seasons had been as to sunshine, temperature evaporation, regularity or irregularity of the supply of moisture, and the like; in short, that the trees contained indelibly imprinted in their trunks more than 100 years of nature's his tory, a history which we might com pletely decipher if we could but look upon the face of nature from a tree's point of view.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Great Salt Lake's Weight.

"During a trip through Utah a few months ago," said A. C. Lovering, o Kansas City, at the Laclede last night "I witnessed a most convincing proo of the weight of the salt-laden water of the Great Salt Lake. A strong gale of wind was blowing over the lake and driving its surface into low, white capped ridges, while along the shore the foam lay like flat banks of new fallen snow. If as strong a wind had passed across a lake of fresh water o equal extent it would unquestionably have produced such an agitation of it surface that navigation in small boat would have been difficult, if not highly perilous. The waves there showed a curious resistance to the wind and rose only to a slight elevation. Ye there was an immense momentum stirred up in those low, heavy, slow moving waves. I ventured into the water at a point where the depth did not exceed three feet, and found that it was impossible to stand against them, as their sheer weight swept me resistlessly along. I was told that it was impossible to dive through an on coming wave after the manner prac ticed by bathers along the Atlantic coast."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Nov. 23, 1894

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

THE cry now is for the nomination of a President in 1896, "A Webster man or bust!"

THE press has settled that the Czar died from an acute misunderstanding on the part of his physicians.

No man stands higher in the hearts of the men of his party, for work nobly done in the last campaign, than David B. Hill, of New York. Nevertheless, he has lost his chance at the Presidency.

Three Barbour county boys were elected to the West Virginia Senate, at the late election. They are, Stuart F. Reed, in the Third District; U. G. Young, in the Tenth; and H. C. Lockney in the Fourth. —*Democrat.*

This is a stain on Barbour county.

IT looks as though Attorney General Olney would resign, and it is thought that Cleveland will elevate William L. Wilson to this position in the Cabinet. Mr. Olney can make $100,000 per year practicing privately, and the position he now holds has lost much of its charm.

SEVERAL States of the South, in the late elections, have gone Republican, and others have elected some Republican Congressmen. It looks as if after all there might be "a free ballot and a fair count," without governmental interference. It would be noble and fraternal anyhow, to let the matter have ample time for further trial. To make people trusty let them be trusted.

IN reference to the arrangement of Legislative and Senatorial districrs, the state law is such that nothing of the kind can be done until after the census of 1900.

There is a provision to change senatorial districts, provided there be the consent of a majority of the voters thereto.

The Legislature is clothed with full unqualified power to do whatever they please in the arrangement of the Congressional districts.

THE manner of voting in Mississippi is so arranged that every ignorant man and every delinquent taxpayer is cut out of his vote. The capitation tax in that state is $3.00. Let a negro get a few years behind and he is in a terrible fix. When he comes to vote, he is given a sample ballot, and if he cannot read the ticket, he does not know how to vote. There is no such thing as a sample ballot. His coachers do all they can to inform him of the relative position of the ballots, but his walk of 150 feet after he passes the "dead line" is enough generally to obliterate the whole lesson given the black man.

THE first and foremost of the Republicans who stand a chance for a United States Senatorship from West Virginia, is, of course, Stephen B. Elkins, of Randolph county. But there is a cry being raised by the best class of that party against the recognition of a man who uses money to influence the vote of the free-born American citizen. The question is not, 'Can a Senatorship be bought?' but can it be bought in West Virginia? If Elkins is the next Senator, the proof is conclusive that the position can be bought. The four prominent candidates for this office are Elkins, Goff, Hutchison, and Sturgiss, with odds 1000 to 1 on Elkins against the field.

TAMMANY HALL has overdone itself. Both Democrats and Republicans look on its defeat in New York city, with the greatest complacency. It was formed for selfish ends, and used every foul means to place itself in the possession of the government of New York city. That was its end, and its connection with the Democratic party was a secondary matter. Every man in it is there because he has his price, and they worked it for a business. Every means was taken to turn an "honest penny," and the amount of money actually paid in cash to its tyranical rulers, was marvelous, and rivals the distressing stories of the tyrants of infant civilization. There is a Tammany in every great city, but none have their claws so fully grown as the "Tiger" of New York.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Sadlery Store and Shop,

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PUBLISHED AT

WHEELING, W. VA.

The Farmer's Friend,

A Home Companion,

The Best Story Paper.

Has already the Largest Circulation of any Newspaper in the Two Virginias, Eastern Ohio, or western Pensylvania.

The Great Twelve-Page Weekly.

Its women's and children's columns are of unusual interest.

Its Special Features cost more money than is paid by ANY TEN other papers in the same territary.

Its news columns cover the world. Bill Nye writes for it; Dr. Talmage preaches for it; Wallace P. Reed and Rudyard Kipling, Richard Malcomn Johnson, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Julian Hawthorne, K. R. Wilson, Rider Haggard, Olive Harper, Nym Crinkle, and the best literary genius of the world contribute to its columns. It is a magzine! And every issue an educator.

Only $1.00 a Year! Agents wanted in every locality. Many for agents in working for it. Send for sample copies. Send six names giving the address of yourself and five neighbors who want free copies, write for agents terms. Clubs of six for Five Dollars.

Addres, THE REGISTER,
Wheeling, W. Va.

A Christmas Suggestion:

KODAKS $6.00 to $100.00.

KODAKS from $6.00 to $10.00 for the children, so simple that any boy or girl can handle them, yet capable of making first-class pictures.

KODAKS AND KODETS from $10.00 to $50.00 for grown people. All sizes and styles.

KODAKS from $50.00 to $100.00 with double swing back, interchangeable lenses, iris diaphragm shutters and the thousand and one improvements that enthusiasts value so highly.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Send for Catalogue. Rochester, N. Y.

THE ADVERTISERS FOR 1895.

MORNING, EVENING, SUNDAY, AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

Aggressive Republican Journals of the Highest Class.

Commercial Advertiser.

Established 1797. Published every evening. New York's oldest evening newspaper. Subscription price $6.00 per year.

Morning Advertiser.

Published every morning. The leading Republican newspaper of the day. Clean and fearless. Subscription price, $3.00 per year.

Sunday Advertiser.

New York's most popular Sunday newspaper. The only Republican 2 cent Sunday paper in the United States. 20 to 36 pages. Subscription price, $1.00 per year.

As an Advertising Medium.

The ADVERTISERS have no superior.

Samples free. Agents wanted every where Liberal commissions.

Adress THE ADVERTISER,
29 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Public Sale of Stock.

On Saturday, 15th day of December, 1894, the following property:

80 head of Ewes.

1 six year old horse, good driving or saddle horse.

1 Single Buggy, been run only a short time, also, 1 set Buggy Harness.

2 head of Horses, 3 years old, well broken.

2 head of Horses, 2 years old next spring.

1 New Saddle.

12,000 shingles.

Terms of sale.—Purchaser to give bond, with approved payable October 1, 1895. Respectfully,

S. P. MOORE, Frost W. Va.
☞Swecker, Auctioneer.

WANTED: AT ONCE. A First Class Miller.

To take charge of a good burr mill; married or single; house furnished; must come well recommended. Apply to

Marlinton, w. va. G. H. McLAUGHLIN.

THE BEST!

I carry in stock the best Driving Shoe now made.

ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

A shoe made in the state of Michigan, by a maker who knows what is required to stand water and hold calks. You need not fear to give them a trial.

10 INCH TOPS ONLY $5 00.

Marlinton, W. Va. P. GOLDEN.

ROOFING Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

AINT red and black. for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDERS that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

PAPER heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICES low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

Notice.

On account of sickness in my family, I am compelled to retire from business here. I will dispose of my entire stock of goods at first cost and carriage. All parties indebted to are requested to call at once and settle their accounts, by note or otherwise. All accounts remaining unpaid by December 1st 1894, will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

Thanking my patrons for past favors, I remain very respectfull,
Green Bank, W. Va., JACOB BONAR

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.

Mending neatly done.

Give me a call.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Neuralgia, Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood Malaria, Nervous ailments Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of **Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views** and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL.
MARLINTON W. Va.

L. C. BARTLETT,

PAINTER,

PAPER HANGING,

FRESCO WORK.

SIGN PAINTER.

GREEN BANK, WEST VIRGINIA.

☞Satisfaction guaranteed.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 29th day of October, 1892, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 23, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina R. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1837, said deed or patent numbered 13031.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber. LEVI GAY, Trustee.

ANDREW PRICE, Attorney
Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1.00
per meal ... 25
lodging .. 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

EVERY PERSON

Looks to his own interest, and how to make hard times easy. The way to do this is to go to

A. D. BARLOW'S

Wholesale and Retail Store at

BEVERLY, W. VA.

where he is selling flour at cost and carriage. Note the following prices:

XX	(6)	$2.60
Nickle Plate(good family)		3.00
Old Dominion Extra		3.00
Old Dominion Best		3.50
Gold Medal(patent)		3.50

While getting your flour you can get feed, salt, fertilizer, and farming implements of all kinds at correspondingly low prices.

HOME NEWS GOSIP

—Go to J. D. Pullins & Co. for fresh candy.

—Mr. Charles Yeager exhibited a radish which was 14 inches in circumference.

—There was a deep snow on Cheat last weeek, which might have caused a tide but did not,

—A deer was killed on Stoney Creek last week.

—Miss M. Alice McLaughlin has a fine school near her home at Dunmore.

—J. D. Pullin & Co. will have a nice line of Christmas goods soon.

—Mr. P. Golden, a Marlinton merchant, and Miss Minnie Miller, of Baltimore, were married in that city last Sunday.

—For first-class Roller Flour go to the Marlinton Grocery House, J. D. Pullin & Co. proprietors.

—Mrs. Atherton, formerly of Dunmore, is lying at the point of death with no hopes for her recovery at her present home in Pennsylvania.

—Rev. C. M. Fultz, pastor of M. E. church, Frost Circuit, and Miss Minnie Devier, youngest daughter ter of the late Francis Devier, Esq, were married Wednesday, November 21st, at the bride's residence.

—At a recent meeting of the football club of Marlinton, Mr, Andrew Price, of this paper, was re-elected Captain, and Jim Smith the "Infant Phenomenon," Treasurer.

—John Sutton, of Green Bank, had a sale of his household and kitchen furniture, and farm stock, last Tuesday. He expects to go to Richmond to live.

—Robert McLaughlin and John Galford are preparing a sawmill set to saw up C. T. Moores white pine timbe, on Brown's Creek. J. S. Andes, of Rockingham county, Virginia, will do the sawing.

—Capt Smith took a hunt on William's River the other day. He returned loaded down with a wild turkey and a lot of pheasants, all of which bore unmistakable evidence of having come to their death, by peing shot with a gun.

—Enos Sharp, of Dilley,s Mill, found a lot of wild turkey's eggs in the mountains last season, and hatched them out under a domestic turkey. The experiment was a perfect success, and a fine brood of wild turkeys is the result. Naturalists claim that a wild turkey's nest is rarely discovered.

—Attention is called to the professional card of Mr. Sam'l B. Scott, Jr., who has located at this place to pursue the practice of law. Mr Scott is a popular young gentleman, heartily welcome him to our town and wish him all the success he so greatly deserves. He is considered a very acceptable addition to the local bar.

—Last week a deer was run in by dogs and bayed in front of Mr. Geo. C. Moore's door, near West Union. No one was at home except Mrs. Moore, and she did not know how to use a gun. The deer fought the dogs off and went and lay down in the water of the creek near by. Mrs. Moore took the gun, went to the creek, and watched the deer an hour or so until her son Henry came home, when he shot the deer.

—A good many will remember the desperate fight in Webster county, between the deputy-sheriffs of Wise county, Virginia, and the Flemming brothers, in which one of the officers was killed. Henon Flemming, who was almost shot to pieces, recovered, and stood his trial at Addison, last week. He was acquitted of the charge of murder, and was immediately sent on to Virginia to answer a like charge. He has had a deal of excitement since his first affray in May of 1892.

—At a recent revival meeting at Clifton Forge, Va., conducted by Rev. L. E. Harkwood, of the M. E. Church, South, Judge C. Forest Moore announced that he would soon resign his Judgeship and return to the ministry. Rev. V. W. Wheeler, who had withdrawn from the conference and Church, has reunited with the church. At this meeting there were ninety conversions. Rev. W. G. Hammond left for Clifton Forge yesterday to assume Judge Moore.—*Greenbrier*

—A maiden from the city tripped lightly 'mind the trees, and snuffed the pungent odor that floated on the breeze: "Oh, tell me, ancient farmer, with arms so brown and bare, what is that wondrous flower that scents the morning air?"—Loud laughed the ancient farmer till tears rolled down his cheek: "Why bless you that's apolecat, and I've smelt him for a week!"—Ex.

—Attention is called to the advertisment of J. A. Sharp & company, who has recently opened up the finest line of saddlery and harness goods ever brought into the county. The firm is very reliable and the customers can feel confident that they will get the worth of their money Attached to the business is the undertaking department which is probably the best in its line in the county. The firm is a great addition to the town and will be a universal convenience.

—Mr. Isaac Currence, of Dunmore, had the misfortune to burn up a haystack, the other day on his place. The hay belonged to Mr. William Carpenter, and Mr. Currence was in the meadow burning brush. The fire began to spread in the sage grass, and he tramped the fire until his feet were blistered. The loss of a haystack is a serious matter this time of year.

—Two more Confederate names have been sent in by Mr. Robert McLaughlin. They are John Noel, Esq. and John McCutcheon, both of Dunmore.

—Quarterly meeting at Mt. Tabor Dec. 8 & 9 by Rev. R R Little.

—For Sugar, Coffee, Kerosine oil, Canned Goods, etc., etc., go to the Marlinton Grocery House.

—For Groceries of all kinds call at the Marlinton Grocery House

Personal.

Judge Guthrie is holding court for Judge Campbell, this week, in Lewisburg. It is believed that the matter of the boundaries of Greenbrier, Monroe, and Summers counties will be heard by the visiting Judge during his stay in Greenbrier.

Parties now in Charleston have the opportunity of seeing a spoon from Syria three thousand years old, a copy of Esther in the original Hebrewf and a Babylonian cylinder. The *Gazette* says that these with many eastern embroideries and curios from Russia, make an interesting exhibit. Judge O. S. Long loaned these interesting articles in the Art Exhibit.

Judge Jackson, now holding Federal Court in Charleston, is down on spite work. A few days since a defendant was acquitted on the ground the prosecuting witness had given false evidence. The Judge reproved the witness and sent him to jail for ten days.

Miss Dmma Warwick spent several days at Marlinton and at her old home near Edray. She came to meet her brother, J. C. Warwick, Esq., of Hinton.

Professor John White is teaching the Laurel Run school. He ranks among the best of our teachers, and has charge of the frontier school in west Pocahontas.

Mrs. Rebecca Duffield.

This aged and well known lady died on Friday night, November 16, 1894, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Nannie Ratliffe, near Edray, more than 80 years of of age. She was the widow of John R. Duffield, remembered as one of our most worthy and useful citizens in former days.

For more than sixty years she has been a professing christian in the pale of the M. E. church, fervent and demonstrative to a remarkable degree. Her sufferings for several years have been intense from cancer and nervous prostration. Her sons, Newton and Wesly, are among her surviving children, near Edray.

A few weeks since, she united with the writer in a prayer and praise service, when she gave expression to her emotions in words of holy rapture. Her last moments were peaceful as a weary one falling asleep.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'er shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

A Pleasant Home Wedding.

Another social event in upper Pocahontas. The marriage of Miss Lula Hevener, daughter of Uriah Hevener, Esq., to Mr. Adam Post, of Buckhannon, W. Va. The guests from Buckhannon, arrived Tuesday evening, and were received, with others, at Mr. Hevener's on Wednesday evening for supper.

After an evening of hearty pleasure, the young men were entertained for the night by Mr. Sam Hannah and his estimable wife. All were somewhat dubious of the weather, but Thursday was a perfect day, for the season, and a good humored company gathered early that morning at Mr. Hevener's. Promptly at nine o'clock they presented themselves and were made one by Rev. E. F. Alexander.

Accompanying the bride and groom were the following couples. Pocahantas furnishing three fair daughters, and Upshur and Harrison counties the gentlemen:

Mr. Isaac Maxwell, the nephew of the groom, and Miss Mattie Hevener; Mr. Wm. Jackson and Miss Ella Pritchard; Mr. John Pritchard and Miss Flora Mooman.

After many congratulations, and some of them not without tears, the party sat down to a sumptous wedding breakfast, some of the choicest parts of which were prepared by the bride's own hands.

Many nice presents were sent in by the friends of both, and when the packing was done and farewells said, the returning party left for Beverly. Mrs. Ira Post and Mr. Lee Maxwell, with the above named groomsmen completing it. Thence the bride and groom were to leave on Friday morning for Baltimore Philidelphia, and New York. Our best wishes go with them to their future home in Buckhannon. The bride will be much missed in home and community here.

It was a very pleasant affair, and some more "northwesters" have learned the way to Pocahontas, and may come again, and not to buy cattle, either.

For the costumes, we refer you to the ladies, not being an authority on such subjects.

The Pride of the County.

A ramble about the Court-House square prevents much that is interesting and amply repays for the time it requirs.

The jail is now ready for the roofing of slate, the material is on the ground, and shhms to be of an excellent quality, and nice enough for the use of school boys.

The Court-House is about ready for the sheeting and when this is put on, then the slate contractors is expected to do the rest.

The wheelbarrow is a marked on the old historical hod of the climbing Irishman, we read about, when handled by a stalwart Pocahontas youth. The brick and mortar are carried in wheelbarrows to the elevator, which is operated on a plan similar to the hay-fork by horse power. The loaded barrow is wheeled upon the empty platform on the lower floor, a signal is given, and up it goes then an empty platform and barrow come down, and thus alternate loads of brick and mortas spring up lightly to the higher floors.

Messrs. Jacobs, Armstrong, and King, the managers, move about quietly and pleasantly ready to lend a helping hand where needed. The scraping of the trowal and the click of the stone-cutter are about the loudest sounds heard.

Dennis McNeil attends the elevator, and conscientiously occupies his post and sees everything going on, and whoever seeks particulars will find them in his head, in proper and truthful shape.

The tower will rise to the commanding height of one hundred feet. From the upper windows there will be a cycloramic view of rare and varied beauty opened up, blended, too, with historical associations of peculiar interest. It is believed that when the Soldiers Association gets fairly to work, the remains of the gallant dead yet uncared for will be gathered up and placed here, and an obelisk, with the name of every Pocahontas soldier, so far as can be recalled, engraven thereon, be placed somewhere in the grounds.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON.

All legal business will receive prompt

The New Survey.

Mr. B. M. Yeager returned last week from surveying on Cheat Mountain, where he accompanied the engineering corps of the West Virginia Central Railway Company. Hon. W. G. Davis, president of the road, is seeking an extension south from Elkins, and has his eye on the White Sulphur as a probable junction with the C. & O. R. R. The surveyed route follows Craven Run for four miles from Elkins, and then on Shaffer's Fork to Cheat Bridge, and bends and crosses on to the Greenbrier River, at the "Hamilton Place." The surveyors, however, discovered that they could cross at a low place near the point that they would otherwise strike the Greenbrier, saving about eight miles. There is a great good chance of Pocahontas getting this road.

It is not known what course the road will take through Pocahontas, but there is little doubt but what the Pocahontas Development Company will have sufficient "pull" to bring it by Marlinton.

The Greenbrier River is a stream along the banks of which the building of a railroad would be comparatively easy, and a road following the river would tap alike the natural resources on either side of the river.

Church Notes

Fourth round of quarterly meetings, for Lewisburg District, M. E. Church, South.

Green Bank,	Dec.	8, 9,
Huntersville,	"	15, 16,
Levelton,	"	22, 23,
Blue Sulphur,	"	29, 30,
Frankford,	Jan.	5, 6,
Gilletts,	"	12, 13,
Hot Springs,	"	19, 20,
Millbooro,	"	19, 20.

W. G. HAMMOND, P. E.

Sacramental meeting at Huntersville next Sunday (November 25th.) Preparatory services Friday and Saturday nights before.

Union services will be held in the Marlinton church Thanksgiving Day, November 29th, at 11 o'clock.

Kellison Again.

The Federal court has sent for and taken Andrew Kellison, on the charge of breaking into the post-office at Buckeye. It is charged that four dollars in stamps were stolen along with the goods from Overholt's store. The deputy-marshals came on Monday with a warrant for him, and the State officials allowed him to be taken, on the condition that when they had done their worst with him, that he be sent back to answer an indictment for felony. He is the bright young man who escaped from the jail on November 8th, and remained one week within five miles of the jail, when he was re-captured.

A Card.

To the citizens of Pocahontas county:

Having located at Marlinton for the practice of law, I solicit the patronage of my friends in this and adjoining counties, and promise to give all business placed in my hands prompt and careful attention.

Respectfully,
SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

Green Bank.

Cold and getting colder.

Robt Gum lost a good horse last week by gatting to a sack of corn and eating a gorge.

House burned on Back Alleghany the property of Thomas Moore, while the family were gone, with all the contents no insurance.

Mr. Jacob Boner, merchant at this place sold out his stock and left for Baltimore last week, he will return some time in the near future to close up.

Mrs. Mary A. Wooddell who had an eye taken out some time ago by Dr. Little, is about recovered, and suffers but little.

Mr. Oscar Orndorff, while driving a cow, last Thursday, was thrown from his horse, and was found unconscious. Dr. Little gave medical attention, and he is doing well.

Drs. Mooman and Austin were summoned to Mr. Zack Cassell's last Sunday to remove a splinter from the eye of one of Mr. Cassell's children.

Mr. J. C. Crowly and family have moved to Cheat Bridge.

The Marlinton Debating Society.

The weekly meetings of the society are well attended. Last Friday night was a sample meeting. Mr. H. A. Yeager took the chair and his old service in the Legislature fits him for this position. The subject for discussion was as to the relation credits due to Washington and Columbus for the prominent part they each played in the history of America. Mr. E. H. Smith opens up to give Washington his due, and to do up Columbus. Mr. Geo. H. McLaughlin follows with one of his characteristic speeches, and in a most convincing manner showed that Columbus was first and should be first. Mr. Andrew Price spread himself in a speech, working for Washington. Mr. Uriah Bird leant his aid to Columbus, and the debate was closed by speaches from Mr. H. A. Walton and Mr. Paris Yeager. The vote of the house vindicated Columbus. In general debate Mr. J. H. G. Wilson made an impressive talk rather siding with Columbus. The society is proving a great eloquence breeder. It is to be a great institution this winter, and promises a little harmless excitement for one of the seven long winter nights that compose a week in winter.

Romantic Marriage.

About three weeks ago, Mr Jim McClure of Stoney Creek, and his daughter, Miss Nannie, took a trip to Indiana to visit Mr. Jake McClure, who lives at Brimfield, Indiana. Quite a lot of Pocahontas people live about that town, among whom are Mr. Jacob McLaughlin and family. A member of Mr. McLaughli's household is Mr. Albert Linsey, a very industrious young man, who went from Elk, with his friends, some years ago.

Mr. Linsey met Miss Nannie there, wooed and won her, and were quietly married. The bride returned home with her father to gather up her belongings and will return shortly to make her future home in the west.

Stoney Creek News.

Messrs Smith, Gay, and Curry have just returned from a weeks hunt in Black and Spruce mountains; they had luck enough to kill a turkey and raccoon. They saw three deer, one of which they shot at, and the hair it left behind it showed that the bullet cut close to it. They also saw the tracks of seven different bears.

Mr. Ben Doyle and wife are very low with diphtheria at this writing, also, Mrs. Lovie Miller is suffering with the same disease.

Mr. Harry Moore killed a fine deer (a four spiked buck) the 22 inst. He says the hams weighed forty-nine pounds. Also Mr. Calvin Gay killed a fine deer on Red Lick mountain a few days a go.

Mr W. A. Shearer, of Marlinton, is moving back, this week, to his old home on the mountain.

The election of 1894 is over; and the result causes the old *Democracy* to groan and exclaim "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my Predecessi, he would not in my age left me naked to my enemies."

The Bride and Groom was greeted by a noisy sernade by the neighborhood boys last week, on their return from having the nuptial knot tied.

Nov. 20, 1894. W. VA., ROVER.

Elkwater.

Fever is still prevalent in this vicinity, there are about twenty cases, and several are in a critical condition, Dr. Snyder is the attending physician.

Prof. Lee Mace and Miss Flora Mace who have been visiting in this vicinity, have returned to their home in Webster county.

Mrs. Birdie Fretwell, from Conley Run, has been rusticating in our burg.

Floyd Stalnaker after a short visit at Marlinton, has returned again to his school.

Winter is here after the old fashion. A light snow is on the ground again, a good time for hunting.

Prof. Lee and Frank Pingley are the boss hunters of the day, they have killed twenty skunks, and eleven opossums in one day.

Died of fever Mr. Norval Russell he was beloved by all that knew him and leaves a large circle of friends to mourn his untimely demise the interment took place at the Brick Cemetary. A large crowd attended the burying.

Farewell my wife and children all,
From you a father Christ doth call,
Mourn not for me it is in vain,
To call me to your sight again.

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear—
The earth is iron and the skies are brass—
And faint with fervor of the flaming air,
The languid hours pass.

The well is dry beneath the village tree—
The young wheat withers ere it reach a span.
And the belts of blinding sand show cruelly
Where once the river ran.

Pray, brothers, pray, but to no earthly king—
Lift up your hands above the blighted grain,
Look westward—if they please, the gods shall bring
Their mercy with the rain.

Look westward—bears the blue no brown cloud bank?
Nay, it is written—wherefore should we fly?
On our own field and by our cattle's flank
Lie down, lie down to die!

—Rudyard Kipling.

HOW ROSETTA WAS CURED.

FATHER DOUNET was a vine-dresser. Working throughout the year among the vines, he had acquired the wine color of an onion. He went to Revigny, now and then, to put by some money, that he might have a good dowry for his daughter, Rosetta, a pretty lass, blond as the harvest field and as fresh as a May morn.

Rosetta had entered her eighteenth year, and was much sought after. She drew some lovers by the hope of finding in her a "good match," others she attracted by her beauty and fascination. Time lost! Rosetta only laughed at her suitors and found much to ridicule in this one and that one.

She laughed, besides, for that best of reasons with a young girl, that her heart was no longer her own. At a country festival she had danced several waltzes with Paolo Laurient, the son of a rich dealer in Ligny. The brown hair, large, dark eyes, regular profile and caressing voice of Paolo had produced upon Rosetta an ineffacable impression. His gentle and affable manners contrasted especially with the roughness of the youths of Revigny. Having received a good education he talked with marvellous facility, and Rosetta was not slow in listening to him.

On the evening of the festival this true daughter of Eve, having lost her family voluntarily in the crowd, returned to Revigny on Paolo's arm. They were at least two hours on the way, walking slowly, and compelled, from time to time, to pause when the wind blew too strongly beneath the great poplars which lined the avenue. They arrived at the village, which was deserted, and under the field of azure studded with stars, exchanged their first kiss.

Very frequently after this Rosetta had met Paolo. Then his father had sent him to Paris, to study medicine, and the lovers, exchanging vows of mutual fealty, sadly separated, and this was why Rosetta laughed at the suitors who came in handsome Paolo's absence.

For the first months after his departure he wrote regularly to Rosetta. Then the letters became more rare, with intervals of a month. Gradually they became laconic billets, scribbled, no doubt, in haste, at the corner of a table in a cafe, and giving evidence of growing indifference. At last they ceased entirely. Paolo had forgotten her.

It was an old story. At first Paolo had refused to take part in the diversions of his fellow-students, the balls and brewery meetings. Then they teased him and accused him of having left a love in the country. This made him, being fond of pleasure, angry; but he soon decided to take his part in the play.

"After all," he said to himself, "they have reason to sneer. Why quarrel with pleasure? Leave sadness to the graybeards and profit by the present."

"But Rosetta?" his conscience murmured.

"Bah!" he thought. "She will console herself. Let her go. Perhaps she has already forgotten me. 'Lovers' oaths are quickly broken,' says the old proverb, and why should ours prove an exception to the rule?"

But Rosetta was not to be consoled. On the contrary, she suffered terribly at this abandonment, and many times turned her mournful eyes toward Paris.

Seven years went by. Paolo had known how to divert himself and yet study. After having passed his examination with honor, he wrote to his father for permission to establish himself in Paris. To this, however, Father Laurent could not consent. He desired his son to return immediately to Ligny and establish himself there.

"As for the repugnance you seem to manifest for your native country," he wrote, "that is not the point in question. The workshops of Ligny

"The deuce!" thought Paolo. "Father Laurent will be hard to convince. But I must make him yield. Besides, if I return there, I shall see Rosetta, whom, I must confess, I have treated basely. I hope she has not started a scandal to meet me at Ligny. But Father Laurent would have spoken of it if she had. I shall stay here."

Paolo's fears were groundless. Rosetta had resigned herself to the inevitable. She dared not aspire now to be Paolo's wife. Would it not be a very astonishing thing if the little Rosetta Dounet should become the bride of Doctor Laurent? There would be laughter for ten leagues about at such a wedding. So she resigned herself without anger, without bitterness, contented, when alone, to lament silently her vanished dream, her castle of cards fallen to the earth.

She became pale and languid. Her relations sought in vain to discover the cause of the strange malady that lay so heavily upon her. To all their questions she said:

"It is nothing—only a little indisposition."

The Dounets, however, consulted the most celebrated physicians of the region. None of them could discover the cause of the trouble.

But some good country friend had been behind Paolo and Rosetta at the time when they made their pledge of love. Father Dounet was at last informed of their betrothal. It was to him like a flash of light. He knew now what ailed Rosetta. He knew, and he could bring the remedy.

At dawn he harnessed his mare, attached her to his old carriage, and departed in the direction of Ligny.

"If you are not in Ligny in three days, beware of my anger. LAURENT."

Such was the telegram that Paolo received one morning. He knew his stern father well enough to understand that he must obey him. Evidently the old gentleman was in a rage, and it would be imprudent to trifle with him.

"On my faith, there is nothing but to resign myself," he murmured. "I must return to my country.

The next day he was in Ligny.

"At last you are here!" exclaimed Father Laurent upon his arrival. "But not of your own will. The gentlemen of the faculty may be remarkable for some things, but they seem to have little respect for paternal authority—but we will speak no more of that. Now you are here you will allow me to present you as a future physician at Ligny, thus guaranteeing your ability."

"But, I have my diploma."

"Our friends would laugh at that, or at two diplomas. It is for me to assure them of your ability and for you to verify it. Well, let us learn what they think of you. You shall make with me your first round of visits."

A moment after, father and son were seated side by side in a carriage which was being rapidly borne along by the vigorous horses attached to it.

Laurent smoked a cigar with an air of satisfaction. Paolo, pleased within his heart at seeing his country again, turned about to look it over.

Suddenly the carriage turned sharply into an avenue flanked by poplar trees—the avenue that Paolo had followed with Rosetta under the starlit sky. It was the road to Revigny. Yonder, in the distance, was to be perceived the village, with the pretty houses rising from the river's bank. At the sight of it a hundred tender memories awoke in the heart of the young man, and Rosetta's charming face, as he had seen it last, came between him and the landscape.

The carriage turned into the drive, drew up before the fifth house, and Father Laurent, checking the horses, descended to the earth.

"Your patient is here," he said simply.

Then he pushed the cottage door open and entered. Paolo followed him into a large room upon the lower floor. A cry burst from the young man. Upon an iron bedstead, curtained with lace, Rosetta lay in a half slumber. There was an indescribable expression of sadness in her sweet face. Beside her sat her white-haired parents.

Father Laurent advanced to the bed, laying his rough, foul-worn hand upon the girl's forehead.

"Rosetta, my child, arouse yourself," he said.

The girl trembled, passed her hand over her brow as if to banish some importune dream, and then, as her dim eyes opened, was stupified to see the good face and gray whiskers of Father Laurent, and to hear the worthy man say:

"I have come, Rosetta, to give your parents hope. They have consulted several physicians who comprehend nothing of what ails you. I, therefore, have taken the liberty to send to Paris for a doctor, a young man of whom much good is said, and whom I guarantee."

He was not able to say more just then; the words died in his throat; but thrusting forward his son he cried:

"Rosetta! Rosetta! Look at him! Do you not recognize him? Do you not know him? Rosetta, it is Paolo!"

"Paolo!" murmured the girl, and she fell back upon her pillow.

Directory of Pocahontas.

Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
ing Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
J. C. Arbogast.
Sheriff, Robt. K. Burns.
Court, S. L. Brown.
Court, J. H. Patterson.
C. O. Arbogast.
C. E. Beard.
s. Ct. O. M. Kee.
Amos Barlow.
eyor, Geo. Baxter
Geo. P. Moore.

s: A C L Gatewood, Split
has Cook, Edray—W H Grose
rille—Jno R Taylor, Dunmore
urry, Academy—Thos Bruffy.

THE COURTS.

t Court convenes on the first
in April, 3rd Tuesday in June
Tuesday in October.
y Court convenes on the 1st
in January, March, October
nd Tuesday in July July is
n.

McNEIL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Marlinton, West Va.
practice in the Courts of Poca-
and adjoining Counties, and in
rt of Appeals of the State of
irginia.

McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Poca-
and adjoining counties and in
reme court of Appeals.

RUCKER,

t-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Poca-
ounty and in the Supreme court
als.

ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Green-
d Pocahontas counties.
pt attention given to claims for
on in Pocahontas county.

A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
arlinton, W. Va.
pt and careful attention given
gal business.

REW PRICE,

Attorney-at-law.
MARLINTON, W. VA.
found at Times Office.

O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.
Pocahontas County, at least,
year
exact date of his visits will ap-
this paper.

. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
visit Pocahontas County ev-
ring and Fall. The exact
each visit will appear in
IMES.

. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

YSICIAN & SURGEON,
ext door to H. A. Yeager's Re-
sidence opposite Hotel.
s promptly answered.

M. BARNETT, M. D.

located at
VERGENT, W. VA.
promptly answered.

. B. SWECKER,
al Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent
Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands
and Town Lots a specialty. Ei
the business. Correspondence
d. Reference Furnished.

ONE of the most learned and devout men who spent their lives in China, was the late Dr. Nevins. One of the surprises that astonished him in his intercourse with the Chinese people were the clearly evident signs of demoniac possession, so frequently referred to in the history of Christ. Marked symtoms of such possession being very uncommon in christian and moslem society so that there has been a tendency to explain the matter away as a species of insanity or nervous derangement. It seems, however, that it is different in a pagan land like China. Dr. Nevins was much impressed by the evidence of demoniac possession in China, where, of all places, he least expected to find such cases, and had looked for nothing of the sort. Upon inquiring of other experienced missionaries, he found that his Chinese observations were by no means singular. The demons of this "possession" are not beings of pure wickedness, but it may be the spirits of the dead in whom baser impulses still rule, and who seek to relieve these passions by a sort of vampirish incarnation in living men. Something like this appears in the prayer of the Gadarene demons, not to be driven away into the outer abyss, but be allowed to find a home in the swine, if not in human beings. A conspicuous mark of evil possession is its solitary, anti-social tendency. As with the Gadarene demoniac, so in later times the "possession carries people away from their homes to dwell in the wilds of solitude. Hence the 'wild men of the woods' who have broken away from human homes and seek the bestial level in their habits of life. While the influence of the Holy Spirit brings persons into closer fellowship and fastens every tie of human relationship more firmly, "possession by demons" rends all ties and carries the "possessed" off into isolation and consequent degradation. This gives point to the petition "Deliver us from evil."

ONE of the sacred writers with an eye for the beautiful, referred to the spacious firmament on high as the ornamental work of the Deity, and the spangled heavens told of their great originater in voiceless words.

"The sun comes forth as a bridegroom and rejoices as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heavens, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

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"His words as soft as gentle dew
Fall on the erring heart,
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And of the world a part.

"Soft but earnest as a friend
He makes one feel so well,
That sinners hope they may amend
And save themselves from hell.

"How better is it thus to treat
The poor, degraded man—
Abusing sinners may defeat
A lovely christian plan."

The Japanese Letter.

(*Special Correspondence.*)

Seoul, Corea, November 12th 1894.

In my last letter I left our regiment in camp here, ready to make a raid on the mountain fastnesses where the outlaws were hiding. On the night of our arrival, a peddler came into camp and went about trying to sell tobacco and pipes. He was at length admitted to the tent occupied by the commanding officer of the regiment, and in a monotonous tone, as though he was praising his wares, he began telling the Colonel where he could find the identical band of Tongbaks who had murdered the Vice President, Mr. Kimpeki. The directions were given how to reach the spot, and I remember that he said that they should be surprised and attacked about ten in the morning, as they were sure to be asleep at that time of day. They numbered about thirty.

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Leaving the traitor tied to to a tree, gagged, and guarded by a couple of soldiers, we turned to the north, and coming to a certain hollow, the squad turned to the left abruptly, ascended to the top, crossed over, and descended to the first bench. We were to go along in the direction we had been traveling until we found a certain twig broken on the upper side of the trail. All knew this but myself, and all were looking for this sign, except myself. I was looking down the mountain side, knowing our game lay that way.

We were about fifty strong, but those Japanese soldiers made no noise. No file of Indians ever made such a quiet advance. After we had pursued this course for about half a mile, I, who was about the last man of the column, saw the ugliest mortal ever made lying asleep, evidently on picket duty, below our path, not ten yards from our line. The heathen must have been drunk, and he looked to me to be dead and bloated, only I could hear his heavy breathing. His gun was lying on him, and his greasy blouse was shining in the sun that came through the leaves of the forest. I never opened my lips until we were some quarter of a mile past him, and then and there I told Suchero. He said that they had missed their sign, and that we had passed within fifty yards of the den, and that this sleeping sentinel would be directly on top of a cliff at the bottom of which lay the retreat of the outlaws.

Every soldier got ready for a hot time, and the march was formed again to return. I could see that I had raised immensely in the regard of the rest of the company. The big Sergeant was leading with his knife in his hand, the rest with their muskets lying in the hollow of their left arms. In a few minutes the sleeping Chinaman was reached, and the Sergeant with one hand, cut his head clean off, with one blow with his knife, more neatly than I could have decapitated a turkey.

But the very completeness of the job was about to prove our undoing, for the bloody head, with the pigtail curled upon it, started to roll and disappeared over the brow of the cliff, and falling among the sleeping outlaws below, awakened them from their sleep.

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Had it not been for the fact that I had a repeating rifle, all would have escaped, except such as were shot down by our first wild fire. I could sell that rifle now for two hundred dollars.

The next ten minutes were spent by our soldiers in killing the wounded. One man, desperately shot in the small of his back, had dragged himself to the brow of the cliff below the den, and hurled himself over, to fall one hundred feet below, with a sickening thud, at the very place where we would have been shot to pieces had we followed our guide.

All day we watched the brow above where the Chinamen were crouching. Several times they called on us to surrender. We made no noise, and there was nothing to tell them that we had not gone. About 2 o'clock the soldiers wanted to eat something. Before doing this, the headless body of the sentinel was thrown over the cliff, and then the curse of the order rose involuntarily; interpreted it is "We will raise blue ruin and bloody murder with you.'

It looked very much as though *we* would be at the raising. But a serious time was coming. If we waited until night, the gang would escape and we would be killed before we could get out of the mountain. So about three o'clock a council of war was held, and it was decided that our only safety was in obliterating the gang.

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They charged presently and engaged the Chinese in a hand to hand conflict after the first fire. Being two to one, the fighting soon stopped. But some of our men were badly cut up. One was dead; a very fine looking young Japanese. Early in the second scrimmage I saw a devilish looking Chinaman run out and get behind a rock before I could scotch him. He had a gun with a barrel big enough to run a lemon down it. He raised himself and took deliberate aim at Suchero, who was standing on, trying to watch the fight, but before he could fire I had dropped him.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Robt. K. Burns.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, Amos Barlow.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter
Coroner	Geo. P. Moore.

Justices: A C L Gatewood, Split Rock—Chas Cook, Edray—W H Grose Huntersville—Jno R Taylor, Dunmore—G R Curry, Academy—Thos Bruffy, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Marlinton, West Va.
Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of est Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
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Marliuton, W. Va.
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H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pacahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Maclinton, W. Va.
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney-at-law.
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will be found at Times Office.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL
DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year
The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel.
All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.
has located at
FROST, W. VA.
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C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent
Iseli Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands, Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.
Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room 19, Reilly Block,

ONE of the most learned and devout men who spent their lives in China, was the late Dr. Nevins. One of the surprises that astonished him in his intercourse with the Chinese people were the clearly evident signs of demoniac possession, so frequently referred to in the history of Christ. Marked symtoms of such possession being very uncommon in christian and moslem society so that there has been a tendency to explain the matter away as a species of insanity or nervous derangement. It seems, however, thst it is different in a pagan land like China. Dr. Nevins was much impressed by the evidence of demoniac possession in China, where, of all places, he least expected to find such cases, and had looked for nothing of the sort. Upon inquiring of other experienced missionaries, he found that his Chinese observations were by no means singular. The demons of this "possession" are not beings of pure wickedness, but it may be the spirits of the dead in whom baser impulses still rule, and who seek to relieve these passions by a sort of vampirish incarnation in living men. Something like this appears in the prayer of the Gadarene demons, not to be driven away into the outer abyss, but be allowed to find a home in the swine, if not in human beings. A conspicuous mark of evil possession is its solitary, anti-social tendency. As with the Gadarene demoniac, so in later times the "possession carries people away from their homes to dwell in the wilds of solitude. Hence the 'wild men of the woods' who have broken away from human homes and seek the bestial level in their habits of life. While the influence of the Holy Spirit brings persons into closer fellowship and fastens every tie of human relationship more firmly, "possession by demons" rends all ties and carries the "possessed" off into isolation and consequent degradation. This gives point to the petition "Deliver us from evil."

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his step among them.
Before you see his scarlet coat, I'll know my love has come.

"I can see the troops a-marching,
Slowly, slowly.
As they near, the pale leaves tremble at the coming of that band,
There is neither sound nor footfall, neither bugle-blast nor drum-roll,
A silent host they pass from sight into a silent land."

Nay, I hear the bugle calling,
Calling, calling,
O the footsteps of my soldier, I can count them as they fall,
As I time mine to the echo, over hill and over valley,
I am marching, marching ever, to that unseen bugle's call!

—Mary Stewart Cutting.

A KOREAN REBEL'S FATE.

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS.

KOREAN of noble birth, long prominent in public life at home, stepped from the Yokohama steamer in March last to the wharf at Shanghai and a few minutes after lay dead in the street, the victim of an assassin. A fellow countryman who had induced him to go to Shanghai, hastened ostensibly to greet him, and they had hardly exchanged a word before the false friend stabbed the newcomer to the heart. The crime was a political murder, planned in the court of Korea, connived at by the Chinese authorities, and the story throws a curious light upon the methods and practices still in vogue in oriental society. The victim was Kim Ok Kiun, who, ten years ago, headed an unsuccessful revolutionary attempt at Seoul, the capital of Korea. From the day he failed he had been followed by emissaries of the Korean court, bent first upon his extradition to the home from which he had fled, and finally, equipped with instructions to kill him, and to carry out this meritorious service to their country in such a way as to save the court from any appearance of complicity.

When the deed was done last March, it was evident that China and Korea had a perfect understanding in the matter. The murderer was not dragged off to the Shanghai lock-up, like a common malefactor. On the contrary, he was treated with respectful consideration, as soon as his name and that of his victim were made known. He not only went free, but he was permitted to buy tickets for one passenger and one coffin to Korea, and he departed for home with the body of his victim and the distinction due to a man who had rendered a public service. In the capital of Korea the assassin was honored as no ordinary patriot. The body of the murdered man was divided into eight parts, and one part was sent to each of the provinces of the kingdom to be exposed to view on the public highways.

Though much of the tragedy has been published, it is believed, however, that the extraordinary story which had this bloody termination has not been retold, and it is well worth relating in connection with the crime that has closed the chapter. It was told in October, 1886, when the Japanese newspapers were alluding in every issue to the lively correspondence between the governments of Japan, China and Korea concerning Kim and the attempts of his enemies to kill him; and he himself appeared in print with the evidence of the plots against his life, which were the basis of his appeal to the Government of Japan for protection.

One night near the end of November, 1884, a number of the high officials of Korea gathered at a banquet in the new postoffice building in Seoul. A servant suddenly opened the door and cried that the house was about to be attacked. The men at the tables fled into the darkness, only to find that enemies surrounded them. Some of them were killed on the spot, and others were severely wounded. Then the mob and its leaders rushed to the palace to secure the person of the King. By this time news of the uprising had spread through the city, and the guards of the legation had hastened to the palace to add their strength to the King's bodyguard. The rebels, who were attempting nothing less than the destruction of every leading official of the Government, besieged the building, but the pluck and discipline of the Japanese kept them at bay. Then the Chinese troops, hearing that the Japanese were interfering unwarrantably in one of the internal commotions of Korea, marched to the assistance of the King. The principal actor in this furious outbreak, and the instigator of all the assassinations, was Kim ok Kiun, who had held the highest office in Korea, and was jealous of the preponderance in the King's councils of the members of the Min family. The Queen, a woman of strong character, belongs to this family, and through her influence, it has been the predominating power and has controlled all the principal offices. It is the opposition to this family, led by the King's own father, that has stirred up the recent insurrection. In 1884, the leader of this opposition was Kim Ok Kiun, and he hoped, after murdering his leading rivals, to seize power for himself and his adherents. Failing in his plans he fled with some of his fellow conspirators to Tokio, Japan. Then began the efforts of Korea, abetted by China, to induce Japan to give the arch rebel up, and failing in this, to assassinate him among his protectors.

A Korean mission was despatched to Japan in a Chinese man-of-war to demand the extradition of Kim and his followers. They were assisted in their efforts by the Chinese representatives at Tokio and, it is said, by Li Hung Chang, the great viceroy of Chi-Li. Many weeks were spent in the negotiations, but Japan was firm in her refusal. She took the ground that she had no extradition treaty with Korea; furthermore, she alleged, that the crimes for which the fugitives were wanted to answer in Korea were of a political nature, and it was against the law of nations to surrender political offenders. So the mission went home defeated. Kim and four of his associates lived for a while in peace at Tokio. Three of his comrades, doubting the ability of Japan to withstand the pressure, fled to San Francisco.

Had Kim respected his asylum it is barely possible that he might have lived there securely for the rest of his days. But in the following year, 1885, there was another plot to overturn the Korean Government, and there was evidence that Kim, the daring, restless and designing politician, was at the bottom of it. Demands for his extrdition were at once renewed. China and Korea both asserted that as long as Kim remained in Japan he would be able to create disturbances in his native land. Japan remained firm in her refusal, giving as her only reason that political offenders were never extradited in Western countries, and if the Eastern nations desired to be treated as equals by those of the West, they must learn to act upon the same principles. Two further attempts to secure the extradition of Kim was made, but Korea at once began to take measures to effect the removal of this troublesome person by other processes.

Three futile expedients for the assassination of Kim were attempted in the following year, and were described in the public prints, as far as the details were known, late in 1886. The instrument in the most interesting of these attempts appeared in Japan in the person of Chi, an official in the Seoul war department. In Kim's palmy days Chi had been an ardent disciple of the advanced views of that astute politician, but he was now faithfully serving a Government composed of Kim's enemies. He traveled quietly to Japan, and took lodgings in an ordinary inn in Tokio. On May 2, 1886, he wrote to Kim, protesting that their old friendship still continued on his part, that he deeply sympathized with Kim in his misfortunes and exile, and requested an interview. The old assassin was too sharp for the young one, however, and Kim bluntly refused to see him. At the same time he directed his friends to worm their way into Chi's confidence, and one of them did so with considerable skill.

He told Chi that the exiles were tired of their life in Japan, sorely regretted their folly, and longed to be back in Korea. Kim was the cause of their present plight. He had deceived them, and they all hated him for it. Would Chi intercede for them with the King and the Government? They would cheerfully seize Kim and carry him off if they could. Nay, they had become so embittered by his conduct that they would kill him, if ridding the country of him would be the means of making their peace with their sovereign. Kim was very wary, but no one could lull his suspicions to sleep as his companions could, and they would do anything to show the sincerity of their repentance.

Chi listened seriously to these things, but was quite non-committal. It took some weeks for confidence to beget confidence. At last he convinced himself of the sincerity of the exile. Then Chi confided to him that he had been sent to Japan by the King for the express purpose of killing him, and that he would pay a sum equivalent to $5000 to anyone who would give him effective assistance in carrying out this bloody task. Kim [illegible] and finally he exhibited this mandate, to which the royal seal was actually attached:

"We hereby commission you to cross the sea and apprehend the rebel, to accomplish which object you shall have full power to act according to circumstances, using due caution not to make fruitless attempts."

On the same day, the supposed conspirator also secured in writing from the unsuspecting Chi a promise to pay him $5000 for his service, and on the next day Kim, armed with these documents, which he laid before the Japanese Government, demanded protection. A demand for an explanation was at once telegraphed to Seoul, and, of course, all knowledge of the plot was at once repudiated by the Korean Government. These proceedings may seem almost incredible to us, but we cannot apply our rules of morality to Korea. Kim was a leading statesman of the country, and if not an assassin himself, he had inspired assassination. According to Korean ethics it was not improper for his enemies to remove him by the knife or bullet, political methods that have been employed more than once in the East in this generation.

Japan now decided that Kim was a heavy load to carry, and he was ordered to leave the country by June 27. Kim, however, had other views. When the police went to see him at the expiration of the time, he fled to the French embassy and appealed for protection. He was, however, turned over to the authorities, and his forcible removal from the country was ordered on the ground that his presence tended "to endanger the peace, tranquility and external safety of the empire." What to do with him, though, was a knotty problem. Japan wished to insure his safety. If he was sent to China he would be killed. Russia would not harbor him. San Francisco was proposed, but Kim was without means, and it was feared that he would starve there in a land of plenty, unless the Americans took very kindly to him. It was finally decided that it was not desirable, for his own sake, to turn him loose upon the world. Japan has a little group of islets in the Pacific, the Bonin Islands, which at that time were uninhabited save by a few retired pirates and runaway sailors. So Kim was sent to these far-away sunny islands to be supported by the Japanese Government. For some years he contemplated the mutability of fortune in this retreat, but at last, just as the little [illegible] began to blossom under the nurture of the Japanese farmers who had gone to them, the Government listened to Kim's piteous appeal and took him back to Japan. The fact was not generally known, but it had not escaped the observation of Korea's agents.

In his retirement and obscurity Kim, on an evil day, made the acquaintance of a fellow countryman. The man appeared to be of very little importance. He did not thrust himself upon Kim's notice nor appear at all anxious to cultivate his acquaintance. He was an agent of the court of Korea, but Kim seems never to have suspected it. For weeks and months he would never go near the man he intended to murder. He was carrying on a legitimate business in Japan, and was so slow, discreet and patient in promoting the real purpose of his sojourn there that his conduct excited no comment. Very little is really known of his acquaintance with Kim. What he proposed to do was to murder the man on friendly soil, where he would not be called to account for the crime, and he bided his time. At last his opportunity came. Kim had a claim for a considerable sum of money in South China. His pretended friend undertook to negotiate for the settlement of this claim. He knew that he had completely deceived the old man when he went to Shanghai to prepare for the denouement. His dagger was ready for the victim whose perfect confidence he had won. His plans were cunningly conceived. The problem was to get Kim to Shanghai though he seemed to be doing everything in his power to make it unnecessary for Kim to make the journey. He reported at last, that it would be positively necessary for Kim to go to the Chinese port to sign documents that would not or could not be sent to him. He knew very well that Kim would not consult anyone with regard to a visit to China, and he assured his dupe that there was not a particle of danger. He could travel in disguise, transact his business in a few hours and return to Japan, in perfect safety by the next boat.

Kim's cunning had apparently deserted him, and he went unsuspectingly to the cruel death prepared for him. The Japanese Government did not know he was out of the country until the news came that he had been [illegible] the assassin in the pursuit of their enemies.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A flash of lightning equals 12,000 horse power.

The mouth of the starfish is exactly in the centre.

The wrist contains eight bones, the palm five and the fingers fourteen.

During digestion the flow of blood to the stomach is increased tenfold.

The principles of rainfall were first correctly set forth by Dalton in 1787.

In proportion to the weight of the body, woman's hair is longer than man's.

Enamel of the teeth contains over ninety-five per cent. of calcareous matter.

Four-tenths of the working expenses of an electric light plant are for coal.

In London, according to Halley, there was no total eclipse of the sun between 1140 and 1715.

Soap bubbles are round because every part of their surface is equally pressed by the atmosphere.

The heart ordinarily beats about seventy times a minute, and throws about two ounces of blood at each contraction.

The chemical composition of the epidermis of the heel is nearly the same as that of the matter of nails, horns and hoofs.

The song of wild birds is usually a succession of three or four notes continued during the same interval, mostly without interruption.

It is so hot at Massowah, Abyssinia, that when the northwest wind blows from the desert the thermometer sometimes registers 160 degrees.

In tests last year in the German town of Dessau it was shown that cooking by wood and coal costs a little more than twice that done with gas.

Of the mineral spangolite only two specimens are known to exist. One was taken from Cornwall, England, and the other is near Tombstone, Arizona.

The hair has a life of its own apart from that which animates the human body. This accounts for the growth of hair on the dead long after their interment.

A mechanical fluid is the recent invention of an American engineer. It is a mass of hard steel, balls of two sizes, one-eighth and one-fourth of an inch in diameter, respectively. Under pressure this mass flows and transmits pressure in all directions like a fluid. The device is calculated for use wherever fluid pressure is desired without leakage, and it has already been employed for tightening the brasses of connecting rods, a pocket at the side being filled with the balls and pressure applied with a set screw.

The Worcester (England) municipality will utilize its plant, put in for supplying electricity for lighting, to run electric motors for pumping purposes at its waterworks, instead of employing steam, as originally intended. There will be two thirty-horse-power alternate current motors having a guaranteed efficiency of ninety per cent., working pumps capable of delivering 10,000 gallons of water per hour to an elevation of 300 feet through three miles of ten-inch pipe.

New Use for Natural Gas.

The possibilities of natural gas evidently have not yet been exhausted. The latest use which would seem to have been found for it is the making of ice, the idea being to simply expand the gas from its usually high initial pressure down to or near that of the atmosphere, nature having done all the preliminary work of compression and cooling, making the gas ready to absorb heat from its surroundings immediately upon being released from confinment. All that would be necessary would be suitable coils or chambers into which the gas could be allowed to expand. It has been calculated out quite plausibly, in fact, that with an ordinary gas well, furnishing 2,500,000 cubic feet per day, something like fifty tons of ice could be turned out daily at an expense of about fifty cents a ton. The gas loses nothing but its pressure, retaining all its calorific value, and hence, all its virtue for rolling mill and glass works use, for heating brick, lime and pottery kilns, and the endless number of other furnaces to which it is adapted. In a certain way, therefore, the gas may be regarded as affording something for nothing—a desideratum to which many in this world are constantly looking forward.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Mining and Milling Yellow Ochre.

"A very important Georgia industry that has sprung up in the last few years is the mining and milling of yellow ochre as carried on at Cartersville," said Captain B. M. Hall, the well-known mining engineer. "Like most new industries, it made a small beginning and the product had a very limited market. But its superior quality soon gained for it an eager demand at a high price. It is now sold at Cartersville for $16 to $18 per ton, while the standard Pennsylvania ochres sell for less than half that price in Philadelphia. The Cartersville ochre, on account of its great purity, is essentially a metallic paint, while the ordinary ochres of commerce are merely clays stained with iron oxide. Its beautiful greenish yellow color and its high per cent. of iron make it peculiarly valuable as an ingredient in the manufacture of linoleum. A large proportion of the Cartersville product is shipped to Europe. Two new mines are being opened and put in operation that will greatly increase

The Book is in Eleven Volumes
Each Letter Represented by a Different Number of Raised Dots.

THE only Bible published in the point alphabet to be used by the blind has lately been printed in Louisville. It consists of 1839 pages, is in eleven volumes and was turned out by the American Printing House for the Blind, an annex of the Kentucky Institute for the Blind. The eleven employes of the printing house were engaged on the work for about ten months, and on May 7 1894, just a little over a year after the work was begun, the first shipment to the American Bible Society at New York was made.

Of course this is not the only Bible that can be read by the blind. Those thus afflicted have been reading a Bible for forty years, but it was published in what is known as the line alphabet.

The line alphabet is made up of the Roman letters enlarged and raised on the leaves of the book, so that the blind reader may know them by following their outline with his fingers. Every school child can read a book printed in that way. But with the New York point alphabet each letter is represented by a different number of raised dots arranged in a fixed position. Strange to say, this second method is the easier to learn, and is always taught before the line method.

That any sort of a Bible for the blind came out at all is due to a bequest of $40,000 made to the American Bible Society by a wealthy woman of New York City. It was made a permanent fund for printing Bibles for the blind. The four girls who do the typesetting began their part of the work April 28, 1853. As soon as one page was set up it was carried into the molding room and an impression taken. The page was then ready to be cast. It was carried down stairs and placed in the stereotyping machine. A thin coat of tin foil was then laid over the mold and a light pouring of metal made, so as to melt the tin foil into the mold. Another pouring was then made to fill in the blank spaces between lines and re-enforce the back. A piece of ordinary roofer's tin the size of the page was then laid over the back of the thin metal impression, and another light pouring made to make the two adhere. When this had cooled off the workman had a true copy of the page on a very light, flexible plate of stereotype. All the rest of the 1039 pages were treated in the same way, and on January 24, 1894, the day the last page was set up, the last plate was also completed.

The work of printing was then begun. The leaves are necessarily very heavy, and, of course, can be printed only one side. Four sheets, or pages, were printed at a time. When the pages were ready for binding six of them were grouped together and stitched with wire. The inside edge of each sexto is bound by a cloth-lined card-board guard. This is made necessary by the thickness of the leaves and the constant handling by the reader. When these sextos are bound together they make a volume varying in thickness of from three to four inches. The New Testament is included in three volumes, the Old in eight.

The whole work of printing the first set of this Bible cost just $3000. The cost of binding is $1 a volume. The interest on the bequest nearly half a century ago has grown so that the books can be sold to the blind at less than the cost of the binding. The whole set is sold at $7, and the New Testament alone can be secured for $3 less. These Bibles are being sent out to all the schools for the blind in the country through the American Bible Association.

dividuals might do so, up till about the time of the late civil war. Of course, it has always been against the law to counterfeit or imitate the coinage of the United States, and so, necessarily, a coin issued by a private mint would have to be so distinct in shape or makings as to show that it was not intended to pass as Federal money. For this reason the $50 dollar gold coins or tokens issued by several private mints in California during the flush times of the '50's were octagonal in shape.

Gold coins were also issued by the Mormons of Utah at about the same time, and the same thing had been done by parties in Georgia and North Carolina.

Probably the latest of these private mints was the one established in Denver in the early '60's. It is said that the coinage of this establishment being brought to the attention of Secretary Chase, that eminent financier was much astonished to find a respectable firm of bankers engaged in making and uttering money, and was still further surprised when the Attorney General of the United States declared they had the right to do so.

This incident caused the passage of a law absolutely prohibiting individuals from issuing or circulating anything intended in any manner to serve as money.—Washington Star.

$5,000,000 Tobacco Bill Saved.

CHICAGO, September 8.—[Special.]—The Chicago Inter-Ocean's Illustrated Supplement, describing the great success and merit of No-To-Bac, has made it famous in a day.

Mr. H. L. Kramer, the active man, was seen to-day at his office, 45 Randolph street, and in talking of No-To-Bac's growth, said it was hard work to keep up with the rapidly increasing demand, as every box sold advertised No-To-Bac's merit.

He said: "No-To-Bac is not sold on the strength of the thousands and tens of thousands of testimonial statements, but under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded." That made a long story about merit very short, as it absolutely protects the user from physical injury or financial loss. "Why," said he, "No-To-Bac will make 100,000 cures this year, and the saving will average $50.00 for every one cured, or a grand total of $5,000,000 saved from going up in smoke and out in spit." No-To-Bac, is indeed, a God-send to the poor man these hard times. According to the testimonials, however, the money saving is the least consideration, for almost everyone reports an improvement of the nervous system, increase in weight, and a revival of physical and mental powers that is indeed miraculous.

Prominent physicians look upon No-To-Bac as a great success, and are very free to prescribe it.

Every wholesale drug house in this country and Canada sells No-To-Bac, and the retail druggists are pushed to supply the demands of customers; the direct mail demand is immense.

The cost of No-To-Bac compared with the results is a small matter, as the saving in a week pays the cost of a cure for a lifetime. No-To-Bac is sold for $1 a box, or three boxes, $2.50, with a guarantee to cure, or money refunded.

A few extra copies of the Inter-Ocean Supplement (eight pages) illustrated in five colors, have been secured and will be mailed for the asking, by addressing the Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago office, 45 Randolph street; New York office, 10 Spruce street; Laboratory, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

—One-third of the women in France are farm laborers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

—The hardest known wood is said to be the cocus wood.

IT. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

WHEN the devil comes to an empty mind he is sure of a place to stay all night.—Ram's Horn.

Fine Pictures Free.

Here's good news for any one of our readers who are pinched by the hard times. The Winslow Spice Co., of Toledo, O., are giving away many fine pictures to drinkers of Lion Coffee. It only takes a few Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, besides pictures they also send valuable books, a knife, game, etc. It costs you no more to drink Lion Coffee, which is by far the finest sold for the price, and has a beautiful picture-card in every 1 lb. package. If you haven't an Illustrated Premium List, ask your grocer for a copy, or send your name & address to the firm above named.

Headache Dyspepsia Indigestion

are caused by bad blood, and by a run down, worn out condition of the body. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get **Cures**

To wash the furniture with soap and water. Such a method may be entirely safe when practiced by careful persons. As the average maid is likely to treat a valued Vernis Martin cabinet with the same consideration accorded a common floor, it is well that the use of soap and water by her in connection with furniture should be forbidden.

When soap is used for furniture it should be of the best quality, having but a small amount of alkali in its composition, and the water used should be lukewarm, applied with a soft cloth and quickly wiped off, particularly from all corners and crevices.

Dark mahogany, which is now so fashionable, is particularly sensitive to soap and water, arising from the fact that the coloring matter which operates to darken the wood through the action of light is an acid, so that when the alkali of the water is permitted to remain upon it it will, in reaching the acid, for which it has affinity, destroy the polished surface.

Raw linseed oil and spirits of turpentine, in the proportions of two-thirds oil and one of turpentine, is the model furniture reviver. It is what professionals rely on; as a rule they use no other. The woodwork should be first carefully wiped off with a dry, soft cloth, and the dust thoroughly removed from corners and carvings. The best article to accomplish this is a large paint brush, usually called a painter's duster. The oil may then be applied with a smaller brush, wiping off with a soft cloth and rubbing thoroughly dry. It will be found that dents and scratches lose their prominence under this treatment; should this method be pursued regularly there will be no difficulty experienced in having furniture retain a fresh appearance.

When a piece of furniture is very badly defaced and dented it should be intrusted to some good repairer, who may sometimes find it necessary to scrape off the old finish entirely, in order to make a satisfactory piece of work. When the wood is slightly dented one may sometimes overcome the trouble by steaming the indentation with a hot iron and a wet cloth, afterward making a small pad of muslin and rubbing over the surface some thin shellac, just adding a touch of oil to make the work easier. Scratches may be treated in the same way.—Ladies' Home Journal.

RECIPES.

Brown Sauce—To make brown sauce put one tablespoonful and a half of butter in the frying-pan and on the fire. When the butter gets hot and begins to turn brown add a generous tablespoonful of flour and stir until the flour turns brown. Now draw the pan to the back part of the stove and stir until the mixture cools slightly; then add half a pint of stock, pouring it in gradually and stirring all the while. Place the pan on the hot part of the stove and stir the sauce until it begins to boil. Add a level teaspoonful of salt and about one-fifth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Simmer for about five minutes.

Apple Charlotte—Rub the bottom and sides of a baking dish with butter, and line it with slices of light bread. Peel and cut apples into thin, small pieces, and nearly fill the dish with them, scattering between the apples plenty of sugar, small bits of butter and grated nutmeg. Do not forget that you must use sugar according to the acidity of the apples. Have sugar and butter on the top layer of apples, which cover with slices of light bread softened in water. Put a plate on this with a weight on top to press the bread close upon the apples. Bake it in a quick oven, and serve with a rich sauce.

Gingerbread—Two eggs well beaten, two-thirds cupful of New Orleans molasses, half cupful of sugar, one-third cupful of butter, half cupful of sour cream, half cupful of sour milk, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, half teaspoonful of ginger, half teaspoonful of cinnamon, flour to thicken; beat the sugar and butter together; add the eggs and beat well; then add the soda to the sour milk; stir in the milk, cream, molasses and spices; thicken so you can drop it easily from a spoon, and bake in a moderate oven. It requires more care and longer baking than a cake made from all sugar.

Celery Soup—Cook two small heads of celery (from which the green leaves have been removed) for forty-five minutes in a quart of water in which a chicken or leg of veal has been boiled. Boil a pint of milk, half an onion and a sprig of parsley together. Mix two even tablespoonfuls of flour with four tablespoonfuls of cold milk and add to boiling milk. Cook ten minutes. Mash celery in the water in which it has been cooked, and stir into boiling milk; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Strain and serve at once. A cup of cream added just after the soup is put into the tureen is a great improvement.

dry place, says the American Cultivator. This will help to keep out the moth, and as it will shake out when they are taken down for use it will do no harm, and, in fact, the bees will like a little salt. Although it has often been asserted that the honey bee gets no honey or nectar to convert into honey from the blossoms of the red clover, we do not consider this proved. It may be that some of the stems of the bloom are not as long as others, or that in some the nectar rises higher, and certainly this is apt to be the case with the second crop clover, but it is very certain that honey bees may always be found in a red clover field when in bloom, while if they could obtain nothing there, their instinct would teach them to avoid it.

Some practical bee-keepers, who measured the depth of the corolla of the clover blossom, or the length of the bee's proboscis, though they may know from experience the length of his sting, are very sure that they do make honey from the red clover. There are a great many patent bee hives upon the market, and some highly recommended that have not been patented, but the hive that suits the greatest number of experienced bee-keepers is the safest one for the beginner to use until he has had experience enough to suggest his own improvements. Whatever the form adopted use none but the best stock, and have them well made by a good workman.

An Automatic Fishing Net.

A net which automatically rises to the surface and thus incloses the school of fish to be caught has been invented by M. Trouve, a French electrician. The net is weighted along the lower edge and has a pneumatic tube along the upper, which can be inflated by an air pump on the shore or fishing boat. A lure in the shape of electric lamps submerged in the water, or bait, is employed to draw the fish within the compass of the net, and the air-float is then filled, causing the net to rise to the surface and hem in the fish. The net is considered more humane than the ordinary ones, as it does not frighten them nor destroy their eggs. We may add here that at a recent meeting of the Physiological Society of Berlin Dr. Bembo of St. Petersburg, read a paper in which he advocated cutting the large blood vessels of the neck as the most humane mode of slaughtering animals. When this is done unconsciousness supervenes in a few seconds, and the movements observed are due to cerebral anæmia. Moreover as is well known, the flesh of animals which have bled to death is most easily kept.—Cassell's Magazine.

Qualified to Speak.

"Now, then, who is the plaintiff in this case?" asked his Honor, as a case was called. No reply. "I ask who is the plaintiff in this case?" continued the court.

"I don't know anything about plaintiffs," replied a man in the corner, as he slowly rose. "but if you are asking for the chap who was chased a mile and a half, and then mopped all over his own barnyard by two desperadoes, I'm your man."

Sign of True Smartness.

Millicent—Jack can't be very smart, or he would have more money.

May (Jack's fiancee)—That just shows Jack's smartness—that he can get along with as little as he has.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

Cheap Gas in England.

Statistics regarding the manufacture and sale of gas in England show that in the year 1889 the public works sold gas at 82 cents. A profit of 22½ cents was made on the gas at these figures as shown by the statistics in British reports, after interest and sinking fund were paid. There are 173 public gas works owned in Great Britain, and the average cost to the public of the gas manufactured is really only 59½ cents, including interest and sinking fund. A lower price of gas increases the number of consumers very greatly in England, although the difference in cost is as 60 to 90 in favor of the public gas companies. The statistics show that 405 private gas companies only have an average of 2,787 customers for each. The public works have an average number of consumers each of 6,646. The English statistics are conclusive, as showing the advantage of public ownership of lighting plants.—Minneapolis Journal.

CURES OTHERS

BAD COUGH, SPIT UP BLOOD,—CONSUMPTION.

MR. K. C. MCLIN.

K. C. McLIN, ESQ., of *Kempsville, Princess Anne Co., Va.*, writes: "When I commenced taking your 'Discovery' I was very low with a cough, and at times spit up much blood. I was not able to do the least work, but most of the time was in bed. I was all run-down, very weak, my head was dizzy, and I was extremely despondent. The first bottle I took did not seem to do me much good, but I had faith in it and continued using it until I had taken fifteen bottles, and now I do not look nor feel like the same man I was one year ago. People are astonished, and say, 'well, last year this time I would not have thought that you would be living now.' I can thankfully say I am entirely cured of a disease which, but for your wonderful 'Discovery,' would have resulted in my death."

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WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 13 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.

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Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. *They fit well, wear well and look well.* A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
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$1000 in money; besides other valuable premiums to good guessers. Baseball Rooters, catch on. See offer in HOME AND COUNTRY MAGAZINE. Price, 25 cents. Sample Magazine can be seen and full particulars obtained at this office. All Newsdealers, or 53 East 10th Street, New York City.

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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

Authors.

The methods and tastes of professional authors in this matter are quite as varied as is the character of their several contributions to literature. For example: The novelists, Charles Reade and Victor Hugo, preferred immense sheets of paper and the coarsest of pens: while, on the other hand, both William Black and R. D. Blackmore cover dainty sheets of note paper with their almost microscophic chirography. Charlotte Bronte wrote in the minutest of characters in a diminutive notebook, and Douglas Jerrold jotted down his witty inspirations on narrow, ribbon-like strips of blue paper.

CHILLON: The anger of a woman is the greatest evil with which one can threaten his enemies.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

PNU 37

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

CINCINNATI CHICAGO BIG 4 ROUTE ST. LOUIS

GO WEST

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Big Four Route.

Solid Vestibuled Trains to CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS AND ST. LOUIS.

Making direct Connections in Union Depots for all points in the

SOUTH, SOUTHWEST AND WEST.

Ask for Tickets Via BIG FOUR ROUTE!

E. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traff. Mang'r. D. B. MARTIN, Gen. P. & T. Agt. BIG FOUR ROUTE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1000 Stickers, your name and address, only 15c. THE HERALD, No. 1434 Lyon St., Phila., Pa.

An old-fashioned way

of getting there. Slow and safe, but hard work. Most women, have got beyond this kind of traveling—found something better.

Now, why can't you look at that other old-fashioned proceeding in the same light—washing things with soap and hard rubbing. That's slow enough and tiresome enough, everybody knows, and it's not as safe as washing with **Pearline**. It's really destructive, in fact, the wear of that constant rubbing. Break away from these antiquated ideas. Use modern methods. **Pearline** saves at every point.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back. 567 JAMES PYLE, New York.

When Hamlet Exclaimed: "Aye, There's the Rub!" Could He Have Referred to

Marlinton, Friday, Nov. 30, 1894

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

THE cry now is for the nomination of a President in 1896, "A Western man or bust!"

ONE of the heaviest tax-payers in the county says that he believes that when the court-house is finished that every citizen of the county, with the exception of one or two, perhaps, will regard it as the best investment the county ever made, and be glad that it has been built.

THE preacher prayed, "Oh, Lord, we beseech Thee that Thou wilt guide and instruct the rulers of the land; make them to be upright and conscientious in the discharge of their duties, and may they rule wisely and well." A disgusted Republican muttered, "I'm going to leave this church; I hate politics in the pulpit."

THE odds are that after the present legislature meets, Pocahontas will change her Congressman. It is a border county of the Third District, and we Democrats of the county are swelled up with the idea that the Third District will never be made safely Republican if they leave us in that District.

BLAND, the great silver leader, will leave this Congress probably never to return; he may make a herculean effort and push through a bill for the coinage of silver, which the President might sign to retrieve his reputation as a Democrat. The country is in a disordered state, and it would be a good idea for us to try a number of things to see whether or not any of them would have a beneficial effect upon the system.

THE reason they said that Mr. Carlysle, Secretary of the Treasury, was working at the problem given to the schoolboy—how long would it take a frog to get out of the well if it climbed three feet each day and fell back six feet each night—is because he proposed to sell the bonds for gold. The bidders simply cashed the gold certificates when they heard it, and, instead of filling the Treasury with gold the movement actually depleted it. The great gold reserve is the very thing which he wished to protect. The wise men at Washington do make some bad breaks at times.

ALONG with Woman's Suffrage and like innovations, of these days, comes the preacher in politics. Parkhurst, the man who defeated Tammany from the pulpit is a notable example. Are we tending to priest domination? That they do not belong to the Romish church, is no commendation. Heretofore, the Protestant churches have prided themselves on the fact that their religion dealt with things above and beyond the government of the country, and that their mission was to benefit the world by filling it with christian men and women, and not to judge that the powers that be are far worse than those they might name. Dr. Parkhurst preached that New York city was ill-governed, and the city was taken up by his ministerial brethren and the and formed clubs in New York, and the future no doubt holds many possibilities in the way of *fin de siecle* politics.

CHARLESTON, W. VA. }
NOV. 20TH, 1894. }

Mr. Andrew Price,

DEAR SIR:—I am getting on O. K., have just visited the Capitol building, in the museum of which the doors of old Fort Donnally near Lewisburg, have recently been placed. This fort was occupied by Col. Andrew Lewis just before the famous battle of the Horse Shoe Bend, at Point Pleasant. The doors show the marks of toma hawks, and are very interesting relics. They are made of walnut and fastened together with hand made iron hinges. I succeeded in breaking off a splinter behind the janitor's back, which I enclose.

Another exhibit here of great interest is the old hunting outfit carried by Daniel Boone on his last tours here and in the West. It consists of his old flint lock rifle, which is 5 feet 4 inches in length, and has been carried on the shoulder so long that the stock is almost entirely worn into. The moulds are of stone, and have capacity for two ounces of lead. The shot pouch is very venerable looking, and has attached to it a hunting knife almost worn out, and a stick on which notches were cut to register the days spent on the western (Missouri) tour. His old brass compass and sundial show signs of long use. There is also a survey of ground under his own hand, for which, I am told, the State of Kentucky has offered $1800, and a well-worn cane of common spruce pine. A very small scrap of his commission as Captain in the war of 1812 still remains. One of the most interesting things is the horn in which he carried his bear bait. What if the old pioneer could return? N. C. MCNEIL.

C. A. M. Meadows, late of the *Industrial Age*, has leased the old outfit of the Logan county *Democrat*, and contemplates starting a newspaper at Welch, to be called *The Tug River Tug*. Mr. Meadows has been long connected with the newspaper business and is a live man.—*Kanawha Democrat*,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estray Notice.

There are on my place near Edray three sheep, one with a small bell on, ear marked; smooth crop on right ear and a hole in same and under bit out of left ear. Owner calling for same and paying cost of keeping and for this notice, may have his sheep. J. E. BARLOW.
Nov. 29, 1894. Printer's Fee $1-t2

Notice.

The time for filing claims against the Manly Manufacturing Company and all sub-contractors is hereby extended until December 17th, and A. Gunther, a sub contractor, whereabouts unknown, is hereby notified that claims against him on account of his unfinished contract, in excess of funds now due him, have been filed with the Clerk of the Court, and he is directed to be present on that day and show cause if any why any or all of them should not be approved for pro rata payment out of any funds that may then be due him.

MANLY M'F'G. CO.,
By ROBT. P. MANLY,
President.

Notice.

I have been employed by several German families to purchase farms for them in Pocahontas county. Any one having real estate of any character to dispose of, will please write to me at No. 266, Virginia Street, Charleston, W. Va.

N. C. MCNEIL.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

Lightning Hot Drops—

per day - - - - 1,00
per meal - - - 25
lodging - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

Public Sale of Stock.

On Saturday, 15th day of December, 1894, the following property:

80 head of Ewes.

1 six year old horse, good driving or saddle horse.

1 Single Buggy, been run only a short time, also, 1 set Buggy Harness.

2 head of Horses, 3 years old, well broken.

2 head of Horses, 2 years old next spring.

1 New Saddle.

12,000 shingles.

Terms of sale.—Purchaser to give bond, with approved payable October 1, 1895. Respectfully,

S. P. MOORE, Frost W. Va.
Swecker, Auctioneer.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

THE BEST!

I carry in stock the best Driving Shoe now made.

ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

A shoe made in the state of Michigan, by a maker who knows what is required to stand water and hold calks. You need not fear to give them a trial.

10 INCH TOPS ONLY $5 00.

Marlinton, W. Va. P. GOLDEN.

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PUBLISHED AT
WHEELING, W. VA.

The Farmer's Friend,

A Home Companion,

The Best Story Paper.

Has already the Largest Circulation of any Newspaper in the Two Virginias, Eastern Ohio, or western Pensylvania.

The Great Twelve-Page Weekly.

Its women's and children's columns are of unusual interest.

Its Special Features cost more money than is paid by ANY TEN other papers in the same territary.

Its news columns cover the world. Bill Nye writes for it; Dr. Talmage preaches for it; Wallace P. Reed and Rudyard Kipling, Richard Malcomn Johnson, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Julian Hawthorne, K. R. Wilson, Rider Haggard, Olive Harper, Nym Crinkle, and the best literary genius of the world contribute to its columns. It is a magazine! And every issue an educator.

Only $1.00 a Year! Agents wanted in every locality. Money for agents in working for it. Send for sample copies. Send six names giving the address of yourself and five neighbors who want free copies, write for agents terms. Clubs of six for Five Dollars.

Address, THE REGISTER,
Wheeling, W. Va.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

ROOFING Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDERS that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

PAPER heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICES low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

WANTED: AT ONCE.
A First Class Miller.

To take charge of a good burr mill; married or single; house furnished; must come well recommended. Apply to

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 29th day of October, 1892, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 28, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina R. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1887, said deed or patent numbered 13081.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber. LEVI GAY, Trustee.

ANDREW PRICE, Attorney
Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

THE ADVERTISERS FOR 1895.

MORNING, EVENING, SUNDAY, AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

Aggressive Republican Journals of the Highest Class.

Commercial Advertiser.

Established 1797. Published every evening. New York's oldest evening newspaper. Subscription price $6.00 per year.

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Published every morning. The leading Republican newspaper of the day. Clean and fearless. Subscription price, $3.00 per year.

Sunday Advertiser.

New York's most popular Sunday newspaper. The only Republican 2 cent Sunday paper in the United States. 20 to 36 pages. Subscription price, $1.00 per year.

As an Advertising Medium.

The ADVERTISERS have no superior.

HOME NEWS GOSSIP

—Charlie and Eddie, sons of H. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., are down with fever, near Huntersville.

—Dr. Patterson has been kept very busy for several weeks by his professional duties.

—Miss Lillie Friel is giving much satisfaction to the patrons of her schoool on Douthard's Creek.

—Mr. Louis Yeager, perhaps the youngest teacher in the county, is getting along nicely with the Huntersville public school.

—Mrs. H. P. McGlaughlin is very ill with typhoid fever. Also, Miss Etta Thomas, of Huntersville.

—Messrs. Sherman P. Curry and James Smith captured a fine deer a few days since near their home.

—The residents of Mr. Thomas Moore on Back Alleghany was burned last week, with all its contents, as no one was at home at the time.

—A called session of the County Court was held the last of this week, to consider matters pertaining to a settlement with the public buildings contractors.

—The slate men came on the first of the week, and the jail and janitor house are under roof, and work is going on at the courthouse roofing.

—Mr. William Harper died last week, at his home on Greenbrier River, after a lingering illness from consumption. His death is sincerely mourned by his young family and many attached friends and neighbors.

—Mr. Charles Cochran, of Rockbridge county, Virginia, representing the Staunton grocery firm of Bowling, Spotts, & Co., was at Marlinton Friday.

—About fifty hands are employed at Hunter's camp. The drive will be very large this coming spring. Perhaps six or eight million of feet will come down with the Spring tide.

—Mr. J. H. Doyle, with the assistance of the Fisher Brothers, has been doing some repairs upon the old court-house, for Col. Turk. The rumour is afloat that a high school is in contemplation at no remote period.

—William H. Grose, Esq., has been doing a good business in furnishing many patrons with fruit trees. Our county promises to become noted for the quality and quantity of its fruits, apples, pears, and peaches. Mr. Grose merits the patronage of all desiring improved varieties.

—Parties from Charleston report about two hundred prisoners in the custody of the Marshalls. Quite a propotion of them are colored, and most of them charged with violating the internal revenue regulations, or in other words, moonshining.

—Charles E. Sutton, the artist, will locate in Marlinton on or about December 1st. All ladies desiring instructions in painting should not miss this opportunity. Ornamental and landscape painting a specialty. Terms the very lowest. He would like to organize a class at Hillsboro. Call and examine samples at E. H. Moore & Co's. store 1t.

—It is not generally known that no matter how big a head of horns a deer may have, it has all been grown since the summer months before. The antlers may look old and weather-beaten, but a few months before they had been "velvet," and had hardened into bone in that remarkably short time. The discarded horns are rarely found. The mountain mice eat them. Then, too, the buck rubs them off in the thickets where a hunter is not apt to walk.

—Tygart's Valley has a scourge of typhoid fever. From Huttonsville up there have been thirty-five serious cases, and three deaths. Statistics of typhoid fever give the average death rate as ten per cent. The fever in Randolph county seems to have been well managed as the death rate is less than this. As far as known all the cases of fever came from one well in the village of Huttonsville. Forshonately

—Mr. R. B. Chalmondeley killed two bears at Mingo last week.

—A protracted meeting is in progress on Elk at the Mary Gibson chapel.

—Frank Mulleuax, of Dalton Georgia, who is fixing up the jail here, has built seventy-four jails.

—Mr. Manley brought sixteen workmen with him this week as an additional force to push the courthouse; four slaters, four plasterers, two carpenters, two cementers, two jail machinists, one tinners, and one painter. All that remains to be done of the brick work is the front entrance. Eight teams are out this week for the windows and cages; and five temas for slate. Mr. Hubball, the superintendant informs us that the building will be compled in sixty days, readp to move into. The heaters will be working by next week, and the plastering begun. It will take three weeks to finish the stone work, at the present rate of progress, men are a coming twenty miles just to look at the building.

—Last Friday, Mr. Morgan, who carries the mail from Huntersville to Hillsboro, was feeding his horse at the Huntersville postoffice, at noon. Two wagons driven by David Sharp and Frank Mann, came by at which the horse took fright and dashed away at head-long speed, overturning the buckboard and scattering the fragments as far as Jesse Hill's cabin, where the horse was checked by Jesse at the risk of personal harm. The spot is marked by pools of blood, and the horse could be tracked by the blood all the way to Marlinton. Mr. Morgan procured the mail and with the pouch for a saddle, rode to Marlinton. The buckboard is a hopeless wreck, and its usefulness is over.

—This time of year the "buck fever" is a dreaded disease to the hunter. It is very dangerous when the hunter has only one shot as when he is carrying the old mountain rifle. When a man on the deer-stand, if he lets the deer through, he calls down all the curse of the whole crowd on to him for his carelessness. We hear of one man who was standing on the Greenbrier, who took a wild shot at a deer, and then in trying to reload, he shook so that the bullets rattled out of his pouch, and he spilt every grain of powder from his horn. The deer was killed by the man on the next stand.

—Speaking of the six-pointed buck which lives in Marlin's Mountain, commonly known as "that same old buck," calls to mind the killing of the "Chestnut Ridge buck," which lived in the mountains around Thomas Creek, and was shot by Hugh McGlaughlin, Esq., last fall. Over a hundred men had shot at this deer, never having touched him, except one shot that knocked him over by touching his horns. Mr. McGlaughlin got a face to face shot at about thirty-five yards and dropped him in his tracks. It is worth a trip across the Atlantic to kill one of these deer.

—A few years ago the Rev. Mr. Anvil had in charge as pastor the field which Rev. W. H. Hart has now, the Marlinton circuit of the M. P. church. Mr. Anvil had an unusually large nose. One day an impudent fellow called to him on the street in Huntersville and asked him why his nose was so long. "I have never worn it off poking it into someone else's business," was the witty rejoinder.

—When the St. Lawrence Company first bought timber in this county, the fine average pine trees cost them about five cents each. A citizen, who did not sell on these terms, manufactured lumber, and found the average profit to be about $7.50 per tree. Even ten cents does not appear any more adequate as a price for a tree than five cents, yet the man who got $1200 for his pine, would have received $2400 instead.

—Married, November 8th., while seated in their buggy, near the residence of the officiating minister, W. T. Price, at Marlinton, Mr. Jacob C. Sheets, of Green Bank to Miss Anna M. Geiger of Driftwood. The parties were accompanied by Mr. George Ray and Andrew Sheets, brother of the groom, who recently suffered double amputation, as mentioned in

What if this country were to freeze up without having come a rain? Man and beast would suffer for water, yet the winter is a coming on.

—Marlinton, with its five stores, five hotels, high school, and public works, presents a lively aspect these fine days.

—Jake Smith, of Valley Head, died last week of typhoid fever.

—Married, at Mingo, Thursday Nov. 22nd, by Rev. Bittenger, Mr. Piatt Marshall and Miss Beatty.

Cheat Mountain.

Cheat Mountain takes you up above the clouds. When on top you are on the backbone of this whole country. It is a promiscuous lot of mountains piled promiscuously on top of a highly elevated base. Cheat River runs among those mountains, about six miles from the Greenbrier, but thousands of feet higher. It has been considered a very practicable thing to turn the Cheat into the Greenbrier and thus make the latter more navigable, from Roncevert up. In the days of the old stage coaches, the turnpike over the mountain was quite a thoroughfare. After the war it was neglected, and the road became covered with turf. A few years back, and the Dewing & Son's company commenced lumbering on a large scale, and a small settlement was formed at Cheat Bridge.

There a club of sportsmen, West Virginians and Pennsylvanians, obtained a charter for a game preserve, and fitted up a comfortable club-house.

Therefore there is now a good-deal of life on Cheat Mountain, but the climate remains the same. Already they have experienced a heavy drifting snow, and the roads are frozen and covered with ice.

At this elevation of course the flora and fauna is affected. They have one plant that is peculiar to that country, and that is the thornless blackberry. A botanist at Morgantown a few years ago, sent it to a scientific society, and it was called for him in its Latin name.

Railroad News.

The Webster Echo publishes an item from the Braxton Central, to the effect that the Chesapeake & Sutton Railroad company has a deed recorded at Sutton, made to the Philadelphia Trust and Safe Deposit company for three million dollars. This insures the building of the road from Clendennin to Sutton. It is believed the road will reach Clay Court-House by next June, and the remainder pushed rapidly as possible. The Black Diamond system that interested our people so much a few years since seems to be coming to life. Le Marquis Eugene de Beauharnais is hopeful of its completion and goes to Paris in December, to negotiate for the sale of bonds. It proposes to follow a bee line from Chicago to Norfolk, and the right of way through Pocahontas is secured.

Some Deer Statistics.

A very good idea of the amount of game there is in the mountains around Traveler's Repose, can be gained from the following figures. These figures are of course very incomplete, and probably do not represent one half of the kill in that neighborhood this year:

Will Yeager has killed four deer two of which weighed over two hundred pounds.

J. C. Armentrout and boys, sixteen in one week.

The Kelley boys, eleven in one week.

George Hanchin, six deer and one bear.

Rube Blair killed three in one day, and his father has killed eight.

Poley Arbogast, one.

Charley Slavin, five.

Frank Burner, one; he has tracked nine different bears in a week.

Jim Townsend, ten deer.

Yeager Clyde Beard (aged 12), two.

W. P. Ledbetter, two.

Caswell Kellar and Ham Collins have been killing a lot, the informant did not know how many.

Lee Burnet trapped a bear.

Jeff. Wilmouth killed five deer one hunt.

These hunters all live in one neighborhood. A great many foreign hunters come into this part to hunt, but the local hunters all agree that they hardly ever kill a

About "Ironsides."

Many will remember an article in the Huntersville newspaper from the pen of its correspondent, "Ironsides," who has been trying to raise a stink in this county tne past season; this particular article attacked the church by taking for its theme the presumption that a churchman is a hypocrite. It was an illnatured article which did the church no harm, and caused scarcely any comment, few having read it at the time. A Bath county citizen sends us to publish a couple of columns of fine matter meant to refute the pernicious article. The refutation has already been printed in the *Bath News*.

We asked to be excused from publishing the contribution for three short reasons:

First, that he has loaded a cannon to kill a mouse, in answering the vagaries of "Ironsides."

Second, that we believe that Christians are greater than their vilifiers, and that they humbly confess themselves sinners, and trust that they are in the church because it is their duty to profess Christ before men, hoping to be saved thereby, and not professing to save the church by their holiness.

Third, if the editor of the Huntersville paper allows an article advocating infidelity in its nature to be published in his columns, we know that it is a pure oversight, and that he already regrets that the article appeared.

Lobelia.

Corn shucking over. Butchering is the order of the day.

Some sickness in this part. The sick are, Mrs. Lizzie Hill, dropsy; Mr. Granvil Hill pneumonia, typhoid fever; Mr. J. B. Vaughn, pneumonia.

Hon. D. A. Peck and wife were the guests of Mr. W. B. Hill, last week. We are glad to report Mr. Peck improving from his sickness.

Mr. Wallace Snedegar and Miss Maggie Crookshank were married by S. C. Morgan, last week. The next day they returned to the home of Mr. Snedegar where a most delicious dinner was served to the guests. The writer of this was there.

[illegible] Grove, with good results. There have been near fifty accessions to the church. He is a powerful worker.

Miss Ida Hill is home from Nicholas county.

Mrs. C. M. Sarver is at the home of her mother at this time.

OBSERVER.

Dunmore.

Capt. C. B. Swecker is still confined to his bed with typhoid fever, but is improving. He contracted the fever by drinking water out of Mrs. Price's well at Huttonsville, from which so many cases were contracted. So did Harry Taylor.

H. M. Moore wears two jay bird wings in his cap; its another girl.

John Noel tore up his old hat, and put on a high tariff hat because its another girl.

H. H. Jones and family returned to their home in Highland.

Swecker did not make the Sutton Sale, but he had a regular blow horn who got there with both feet.

We have another blacksmith in town, Mr. Hambrick. We now have about as many blacksmiths as white men.

Mr. Robert McLaughlin hauled two loads of coal from Point Mountain.

Miss Myrtle Herold is teaching the Glade Hill.

C. E. Pritchard has returned from Davis city.

Mr. Uriah Hevener, the cattle man, was in town to-day with a nice lot of cattle.

The Misses Vint will go to house keeping this week on Clover Creek.

Renick Kerr will move soon to his new house.

Miss Otie Cuckley is up at Dr. Ligon's.

Miss Clara B. Siple is here after a ten years' stay away.

We understand there will be new goods and new people moved to the C. C. Arbogast stand at Point Lookout. CROSS CUT

The south polar snow cap of Mars is now visible.

The gray partridges of Spain ranges from 3,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea level, and is rarely

There is a state of affairs which puzzles a man. There is no manner of doubt but what he sees more game in traveling over woods when he has no gun to shoot it. Let him, however, take a gun, and the deer "smells the iron" and will not come to the road and look at you. The pheasants which otherwise would strut around and try to get you to throw rocks at them, are hid in the leaves, and even the squirrels are afraid to take a nut in their months and saunter down to the roadside and try to look as though he had some business there. There is one animal though of which you see as much one time as another. It is the rabbit. He is an idiot. He is afraid of everything he sees, smells, hears, or has hearn' tell about. He don't respect a man any more with a gun than he does without, and he is just as apt to sit and suck his thumb and let you shoot at him as any other way If each family of rabbits did not have 147 little rabbits every year, they would soon be exterminated. But look out for the other animals. They see you first generally, and if you have a gun they let you slide.

Dilley's Mill.

Corn was a good crop in this part, and people seem well prepared for the winter.

Mr. Will Shrader is erecting a dwelling house on what is called the "Bird Farm."

The Misses Kee were the guests of Mr. W. H. Dilley last week.

Dr. J. M. McLaughlin, of Addison, W. Va., is in Baltimore. He will visit his friends in Pocahontas on his return. He is well known in this county, and ranks high as a first class physician.

Rev. R. R. Little has not been transferred to the Indiana Conference, as was reported some time ago, but holds his last Quarterly meeting, on this charge, the 8th and 9th of December.

Some of our young folks are anticipating a merry time on Stamping Creek at the marriage of Miss Lula Bobbett and Mr. Eldrich McClure, on the 29th.

Mrs. Margarett Grimes is visiting her sister near Green Bank.

Miss Florence Hively suspended her school this week, being too unwell to [illegible]

Green Bank.

We are a having cold weateer but no snow.

Atty Price, of the TIMES Marlinton, was in our burg on the 20th inst. taking depositions for Mr. John Galford, of Academy, who was also here.

Mr. J. H. Patterson, Clerk of Circuit Court, was here on the above named date on leagal business.

There will be a Thanksgiving service at Liberty Church on the 29th inst. conducted by Revs. E. F. Alexander, and C. L. Potter.

The 4th Quarterly meeting for the Green Bank Circuit, will be held at this place by Rev. Hammond P. E. on the 8th and 9th of December.

Miss Clara B. Siple, of Mt. Washington, Maryland, is visiting her father and friends in this vicinity at this time.

Mr. —— Woodford, of Alleghany county, Virginia, will start a store in the C. C. Arbogast store house soon. The wagons have gone for the goods at this time.

Mr. J. G. Sutton will move eastward in the near future, and Mr. James T. Sutton will move in this house and run the farm.

Mr. Pat Hamilton will rent the farm of James T. sutton and move to it soon.

Mrs. W. A. Gladwell and Mrs. P. H. Warwick are off to Monterey for supplies; Messrs. E. F. Arbogast and J. L. Warwick, who took a load of live turkeys to Bishop's store

W. T. McClintic, of Beverly, is very low with fever at this time.

There will be protracted services id the church at this place, commencing Sunday night, December 2d., at at o'clock.

The Bible Class at this place, which meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., is very interesting and is increasing in numbers and interest very rapidly. Everybody is invited to attend.

It is reported that Warwick Gum had his hand torn off, some days ago while coupling the log trucks to the engine at the lumber camp on the Buckhannon River.

OLD HICKORY.

—There will be a magnificent game of football played this evening between the East and West

An anti-lynching committee has been formed in England, including among its members the Duke of Argyll, Sir John E. Gorst, Justin McCarthy and others, to join with a similar committee in this country to remove the prevalence of lynching.

If each merchant of San Francisco, says the Commercial News of that city, had subscribed to the Nicaragua Canal when the project was first broached an amount equal to what he lost during the Debs railroad insurrection, the aggregated fund would have built the canal, and that being open would have reduced the losses by fifty per cent. The reduction in freight rates would have covered the balance, and the debt would now be wiped out.

An "irade" or decree of the Turkish Government has recently recommended and even prescribed the cultivation of potatoes, exempting the crop from the tithe taxation. This decree, which may prevent the frequent famines prevailing in some Ottoman provinces, notably in Asia Minor, recalls to mind the support given by Louis XVI. in France to the cultivation of the potato, which had been introduced into the country by Parmentier. In order to make that new industry popular the King and his courtiers displayed for some time a flower of the potato plant in the buttonholes of their coats.

The Philadelphia Record has found a chemist who believes that meats of all kinds will eventually be made artificially by chemical processes. Within this century," he says, "I expect to see synthetic steaks, roasts and chops entered upon the bills of fare at our leading hotels and restaurants, and they will be prepared so artistically as to appeal to the sense of beauty as well as to the appetite. At first, of course, in order to appease the natural prejudices against anything so novel, a choice will be afforded between the real and artificial; but eventually the killing of animals for food will be relegated to [illegible]. That this is not an absurd prediction is well assured to those who have observed what synthetic chemistry has already done in exactly reproducing mustard, sugar, butter, ice, lemon juice and flavoring essences, besides madder, turpentine and many other compounds used extensively in commerce."

The New York Tribune observes: A good many mundane telescopes habitually converge on Mars, most of them, in fact, of late, as that ruddy orb presents constantly changing phenomena and seems to be throwing out signals as if to attract our attention. Now it unrolls a new canal as long as the equator and as wide as the Baltic, and again exhibits polar snowstorms of tremendous magnitude and other meteorological phenomena showing a state of great agitation in the aerial envelope of the planet, and probably in the emotions of its inhabitants, if it has any, a point still undetermined by the cohort of Martian observers, notwithstanding the longitude of their telescopes and the latitude of their sidereal speculations. Of late two brilliant points of light have been signalled in the vicinity of its antarctic pole, and the question of their origin and import just now absorbs a good deal of astronomical attention and gives rise to a great variety of opinions and speculations concerning them. Whether they are volcanoes or signal towers or fire balloons, or the reflection of the Martial moon upon the snow clad Martial mountain is not yet positively determined, and perhaps will not be, and it may be that they are neither, but only some wandering astral will o' wisp flickering there in the midheavens bewildering to the sedentary star gazer, and promising no influence whatever on our own political, social or financial conditions. But as we inhabit the sister planet of that bloodshot orb, heaven's vermicide, shedding the ray and the madness of wine through the [illegible]

Never mind how the old world goes—
"Keep in the middle o' the road!"

Time is a-flyin',
No time for sighin'—
Hurry along with your load!
Never complainin',
Shinin' or rainin'—
'Keep in the middle o' the road!"

Never mind if the way is rough—
"Keep in the middle o' the road!"
When you reach the end 'twill be smooth enough—
"Keep in the middle o' the road!"

Blowin' or snowin',
World keeps a-goin'—
Goin' along with its load!
Night may be dreary,
Day may be weary,
But there's rest at the end o' the road!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE COUNTESS ROSAMUNDA

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

THE residence of the Von Lestjeivtsches stood in the environs of an Austrian town, surrounded by a beautiful garden, in which roses bloomed and fountains played. The branches of magnificent trees flung their shadows over the entrance to the picturesque hall, and great palmettos, planted in marble vases, decorated the courtyard.

But within all was yet more sumptuous, and no room was lovelier than the boudoir of the Countess Rosamunda, the walls and ceilings of which were frescoed with designs of Cupids enchained with roses, scattering rosebuds over the world, chasing butterflies or leading doves in flowery chains. The floor was covered with a splendid rug from Turkey; the draperies were of tinted satin and the richest lace; the furniture of the sort that connoisseurs hasten to bid for when the effects of princes are sold at auction. On two sides of the room bands of silver Cupids seemed to hold great mirrors that reached from floor to ceiling.

One of these mirrors reflected a beautiful female figure seated beside an ormolu table, her elbows upon it, the palms of her hands pressed together and turned back upon the right wrist, the beautiful cheek reposing on the dimpled fingers of the left. The "angel sleeves" of a lace robe fell back swept gracefully over the floor. One might have said that the lady was posing for effect, only there was no one there to pose for, and the other glass reflected the face of one absorbed in reverie.

In fact, the soul of the Countess Rosamunda, widow of Count Othon von Lestjeivtsches, was scarcely in her beautiful boudoir; it had gone back into the past. She was once more a girl of sixteen, living with her widowed mother, who boasted of her high descent and did gold embroidery for her bread and butter.

They were always shabby, sometimes hungry, when on the scene suddenly appeared the handsome figure of an old gentleman, well set up, well attired, courteous, and with red cheeks, white hair and snowy whiskers, an old friend of the family, who instantly began to be very kind to them.

One day her mother told her that he desired to marry her.

"He loves you," she said. "I suppose you will cry out: 'Such an old man!' But if you could think of it, our poverty would be over."

"He wants to marry me!" Rosamunda had said. "What a funny idea! But certainly it is a nice one. He is so much like grandpa, as I remember him, that I really love him already."

The child knew of no love but home-love as yet, and the old count, who was a man of society and of many experiences appreciated her innocence.

She married him, delighted to be a bride and wear a crown of pearls and a lace veil that fell to her feet. And from that moment she was petted and had but to wish for a thing to have it. They were seen everywhere, her little hand tucked under his arm, and his delighted glances continually revealing his delight in her. No one could be so good, she thought. Had he not provided for her mother, bought a commission in the army for a scapegrace brother and did he not continually praise and caress her?

Her first unhappy moment came when a fatal illness fell upon him, two years later. She had mourned him deeply and believed herself to have experienced all possible matrimonial bliss, and often said to friends who confided their domestic troubles to her ear:

"Ah, how dreadful, so different from my poor Othon, who was a perfect husband. But then, we were perfectly happy."

Now she knew that the ravings of mad poets and the absurd extravagance of romance writers and laughed at, was merely a transcript of actual fact. That there might be some one in the world whose presence was joy, whose absence was despair, a glance from whose eyes seemed to penetrate the soul; who was handsomer, better, nobler than any other living being; whom one would be willing to live for or die for; a touch of whose hand could make one tremble; who divided the earth into two places—where he was and where he was not. In fact, the Countess Rosamunda was in love.

It was a romantic affair. Her horses had run away; her carriage had been dragged wildly along the road; the coachman, thrown from his seat, lay senseless. Death stared her in the face, when she was saved by one of the bravest deeds possible to man. She had recovered to find herself in his arms, and in them was borne to her own home.

Her gratitude was intense, and, as was natural, an acquaintance followed. The man who had saved her was the private secretary of the Baron Trurenberg. He was, in her eyes, the handsomest of living men. To any one he was attractive. He was a gentleman of culture, comparatively poor, of course. But at this moment she was saying to herself: "What does it matter? I am rich; and never did I know the value of wealth until the thought that I can bestow it upon him came into my mind."

Now she sat there, dreaming of a future which must come. "Oh, the bliss of being the wife of a man one truly loves!" she whispered. "And that he loves me I know well. The thought of my rank and fortune forbids Valdimir to speak; but I will make him comprehend that he need not consider them obstacles. Surely I can do that without sacrificing my pride. And, after all," she cried, rising and speaking aloud, "of what value is that cold, hard armor that hurts and bruises the woman who wears it? I will fling it off and wrap myself in the soft, warm cloak of love. I will be happy, and so shall he."

Then she seated herself at her escritoire, wrote to young Valdimir, asking him to sup with her, and, having dispatched the note, summoned her maid and devoted herself to her toilet.

Her mother would, of course, sup with them; but good Madame Murska always fell into a profound slumber after a heavy supper, and might as well be a tea-pole. Somehow, the Countess Rosamunda intended that Valdimir should know that he might tell her that he loved her, before they parted.

The evening came. Mamma, attired in black velvet, smiled serenely above three sets of chins and occupied herself with her tatting. Rosamunda was beautiful as a dream. As Valdimir was announced, and she arose to welcome him, he might have read the story of her love in her eyes. Perhaps he did. When supper was served, and they took their seats at table, it was only Madame Murska who ate anything; the others trifled with their food, put little morsels between their lips for form's sake, looked at each other, sighed—the moment was approaching.

When, at last, the old lady slipped her napkin into its ring, and, at a sign from Rosamunda, the servants removed the table, Rosamunda stepped into a deep window and said to Valdimir:

"The moon is rising over the hills; do you not wish to see it?"

In a instant he was beside her. They were close together. Her heart was beating wildly. It seemed to her that she could hear his. Then he spoke.

"Countess," he said, "I have long wanted to tell you something about myself. Personal history is not always interesting, but where a—lasting friendship is possible—"

He paused.

She looked up into his face with a beautiful smile.

"Whatever has to do with your life will interest me," she said.

"Then I will venture—" he began. But at this moment a servant open the door.

"Countess," he said, "a lady wishes to see Herr Valdimir."

But, as he spoke, a figure, veiled and cloaked, rushed past the man and flung itself into Valdimir's arms, crying:

"Ah, I have found you at last! They told me you were here. You are glad to see me. You love me, do you not? You will protect me!"

"Yes, yes, my darling," he said. "Yes, Marita; be sure of that. But tell me what has happened? Why are you so terrified?"

"The countess will forgive me for asking to speak to you in private," the girl said.

That she was a girl Rosamunda had known by her slight figure and youthful voice. Who could she be? Why had she come? Why did she call Valdimir by the familiar name? Why did she ask protection of him? Rosamunda's heart was beating wildly. She could not speak. She could only look at the two with wide, startled eyes.

"Countess," Valdimir said, "I must tell me," the Countess Rosamunda said to herself. A mingled wrath and grief possessed her. She felt for the first time the pangs of jealousy.

But now the pride, which she had described as armor which hurt the wearer, came to her aid. Her face was marble-white, but she forced herself to say courteously: "Permit me to leave you alone," whispered to Madame Murska, and then left the room together.

Once outside, however, her feelings overcame her. She turned from her mother, and walking swiftly, passed out through an arched doorway into the courtyard. It was flooded with moonbeams; the whole place was as light as day. The marble, white as newly-fallen snow, the leaves of tropical plants in the great vases, glistened as though cut from jade.

"Valdimir loves another woman. He is lost to me," she said to herself. "What shall I do with my earthly life? How can I endure the days that part me from him?" And now a furious hate for this love of his leaped into her heart. "I could kill her!" she muttered with clenched teeth. "I could kill her!"

As she uttered the words a carriage drove rapidly to the door and stopped. Two men alighted. They were in military dress and wore the colors of the Sultan of Turkey, and displayed upon their uniforms the distinguished mark of the star and crescent. Each doffed his hat as he approached. They evidently understood the Austrian customs and intended to appear courteous; but words could not describe the veiled insolence, the cold cruelty, in the eyes of the elder man. The countess saw at once that they were not Turks, but belonged to those Austrians who had enrolled themselves in the sultan's army, and, in fact, when the younger addressed her, it was in good Austrian.

"Pardon, madam," he said, "we seek the Countess Lestjeivtsches."

"You address her," replied the lady.

"Pardon, we are here on rather unman. "We guess. We have come to pleasant young female who has left arrest a who is known to have esher ho to Austria and is said to have capes shelter under your roof. Is sou a person here?"

"A young female!" As the words fell upon Rosamunda's ears she understood that the girl whom she had seen clinging to the arm of the man she loved, the girl he had embraced in her presence and in whom his very soul seemed centered, was she whom they sought. For a moment a savage joy possessed her.

She saw plainly that these men had some cruel purpose in their minds; that they intended the girl some harm. But why should she think of that, she asked herself, when she might part her rival from Valdimir by one motion of her hand? Complete revenge was at hand. Why should she not seize upon it?

For a moment the countess contemplated doing this. Then over her heart swept a flood of angelic pity, not for the girl, but for Valdimir. She realized the fact that, though he loved another, she loved him too well to make him suffer.

"He shall be happy, though I may never be," she sighed.

"Madam does not reply," said the elder man, sternly. The countess turned toward him with her haughty air.

"A creature of the sort you describe certainly did rush into my presence a while ago," she said. "Naturally, I had nothing to do with her. If you you take that road," and she indicated one by a motion of her hand, you can scarcely fail to overtake the carriage, which has just passed out of sight."

That was true. A vehicle of some sort had dashed along the road. She had certainly had nothing to do with the girl who had cast herself into Valdimir's arms, and she called her "that creature" with hearty good will, for she hated her.

The manner of the countess totally deceived the two men, but before they entered the carriage, she heard the muttered oaths in which they expressed their wrath at having lost so much time.

And now she must continue her good work, if it were to be of any avail, and she hastened to re-enter the room where she had left Valdimir and the fugitive together.

"Two of the Sultan's officers have been here," she said, speaking coldly to the girl, and refraining from glancing toward Valdimir. "They are in hot pursuit of you. Of course, I know nothing of your affairs, but I will help you to escape them. I will give you a letter to the nuns of the convent upon the hill yonder. As long as you need shelter they will afford it, and especially in a case such as this appears to be. You must assume the costume of a servant and go

"Do not pain yourself by the recital. The countess will comprehendr Enough that our uncles have, fo mercenary reasons, vowed allegiance to the Sultan. My sister, placed under their care by our dying mother, was seen and admired by their master; and she, comprehending that they were about to sell her, fled from their home to seek my protection. She has traveled many weary days and suffered much, but she has escaped the fearful fate to which they had doomed her."

"Your sister!" cried the countess. "This young lady is your sister?"

"My only one!" said the young man. "My little sister Marita. Forgive me that in the excitement of the moment I have not formally presented her."

"His sister!"

At the words, the world seemed to become paradise to the Countess Rosamunda, and she opened her arms and took the girl to her bosom. At the same moment she gave Valdimir a look such as she had never given him before—a look he comprehended. As their eyes met, so did their hearts. There was no doubt, no fear, in either, only perfect love and confidence. This meeting of hearts is one of the occult mysteries. Many people are married without knowing anything about it, and sometimes hearts meet when hands may not.

But in this case it was not so, and the reader will understand that one day the Countess Rosamunda was united to Valdimir, and that the Sultan never again saw the beautiful Marita, who remained with her brother and his wife in Austria.—The Ledger.

WISE WORDS.

The father of lies loves half a truth.

A mother was nature's crowning work.

Blood relations are the hardest to bleed.

Every grain of good wheat holds a big future.

If tombstones are to be trusted, bad men never die.

Nations seldom learn from experience; fools never.

It is easier to convict a rich man than to convince a fool.

After the dance the average man finds it against the grain to pay the fiddler.

Would you know the qualities a man lacks, examine those of which he boasts.

Go down the ladder when thou marriest a wife, go up when thou choosest a friend.

Incessant application produces results that some attribute to inspiration and genius.

A mother thinks her daughter's faithful piano practice is sweet music. That is love.

Take time to deliberate; but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking and go in.

The most dreadful thing against women is the character of the men that praise them.

Our lives should be as pure as snowfields, where our footsteps leave a mark but not a stain.

A man cannot go through the world with a loving heart without having joy written on his face.

When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.

The egotistic fellow always has a grudge against the world because it will refuse to see him as he thinks he is.

A Protection Against Dogs.

A Saratoga County clergyman has discovered a method of protection against the attacks of strange dogs. He was walking a street one day when a large and apparently ferocious canine came toward him growling and showing his teeth and otherwise giving evidence of a disposition to do him bodily harm. All attempts to drive the animal away proved futile. At last a happy idea struck the reverend gentleman and he proceeded to put into execution. He carried an umbrella, which he opened suddenly in the face of the dog. The belligerent attitude of the dog changed instantly and, putting his tail between his legs, he slunk away. Whenever after that the clergyman was compelled to pass that spot and the dog was in evidence, the latter kept at a safe distance and never even so much as barked or growled at the passerby. The clergyman has tried the experiment with many other dogs since that time and

OWLS STUFFED TO POSE AS SAGES.

Very Crafty Birds They Are—The Night Owl of Nova Scotia—Better Weather Prophets Than Groundhogs.

THOSE who talk of the prescience of the blue bird and robin and groundhog in the matter of spring predictions know not whereof they speak, the New York Herald maintains. The groundhog is not in the race for spring wisdom with the owl. On the first bright day in spring you may hear the dislocated staccato notes of some redbreast, actively gathering twigs for a prospective honeymoon. If at the same time you fail to hear the lovemaking night whoop of the owl you may make up your mind that the robin's nest will be full of snow in a few days.

On some occasions the wise old owl will rent the top flat in some hollow tree as early as the middle of February, with the snow lying a foot deep over everything. When this occurs you may rest assured that spring weather will set in early, and that by the time the trees are green the abstruse problem of owl multiplication will have been well under way.

Owls are the favorite birds of the taxidermists. They are ignobly and incessantly filled with sawdust by every disciple of stuffology in the land. They are furnished with abnormal yellow eyes, and are placed in unnatural attitudes to glare at passers by. It would be a wise owl that could recognize its own effigy in the window of the average bird stuffer.

According to those who ought to know this is a great owl country. There are big owls, little owls, horned owls and horuless owls, owls that whoop and owls that whistle, and in short every kind of owl that one could wish for.

GREAT OWL.

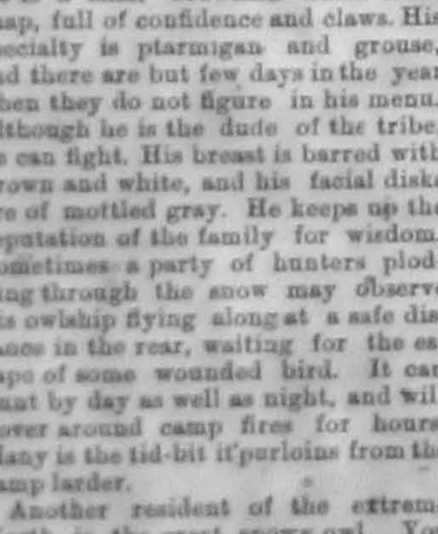
The little night own is a denizen of Nova Scotia and Labrador. It is sometimes eaten by the Esquimaux. It is ringed with chocolate brown bands, between which are a series of redish white spots. A band of white across the throat gives it the appearance of wearing a linen collar. It is a murderer of field mice, and the death of many a hare can be laid at its door. Catch it in your hand and it becomes a feathered buzz saw. Its beak pops like a nutcracker, its claws grab hold of anything that comes their way and it develops into a picture of outraged dignity.

The Columbian owl, which is a denizen of the great forests of British Columbia, is a serene, comfortable and aldermanic little chap that lives high on those heavy humming night beetles and moths that haunt the copses in the summer time. It is more timid than many of its kind, and less disposed to crack its beak and make bluffs. This may be due to an excess of wisdom. It is a remarkably handsome bird. Its head is dotted with yellowish white spots, its back is olive brown and its tail is barred with rows of transverse white markings. Its facial discs are brown, and it has pale reddish spots on the wings.

VIRGINIAN BARRED-OWL. BROWN OWL.

Away up in Maine among the snow burdened cedars lives the hawk owl. He is a slim, brownish black little chap, full of confidence and claws. His specialty is ptarmigan and grouse, and there are but few days in the year when they do not figure in his menu. Although he is the dude of the tribe, he can fight. His breast is barred with brown and white, and his facial disks are of mottled gray. He keeps up the reputation of the family for wisdom. Sometimes a party of hunters plodding through the snow may observe his owlship flying along at a safe distance in the rear, waiting for the escape of some wounded bird. It can hunt by day as well as night, and will hover around camp fires for hours. Many is the tid-bit it purloins from the camp larder.

Another resident of the extreme North is the great snowy owl. You have seen them in taxidermists' windows, sitting white and solemn on a dead branch, with staring yellow eyes, a gray mottled back and feather hidden claws. This owl is only a winter visitor to the United States, but sometimes during an especially cold snap it is seen as far south as Georgia. It hunts by day as well as night. It probably acquired this habit from necessity, as the polar day is six months long. Its flight is as noiseless as a floating feather or a bit of down. It looks harmless enough, but it can



CANADA OWL.

Everybody has heard of the burrowing owl, the side partner of the prairie dog and rattlesnake. Throughout the West it is called the prairie owl. Apparently it has less to brag about in the way of wisdom than any of its kind. No bird can be right mentally that will take up its residence with and make a confidential friend of a rattlesnake. Even its animated bill of fare, the prairie dog, marvels at it. On approaching a dog town you can see dozens of these owls blinking on top of the burrows. It has long feet and light yellowish brown plumage, spotted with white. Its tail is barred with white, and its face, throat and ruff are a light gray. It is not a thing of beauty, because it looks like a sort of albino, or a feathered mistake. On being approached it utters a low chattering sound not unlike that of a prairie dog, starts and skims swiftly over the plain toward a certain burrow from which it has ousted the lawful occupants. Down it goes into the depths, and you could not get it out with a burglar's jimmy. It is said to feed on field mice and crickets, but there is a suspicion in the minds of old frontiersmen that a timely autopsy would disclose the presence of young and tender prairie dog.

In the latter days of August it suddenly disappears. Nobody has ever been able to find out where it goes. The Indians, who are close observers, aver that it spends the winter in torpor.

Those who have traveled through the woody hills of Massachusetts are familiar with the Acadian owl, familiarly known as the "saw-whet." Its love notes bear a startling resemblance to the filing of a large saw. It is a soft, fluffy looking object, and how it manages to make such harsh notes is a wonder. Many a man while traveling

THE PRETTIEST WOMAN IN HONG KONG.

men at high rank are, to the best of my belief, always intelligent and charming, and usually highly educated, often intellectual; and in Hong Kong I knew at least one Chinese woman, whose picture I secured, who would anywhere take rank as a beauty.

A Novelist's Phonograph.

Captain Charles King, the novelist, does not write at all; he uses a phonograph. His hours for composition are after midnight. Having thought of a story he comes home from the theatre or from a social party feeling in the best of spirits; starts in at midnight talking his story into the phonograph and continues to dictate for four hours. This practice is resumed the next night and is kept up for eight, ten or twelve nights—until, in fact, the story is ended. The phonograph is then turned over to the typewriter, who prepares the manuscript, which Captain King revises before sending to the publisher.—Chicago Herald.

watches the traps set by the fur-hunters, and woe to the animal caught therein. If not too large and fierce the snowy owl will stow it away in short order. It regards a trap as an invention created for its essential enjoyment.

When calling to each other the voice of the "saw-whet" is almost exactly like a bell.

Everybody familiar with country life has heard the long, quavering scream of the screech owl. For a bird so small and insignificant its voice is tremendous. It has the unpleasant habit of doing the wrong things at the right time. Take your best girl for a walk in the woods in the gloaming and note the result. Just when silence is busily engaged in speaking louder than words from right overhead there will arise a scream like that of a lost soul. If you have never heard the sound before it is likely that you will do a hundred yards in even time. It is only the love note of the screech owl, and is the only way he has of expressing tender emotion. If by chance you catch the little fellow in your hand you will find that it can express something else besides emotion. It clatters its beak like small castanets and hisses and bites with great vigor. Its plumage is soft and downy, and mottled brown. Its eyes are large and keen, and its facial disks a yellowish white.

Every dog has its day, and every well regulated barn has its owl. At least this pertains to barns in the Eastern States. The barn owl is the bully of its tribe. It has an especial weakness for chickens of the spring variety, and it shows its wisdom in taking up its abode near its prospective larder. It also pays strict attention to mice, squirrels and other small animals. It is never found far in the woods. This owl, when wing broken, becomes a great bully and blowhard. On approach it hisses like a goose, swells out its plumage and blinks its great eyes imposingly, although it is doubtful if it can see to any extent in the daylight. Its plumage is grayish brown on the upper parts, interspersed with yellowish red, produced by minute mottling.

The owl that we are most thoroughly acquainted with, whose cries we have heard most frequently in the woods at night, is the barred owl. If its language is translated correctly it is a very inquisitive bird. Walk out into the woods on a moonlight night, and you are sure to be greeted with, "Who-who, who-who, who-ar-r-r-e you?" If you refuse to answer it fills the woods with a sort of horrible laughter. "Whah-ha, whah-ha, ha-a-a-a!" it will cry in derision.

The barred owl is a great destroyer of poultry and is thoroughly hated by the Southern farmers. Its sight is so defective in daylight that it has been known to light upon the backs of cows and horses, probably mistaking them for something feasible. Down in Louisiana the "Cajuns" (Acadians) sometimes make gumbo soup of it. They pronounce its flesh palatable. Its plumage is a light reddish brown on the upper parts, its face brownish white and its tail barred with brownish red streaks. Its abdomen is a yellowish white.

Last and greatest of all is the great horned owl, the bird of Minerva, the feathered emblem of wisdom. The vision of the horned owl is as keen as that of a falcon. It is one of the Nimrods of the feathered tribe and flies like a trailing shadow. It is never at rest. Watch it as it sits on a tree, and you will see its bill snapping as though in anticipation of coming good times. Now and then it utters a shriek, now it bays like a bloodhound on trail of a murderer, or calls for help for some starving person. At such times it keeps its keen eyes in motion, and nothing escapes its vision. Such is the great horned owl.

Boulanger's Lost Opportunity.

Paul de Cassagnac says that Boulanger, when he was in command of the Thirteenth army corps at Clermont-Ferron, entered into negotiations with the right and pledged himself on his word of honor that as soon as he returned to the war office he would, within forty-eight hours, possess himself of the persons of the President of the French republic and his colleagues in the cabinet and send them to Mount Valerien. "If Boulanger had only had the good sense," said Cassagnac, "not to stir for thirty or forty days the coupe would have been made and the republic would have ceased to exist."—Chicago Herald.

The Parting Guest.

A NEW YORKER WHO FOUGHT THEM DESCRIBES AWFUL CRUELTY.

They Fight to the Death Because Their Own Side Will Kill Them If They Are Defeated.

"BEFORE this, no doubt, more than one Japanese soldier has bent his neck to the deadly cup-cup knives of the Chinese."

The speaker was Lieutenant Cloth, of the French Navy, now in New York, but who was in active naval service during the Tonquin war.

"Every Chinese soldier," he explained, "carries a cup cup knife—a barbarous weapon—concealed in his trousers or his blouse. These knives are made of iron—not steel—are more than a foot long, and fitted with very crudely made wooden handles. They are used for cutting bamboo saplings into firewood and for a variety of purposes, and are always extremely dull. It is with the cup-cups that the Chinese behead their prisoners, an operation that is rendered doubly slow and painful by the blunt edges of the knives. I have been told that it sometimes takes half an hour of sawing and hacking to accomplish it, though, of course, I have no personal knowledge on that point.

"They always expect to be beheaded, if captured, and the first move made by a Chinese soldier who has been made prisoner is to bow his head and bend his neck for the knife. It is not surprising that more than one Frenchman during the Tonquin war killed himself rather than be captured by the bloodthirsty yellow fiends, for the cruelty of the beheading process is beyond the power of words to portray.

"I never knew a Chinaman to kill himself for fear of capture or to beg for his life after capture. They expect to be killed, and see no use in asking quarter. But I have known them to beg piteously for their pigtails. A Chinaman loses the respect of his countrymen if he loses his pigtail, and we used to cut them off instead of their heads.

"The cruelty of the Japanese may be great—but the cruelty of the Chinese is past belief. One favorite form of torture applied to some of our brave fellows who were captured was impalement. They lay the prisoner on his back, stretch his arms and legs and drive sharpened bamboos through his hands, feet and chest. Then they pour quicklime on parts of his body and leave him to a slow and awful death. The agony of a person treated in this way is excruciating. You may be sure that the Chinese have no knowledge of or respect for the Geneva Red Cross convention."

Lieutenant Cloth says the Chinese are far better fighters on land than on water. Their seamanship is vile.

"Why," said the Lieutenant, "they do not even know how to tack when navigating a sailing vessel. They can only go before the wind; never against it. I have known Chinese vessels to remain at anchor for days because the wind was not blowing in exactly the direction the ship was to sail. Their lack of knowledge of navigation will be very disadvantageous in their naval combats, in spite of the fact that their ships are commanded by Europeans. On the land it will be different.

"The imperial army is composed mostly of men from the northern part of China, Tartars, tall, strong fellows, not at all like the undersized Chinamen who are to be seen in America. They are thoroughly stoical in their bravery, and they fight with the desperation of demons. Most of them are armed with first class European rifles, though every army corps is followed by a body of irregular troops, who carry lances made only of bamboo stalks, tipped with iron, and bows and arrows. These men are of no use as fighters, excepting at close quarters; but I assure you that it is very disagreeable, indeed, to meet them in a hand to hand fight. The regular troops are as determined soldiers as I have ever seen. In Tonquin, which is dotted with hills and cut up with ravines, they would take position on an eminence and remain there loading and firing with the regularity of clockwork as long as a single man was left. They simply could not be dislodged, either by rifle or artillery fire. The only way to make them fall back was to overpower them by a bayonet charge. Then they would run, without attempting to hold their ground. They are wretched marksmen.

"Each soldier wears on his breast a round shield of white cotton, on which is inscribed his name, the branch of the army to which he belongs, his age, his birthplace and the date of his entering the army. The Chinese have no other military register or means of identifying their dead soldiers."

"The discipline of the Chinese army is excellent in some respects. Disobedience of the smallest order is pun-

vice which is represented in the cut resembles a life-preserving dress; the

upper part is a kind of buoy or floating chamber, in which the occupant has some freedom of motion for his head and arms.

The object is to provide the shipwrecked person with not only a means of flotation but with complete shelter.

Inside the enlarged upper chamber it is proposed to place provisions and a water supply, so that the wearer can stay afloat for a month, if need be, with safety and comfort.

The upper portion is made of strong sailcloth, waterproofed and distended on a jointed cylindrical frame. Across the lowest ring a diaphragm is placed, in which are two apertures for the legs, which are incased in waterproof pants and boots, covered with metallic rings, in order to afford protection against fishes and the sharp rocks.

These rings are made to fit one within the other when the dress is folded, so as to enable the device to be stowed in small space.

The top of the upper chamber is inclosed by a hood, in which a window is made. An air pipe is provided, leading to a respirator fastened over the mouth of the occupant. An annular air chamber is provided, which keeps the upper part of the apparatus well out of the water. A man of Newark, N. J., is the inventor.

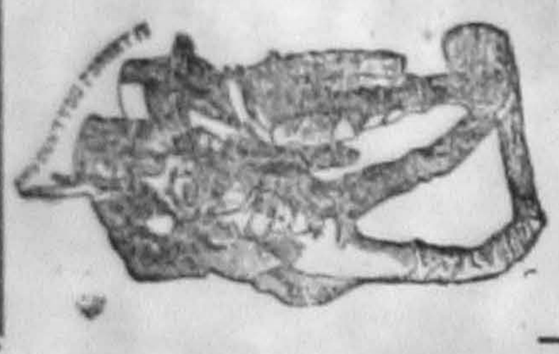
A Chinese Beauty.

If China were only as beautiful in its personnel as in its scenery! There are not over many beautiful women in China, says a traveler, and fewer handsome men; but the Chinese wo-

THE UMBRELLA

West Side, End of County Bridge.

Best and Cheapest Goods for the least money



MARLINTON, W. VA.

Which will best protect your interests on a "Rainy Day,"
Is to make a Dollar go a long and the right way.

Your income will look larger than ever when compared with the

BIG VALUES I offer in DRY GOODS.

Calico, 5 cents a yard.....Ladies Shoes, LaBelle Helena, $2.25 for $1.75
Misses Shoes, our Fashion Dine, $1.75 for $1.25.

Have you ever thought how fast money accumulated when you can buy

A $15.00 SUIT FOR $10.85?

A $3.00 pair of pants for $2.25.

Thirty-three and one third dol' on each $50 you spend, in five years will will make the sum total, $83.33⅓.

This is a Good Umbrella.

Yours, for Trade, P. GOLDEN.

S. W. HOLT

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Always carries a first-class line of

Dry Goods, Groceries

Queensware, Hardware, etc.,

Customers wishing to buy anything usually found in a well stocked store can rely on being accommodated at my place of business. We give fair warning that the buyer who wishes to save money will do do well to look through our stock of Goods. Good country produce taken in exchange for goods.

Our Terms are CASH or to responsible parties thirty days. All outstanding debts must be settled at once.

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DRUNKENNESS
OPIUM
CHLORAL
COCAINE
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
TOBACCO AND CIGARETTE HABITS.

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HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.

tle story in the November number of *Munsey's Magazine*, is from the pen of Miss Margaret Kenna, daughter of the late Senator John E. Kenna, and a graduate of Mt. de Chantal. Miss Kenna has an inherited fondness for the State her father loved so well and from one of his favorite haunts in Greenbrier county she has selected the curly headed little boy who is the central figure in her story and who gives to it its name. He is a manly little fellow, and bears up bravely under trials that would crush many an older one. His heroism, his devotion to his mother and his manly character appeal strongly to the reader, who readily grants him the place of prominence in the story allotted by the writer, although his part is really a minor one, and he is but the means of showing how a man's true character is oftentimes made known, the best that is in him brought out by some deep sorrow. The story of Bobby is beautifully told, and is the work of one who evidently possesses much literary talent, although she has never before been known as a writer for the magazines—*Wheeling Register*.

Haunted Woods.

Strange goings on have been reported concerning a certain neck of woods, where a road from Frost, joins the Huntersville, and Green Bank road, near where Levi Sharp lives. This is the spot where R. R. Mason, Esq., foreman of the lumber firm of Smith, Whiting & Co., was held up two winters ago. For a long time a certain stump was placed in the middle of the Frost road, of nights, until a man hauled it miles away. Since then a certain log, requiring two men to lift it, has been put in instead.

A certain gentleman who is accustomed to pass here late in the night, sees or hears something mysterious, every night, and his horse takes a regular fit of plunging. One night he saw something in shape of a man, by a large tree, but could not tell whither it was human or not. He refrained from firing on it. White pieces of cloth are found tied to bushes here, and not very far away is the place where Renick Kerr's hogs were killed. People have missed a lot of stock that ranged in these woods.

A thorough investigation is talked of being made.

Valuable Woods.

Many of the finest woods in existence are yet unknown, or only slightly known, to the manufacturers of wood in the civilized world. The woods of Central and South America are, perhaps, the most remarkable as well as the least known. In the yet untouched forests of this continent are many woods far finer than any of those now in use. These woods range from pure white to jet black in color, and many of them are most beautifully marked and veined. Some of them are so hard that they turn the edges of axes, chisels, and other tools, while the band saw cuts them only slowly. In the Columbian Exposion there were many displays of little known woods, and the finest of them were those from Argentine Republic, Brazil, and other South America countries. Some of these sorthern woods yielded to the teeth of the band saw, not the ordinary sawdust, but fine powder, fine as the finest flour, so hard were the woods. Some of them burn but slowly. Others possess qualities that keep them free from insects. Some of them seem to be practically indestructible by air and water. All along the eastern slopes of the Andes, up to the snow line on those great elevations, throughout all the great river vallers, and in some of the wide acres of level country in South America are great forests of fine woods that are specially fit for the finest cabinet and furniture work, and also for shipbuilding, carpentry, and other industrial arts in which wood is the "raw material." These great forests are now an unknown quantity in the commercial world, but they will come rapidly into the knowledge of men and into industrial use when once the railroad has reached them. Before

of a railroad track, and this fact figured largely in the unfortunate work of extermination which these animals have suffered since the Western plains have been spanned by railroads.

The greatest blow delt the bison herds of the Northwest was the completion of the Northern Pacific track west from Bismarck to the Rocky Mountains. Thd road practically divided the herds, and those to the south were soon swalloed up in the general slaughter waged by Indians, pot, hide and tongue hunters, foreign sportsman and others who were out to kill anything they saw on sight.

This was during the winter of 1882-83. The buffaloes to the north were in many scattered bands, but there was one great herd of not less than 75,000 head, which had found a temporary refuge in the triangle formed by the Musselshell Missouri and Yellowstone rivers in Montana, and as yet they had not been "smelled out" by either red or white hunters. But they were as surely doomed as though already killed, for the railroad iron cut them off from the southern range, and the Indians of the Canadian northwest, as well as those of our country, barred their retreat into the far North and so they were hemmed in between the two, with no posibility of escape in either direction. This last herd was completely whiped out of existence in less than four months, and before the close of the year there were but a few singles and pairs left as fugitives in that vast country where but a year or two before they could have been counted almost by the hundreds of thousands. At the end of that season 800,000 buffalo hides were shipped east from Glendive, on the Yellowstone River.—*Scientific American.*

First Actor (pulling the trigger of a revolver six times)—"Die you miserable villain!" Second Actor—"Your pistol has missed fire, Sir Rudolph, but I am smitton with remorse for my many crimes, and will die acording to your wish." Then he rolled on the stage in agony while curtain slowly descended amid the cheers and laughter of the audience.—Ex.

Wher Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Cash Capital $100,000.00.

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A. D. BARLOW'S
Wholesale and Retail Store at
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where he is selling flour at cost and carriage. Note the following prices:

XX	60	$2.60
Nickle Plate (good family)		3.00
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PRESCRIPTION
DRUGGIST,

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—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

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—AND—
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☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

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A limited number of Horses boarde.

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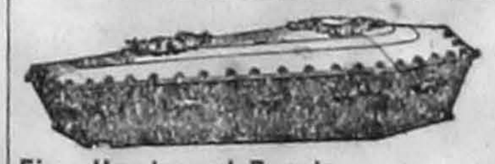

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Notice.

On account of sickness in my family, I am compelled to retire from business here. I will dispose of my entire stock of goods at first cost and carriage. All parties indebted to are requested to call at once and settle their accounts, by note or otherwise. All accounts remaining unpaid by December 1st 1894, will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

Thanking my patrons for past favors, I remain very respectfull.
Green Bank, W. Va., JACOB BONAR

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 20. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1894. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Robt. K. Burns.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, Amos Barlow.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter
Coroner	Geo. P. Moore.

Justices: A C L Gatewood, Split Rock—Chas Cook, Edray—W H Grose Huntersville—Jno R Taylor, Dunmore—G R Curry, Academy—Thos Bruffy, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Marlinton, West Va.
Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of est Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law
[illegible]

W. A. BRATTON,
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Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney-at-law.
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will be found at Times Office.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL.
DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year
The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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All calls promptly answered.

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Calls promptly answered.

C. B. SWECKER.
General Auctioneer and Real Estate Agent
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[illegible]-Dunmore, W. Va., or Al-

The School Teacher.

Just now the schools all over the country are in full blast. In driving by the neat school-houses, the passer sees a pair of bright eyes peering through the glass, risking the chance of "catching it" to vary the monotony by seeing who is going by. The teacher has heard the sound of wheels, too, and is dying to know who it is, and perhaps gets up and looks, and the little one then draws a sigh of relief, knowing the danger of "catching it" is past.

If the school is alive to what is passing on the outside of the little frame building, it is equally on the alert to take in anything of ordinary interest on the inside. A boy who can do things and make faces when "the teacher's" back is turned, is an indispensable member of the fraternity, and even the good little girl who stares at the offender out of her big eyes, forgets that she is tired, in contemplating the enormity of his crimes.

The school teacher's life goes on in this monotonous way from day to day, each alike, and in after years if he allows himself to think on his wasted past, the days are all a confused jumble, with nothing to distinguish one day from another.

The serious question now-a-days is that the school teacher considers himself ill-paid, and the tax-payers that the money is thrown away. There is no manner of doubt that it takes as much *finesse* to run a district school as it does to govern a state. The teacher has to contend against ignorance [illegible] his whole [illegible] is kept from doing or saying things, hampered and hindered by the continual presentment of "how it would sound" after being repeated by the children at home. It is not much wonder that the teacher complains that he is poorly paid in Pocahontas.

The tax-payer complains and says that it takes as much to support a school which is attended by one-third of the children of the neighborhood, as it would were double the number of pupils present. Now not one-third of the children of the county are present daily at the free schools. The teacher wants to have the biggest school possible. He also wants a school-year long enough to justify him in making teacking the work of his life. Under the present four months school, the majority of the the teachers are young, and this has been the state of the case for years. They teach a year or two, and the profession offering no inducements, we lose them just when they begin to be valuable.

We do not wish to call our young teachers "adventurers," but under the present system, how many of those teaching to-day will be teaching two years from now? A small minority!

What course pursued would result in pleasing the teacher and tax-payer alike? Would not a compulsory system of education do this for us as it has done for older States? The schools then would do twice as much good as now, the money seem less like wasted money; and then to insure our having proficient teachers let the school abandoned. With two-thirds of the children out of school, it seems unfair that this enormous outlay of money should go to benefit one-third of the people. The tax-payer has a right to demand that his money be better applied, and that more people be reached in its expenditure. Free the teacher from the mercy of the whims of his patrons. Help him to the extent that he will only have to work in the school-room, and that alone will cause fewer of them to drop the profession. Improve the free schools or abandon them!

Let us see what the 'new brooms' in the Legislature will do.

An Experience.

The following is the experience as given by an old Confederate veteran, of this county, in an experience meeting. It must be remembered that this took place in church, and while it was irresistably funny to the hearers, the old man himself was devoutly doing his duty as a christian:

"'Pears like we have hard times now, 'pears like, these days people don't know what hard times is—durin' the war, 'pears like, we had hard times to serve the Lawd—'pears like when we was camped way down yander, we had a lot of devilish fellows in camp, 'pears like they didn't care what they done—hard time to serve the Lawd—'pears like we built log-racks down there, these devilish fellows dig great holes and bury whole canteens of powder, there—hard time to serve the Lawd there—they'd go off and blow out [illegible] big enough to bury a [illegible] I tell you my young [illegible] serve the Lawd there."

Some little laughter was heard—"I tell you it may be funny to you now, but it wasn't funny to us then."

THE celebrated Mr. Stead, the London editor, whose writings have such influence on the sirit of the age, recently explained what he believed was the secret of his editorial power. He thinks there can be no power unless the intellect is imbued with moral force, and works in lines consistent with the purposes of Him, who does according to his will among the dwellers of the earth. The first chapter of Josiah he has chosen for his Mentor, and has endeavoured by patient examination to "hear and understand" its import. The theme of this chapter is found in verses 16—17, "Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." His idea is that this the type of citizenship at which the moral forces are aiming and being supported by the all-powerful Ruler of the universe, success is assured to those in harmony.

IT seems too strange to be true yet the time is not very far removed, when chemistry will make all kinds of food from wheat and corn, no more need for butchers; heat and power will be drawn from the interior of the earth or supplied by dynamos run by streams and tides; silk, wool, and cotton be made from wood-pulp much cheaper than now produced; and aluminium, be cheaper than timber for houses. Whoever has coming to grown the coming

The Letter "A."

The most wonderful of all inventions is that of speech, the next most wonderful is the discovery of the alphabet, that gives the average child so much trouble. The history of the a b c brings to our consideration a discovery of the most complicated character and one of the most fruitful in beneficial results of all the past attainments of the human intellect.

The alphabet learned by the Pocahontas boy or girl is what was learned by the Roman youth when they were preparing to be the foremost orators, poets, and generals of the world. The Roman alphabet was from the Greek, and the Greeks received theirs from the Phœnicians by way of adaptation. Thus far the history seems very plain. But when it goes back of that and the question comes up where did the Phœnicians get their alphabet. The Hittites and the wandering Arabians seem to some writers to have some claims to the distinction of being the original discoverers, and teachers of the Phœnicians. Recent researches, however, satisfy most of the scholars that the Egyptians were the inventors of letters, more than 3000 years B. C.

All systems of writing are pictorial in their origin, and hence Phœnicion is not an exception to the rule. The word alphabet is composed of alpha and beta, the names of the two first letters of the Greek alphabet, and these again refer to aleph and beth of the Phœnicians, which are still the names of the first two letters in the Hebrew alphabet. Aleph means "an ox," and beth means "house." The Phœnicians perceived some likeness between the letters and the pictures of an ox head and a house, and the memory of the Phœnician child may have been aided by the comparison, but in our early school days it was supposed we could learn our letters more easily if we were told. "A is the hunter who shot at a bird. B is the house where you once lived. The old Phœnicions must have considered the alphabet as so many pictures of things. The Egyptians had a pictorial system of writing. The Phœnicians had much commercial dealings with them, and for the purposes of commerce, they acquaintad themselves with the method of writing and devised the Phœnician method as a kind of short hand method for business purposes, and the art of alphabetic writing was by them introduced into Asia from African Egypt.

Mail carrier's horses are proverbialy very rough looking specimens. Tney are generally old "plugs" which "eat their heads off" about six times as often as valuable horses. When you take into consideration the work they each do, you wonder they have kept up so well. Say they each average nine hundred miles a month. They would cross the continent in about three months, and a horse that did that, would be expected to show a little wear and tear.

A little girl's father had a round bald spot. Kissing him at bed time not long ago she said, "stoop down, popsy; I want to kiss the place where the living shows."

Ignorance is said to be bliss, but

Douglass Sentenced.

Last Friday morning, in the Circuit Court, Judge Campbell overruled the motion for a new trial, submitted by the counsel for Douglass, and then and there sentenced the prisoner to confinment in the State penitentiary for the term of his natural life, in accordance with the verdict of the jury. The Judge, however, granted a suspension of the sentence for forty days to allow counsel for Douglas an opportunity to make out the record and apply for an appeal. Few, if any, who heard the evidence, entertain a doubt that the prisoner fired the shot which put an end to the life of poor Tom Reed. But without commenting particularly upon the verdict, which we think is fully sustained by the evidence, we again take occasion to impress upon the young men of the county the lesson this case so forcibly teaches, showing the folly and danger of carrying deadly weapons concealed about the person. Douglas started out last Christmas morning with a number of his young friends for a day of fun and frolic. According to the proof, at least three of these young men, of whom Douglass was one, had pistols in their pockets, which, during the day, they amused themselves in shooting off, much to the annoyance of the law abiding people of the vicinage. Had they all left their pistols at home that morning Tom Reed—a quiet, inoffensive man—would not have been brutally murdered and Kenos Douglass, instead of being in jail under sentence of confinment for life in a State prison, would now be at liberty enjoying the comforts of his home, the society of his friends and the free air of the mountains.

Young men of Greenbrier, we beg you to consider that in carying pistols or other deadly weapons concealed about your persons you are violating the laws of your State, laying yourselves liable to indictment and prosecuting and running the risks of getting yourselves into just such troubles as that in which young Douglass now finds himself.

If you will persist in this unlawful practice, for which there can be no justification or excuse in a civilized country like this, then we invoke the juries and the courts to visit upon you the full penalties of the law you violate.—*Greenbrier Independent.*

The Petrified Forests of Arizona.

In one of the meetings of the American Forestry Association held in Brooklyn lately Dr. Horace C. Hovey, of Newburyport Massachusetts, showed by specimens and by views the petrified forests of Arizona. This great tract of agatized wood, at least 2,000 acres extent, is near the station, of Corrizo and Adamannas on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, in Arizona, and resembles an immense logging camp with huge trunks thrown about. The largest are ten foot in diameter, many of them severed as evenly as though cut up by a cross-cut saw, and the sections vary from disk like cartwheels to logs thirty and more feet long. Many of the peprified logs have been broken into glitrering fragments by action of the weather and by Indians and tourists, and at every footfall the traveler steps upon a mosaic of cornelian, agate, jaspar, topaz, onyx and amethyst. A petrified trunk 150 fee. long spans a canon, and is known as the Agate Bridge. The name Chalcedony Park has been given to the tract. Curiosity hunters, manufacturers and speculators are rapidly destroying its beauties, and recently a company proceeded to pulverize the chips and logs, the powder to be used in place of emery. Car loads of the petrified wood are being shiped away for this use, and Dr. Hovey advocates the saving

If I should go away—
And you no more should meet me like the
Way—
I say, if I should go,
Who long have loved and long have loved
you so—
Would you not feel some natural, sweet re-
gret?
Would you remember yet?

If I should go away?
And you should see the breaking of the
day—
Would you not still remember how I stood
And saw the same sun lightening all the
wood
Where the pines waved? Where all the flow-
ers are wet
With constant dews? Would you remember
yet?

If I should go away—
Sweetheart there are no words for me to
say
I cannot go and leave you! God would not
Have any violet of our love forgot:
But, if His visions with no tears were wet,
Would you—O, sweetheart, love of mine,
forget?
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

TARSNEY'S TEMPTATION.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

UNLESS there was a horse-trade or something of equal importance on hand, Lyman Tarsney was pretty sure to be found at the postoffice at mailtime; not because he expected a letter, but because the postoffice was in a grocery store plentifully supplied with comfortable box, barrel and counter seats. It offered abundant opportunities for sly nibblings of crackers and cheese, and was the clearing-house for the gossip of the village.

When, one day, the postmaster really did hand Tarsney a letter, he was much surprised and examined it doubtfully. The envelope was addressed plainly enough, and bore the New York postmark. Who in the world could be writing him from New York?

Tarsney went to one side and opened the letter with mingled eagerness and doubt. Perhaps somebody had died and left him a fortune? Stranger things had been heard of. When he had gained a partial understanding of the contents, he hurriedly left the postoffice, his whole lazy body quivering with excitement.

Around the corner he passed, undecided where to go to examine his prize in secret. Then he slouched with unaccustomed energy out of the village into the woods, turning abruptly from the beaten path as soon as he was out of sight of any house, and keeping on till he felt sure he was in no danger of being seen.

He wormed his way into the midst of a thicket, and re-examined his prize. The contents of the envelope consisted of a neat circular, printed in imitation of the work of a typewriter, a strip purporting to be a clipping from a newspaper and a small slip bearing a name and address.

Tarsney read the circular carefully. It was couched in a strain well calculated to flatter the vanity and whet the greed of the reader. After stating that the writer was desirous of obtaining a shrewd man to handle his goods, which were nowhere mentioned as counterfeit money, but always as "goods," the circular continued:

"You can make money faster and easier by dealing in my goods than you ever dreamed of before in your life. It was never intended that one man should have millions and another nothing. The wealth and good things of this world are too unevenly distributed.

"Unless you have money enough to live on comfortably for the rest of your life, this is just the business you should take hold of, as my goods can be handled with perfect safety and immense profits, and enable you to provide yourself with a competence for your old age and pass your remaining years in ease and comfort.

"There is no wrong about it—Uncle Sam has millions of our money locked up in the Treasury, uselessly and unjustly so."

He ran want the latter to a considerable length, in a way shrewdly calculated to find the weak point of such a man as Lyman Tarsney. When he had finished reading the circular, he sat gasping at the magnitude of the possibilities which seemed suddenly to have opened before him. His head trembled as he turned hungrily to the printed slip that accompanied the circular.

It purported to be a newspaper clipping, setting forth that, in spite of the vigilance of the Government officials in New York, counterfeiters had succeeded in making the plates from which the genuine bills were printed, and had struck off a large amount of money. The bills were so perfect that the slightest variation from the genuine bills would be detected only by the most expert bank officials. The counterfeiters had been captured, but the plates and the money had disappeared, and the police were baffled.

Tarsney's hands trembled as he read the description of the bills. Why, they were exactly like the genuine bills! Who could tell the difference? Nobody! Then the slip of paper with the name and address. That was the name of a man in New York who was ready to buy the counterfeit money at a big discount.

Tarsney sat for a long time in the thicket, thinking. Then he crept out and made his way back to the village. He was in a fever of excitement. He must get away from there at once. He must get to New York and see the man who was ready to buy the counterfeit money. He must get some of the money and see if it was really as good as it looked. He must get rich at once.

He went to the postoffice and got his mail. There was a letter from his wife, telling him that she was getting along nicely, and that the baby was cutting a tooth. There was a letter from a cousin in Missouri, telling him that the crops were good and that he was doing well. There was a letter from a man who owed him a small debt, saying that he would pay it next week. There was a letter from a man who wanted to buy a horse. There was a letter from a man who wanted to sell a horse. There was a letter from a man who wanted to borrow money. There was a letter from a man who wanted to lend money. There was a letter from a man who wanted to marry his daughter. There was a letter from a man who wanted to divorce his wife. There was a letter from a man who wanted to be divorced from his wife. There was a letter from a man who wanted to be married to his wife. There was a letter from a man who wanted to be married to his daughter. 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...gh the fish is extremely
...to the taste, and if cooked
...is hard and dry. It is al-
...have an exact rule as to
...shall be cooked. When the
...n the fire look at the
...ke it off as soon as it is

...h, such as white shad,
...mackerel, scrod or blue-
...be timed according to the
...If the fire be bright and
...n inch thick can be cooked
...nutes. If two inches thick
...wenty minutes. Of course,
...e is dull it will take longer.
...ason fish with salt and
...re cooking. A fish with
...should be broiled with the
...m the fire until the last
... of cooking, when that
...urned to the fire, but it
...atched closely or it will
... only dry halibut that re-
...butter and flour before
...Many people prefer to dip
...fish in olive oil rather
... If the oil be used it
... heated, and it is well to
...the fish an hour before
...ew York World.

REMOVE FRUIT STAINS.

...it season waxes it becomes
... to keep delicate drapery
...Who has not beheld with
...'s favorite damask hope-
...ould seem—discolored with
...ry and berry stains? Some
...culled from that best of
...xperience—and that are
...y known may be of assist-
...edying the mishap.
...t place, do not wash the
... applying other remedies;
... the stain almost indelibly.
...has to pass through all
... time and laundry leave
...ellow reminder, which con-
...does not follow usually un-
... is threadbare. For berry
...some one hold the cloth so
...a little and pour absolutely
...r through the spot; rub
...s fails, light a bit of sul-
...ld under the wet spot—a
...h will answer; the sul-
... usually does the work,
...ctually disappearing.
...are some that, like Lady
..."damned spot," will not
...h stains, for example.
...ust have recourse to salts
...hich is good, but apt to
... in lieu of the stain. By
...efulness in its use, how-
... not do such dire damage.
...y day for the task; first
...spot and then rub on a
...f the salts of lemon; lay
...the sun for two or three
...d then wash thoroughly
...d warm water. Success
...es follows.
...ne, like iron rust, are more
...ved. After washing the
...ents lemon juice on the
...en cover thickly with salt.
...un all day, wash, and if
...not entirely removed re-
...dication. This is equally
... stains.
...ent washing fluid, that
...ables the celebrated Javelle
...ke as follows:
...y two gallons of boiling
...n thoroughly a pound of
... a quarter of a pound of
...es. When it is settled and
...d, skim well and let it
... Take from the fire and
...pour off the clear fluid
...or stone jars that can be
...ed. Use in the proportion
... to a large bucketful of
...ent Free Press.

SCRAPS.

...up Pudding.—One cupful
...ne-half cupful butter, one
...d milk, four cupfuls flour,
...chopped raisins, one-half
...soda, one-half teaspoon-
...ful, one-half teaspoonful
...-salt. Steam three hours.
...ance.—Grate three table-
...of any kind of cheese. Add
...cupfuls of flour, a little
...and salt. Add to dry in-
...a heaping cupful of melted
...ed water and the yolk of
...ll this as for cookies, cut
...a spoon long and one-half
... Bake fifteen minutes.
...ese and toasted dainty

Royal Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Ducks and Geese.

Wild geese and wild ducks show knowledge as to the resistance of the atmosphere and sagacity in overcoming it. When flocks of them have to go long distances, they form a triangle to cleave the air more easily, and the most courageous bird takes position at the forward angle. As this is a very fatiguing post another bird, ere long, takes the place of the exhausted leader. Thus they place their available strength at the service of the society.

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LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL}

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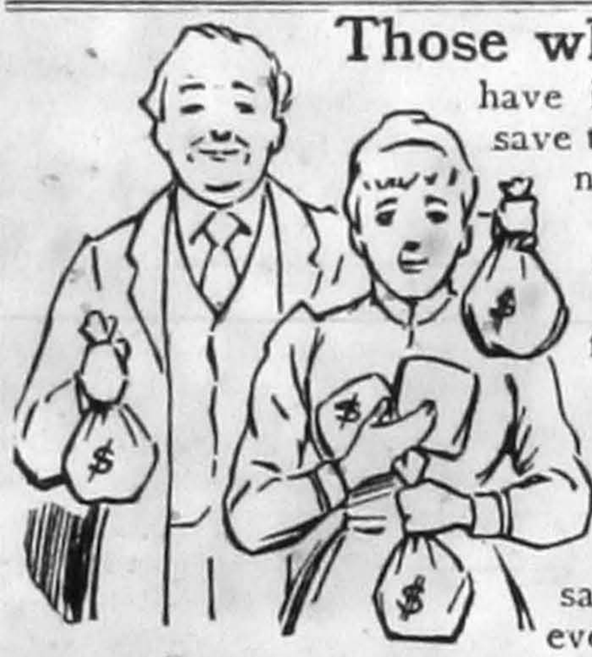

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THE WORLD'S **2-Mile Record** 4 M. 7 2/5 S. AT WALTHAM ON A Lovell Diamond Racer.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HOW TO BROIL FISH.

Though every cook will proclaim that to broil a piece of fish is an exceedingly easy matter, it is more often done badly than well. If not cooked enough the fish is extremely disagreeable to the taste, and if cooked too much it is hard and dry. It is always best to have an exact rule as to the time it shall be cooked. When the fish is put on the fire look at the clock and take it off as soon as it is done.

A split fish, such as white shad, white fish, mackerel, scrod or bluefish, should be timed according to the thickness. If the fire be bright and hot, a fish an inch thick can be cooked in twelve minutes. If two inches thick it will take twenty minutes. Of course, when the fire is dull it will take longer.

Always season fish with salt and pepper before cooking. A fish with the skin on should be broiled with the skin side from the fire until the last five minutes of cooking, when that side can be turned to the fire, but it must be watched closely or it will burn. It is only dry halibut that requires the butter and flour before broiling. Many people prefer to dip the slice of fish in olive oil rather than butter. If the oil be used it must not be heated, and it is well to apply it to the fish an hour before cooking.—New York World.

TO REMOVE FRUIT STAINS.

As the fruit season waxes it becomes burdensome to keep delicate drapery spotless. Who has not beheld with dismay one's favorite damask hopelessly—it would seem—discolored with peach, cherry and berry stains? Some suggestions culled from that best of teachers—Experience—and that are not generally known may be of assistance in remedying the mishap.

In the first place, do not wash the linen before applying other remedies; to do so sets the stain almost indelibly, and it then has to pass through all stages until time and laundry leave but a pale yellow reminder, which consummation does not follow usually until the fabric is threadbare. For berry stains have some one hold the cloth so that it sags a little and pour absolutely boiling water through the spot; rub well. If this fails, light a bit of sulphur and hold under the wet spot—a lighted match will answer; the sulphurous gas usually does the work, the stain gradually disappearing.

But there are some that, like Lady Macbeth's "damned spot," will not "out"—peach stains, for example. Then you must have recourse to salts of lemon, which is good, but apt to leave a hole in lieu of the stain. By extreme carefulness in its use, however, it will not do such dire damage. Take a sunny day for the task; first moisten the spot and then rub on a very little of the salts of lemon; lay the linen in the sun for two or three minutes and then wash thoroughly with soap and warm water. Success nearly always follows.

Other stains, like iron rust, are more easily removed. After washing the article, squeeze lemon juice on the spots and then cover thickly with salt. Lay in the sun all day, wash, and if the rust is not entirely removed repeat the application. This is equally good for ink stains.

An excellent washing fluid, that closely resembles the celebrated Javelle water, is made as follows:

Have ready two gallons of boiling water; stir in thoroughly a pound of sal-soda and a quarter of a pound of unslaked lime. When it is settled and perfectly cold, skim well and let it boil again. Take from the fire and when settled pour off the clear fluid into bottles or stone jars that can be tightly corked. Use in the proportion of a cupful to a large bucketful of water.—Detroit Free Press.

RECIPES.

Black Strap Pudding.—One cupful molasses, one-half cupful butter, one cupful sweet milk, four cupfuls flour, one cupful chopped raisins, one-half teaspoonful soda, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful cloves, a little salt. Steam three hours.

Cheese Straws.—Grate three tablespoonfuls of any kind of cheese. Add three tablespoonfuls of flour, a little red pepper and salt. Add to dry ingredients one tablespoonful of melted butter, one of water and the yolk of an egg. Roll thin as for cookies, cut in strips five inches long and one-half inch wide. Bake fifteen minutes. Serve on plate and fringed daily. Build the straws up like a log cabin. They are delicious with salad.

Potato Chowder.—Cut half a pound of salt pork into thin slices, and fry lightly. Lay these in a kettle, while you fry sliced onions a light yellow color in the fat. Now have a quart dishful of pared and sliced potatoes, and put these in the kettle with alternate layers of the pork and onion, seasoning each layer with pepper, and [illegible] with flour. Cover with hot

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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2 M. 1 2/5 S.
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2-Mile Record
4 M. 7 2/5 S.
AT **WALTHAM**
ON A
Lovell Diamond Racer.

WE STAKE THE BUSINESS REPUTATION OF

JOHN P. LOVELL PRES. **THE JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS COMPANY.** BEN'J. S. LOVELL TREAS.

That there is No Better Wheel MADE IN THE WORLD than the LOVELL DIAMOND. They are Universal Favorites.

OUR NEW 1894 MODELS are the Lightest and Strongest Cycles that are made. They weigh as follows:

Racer, 19½ lbs.; Light Roadster, 25½ lbs.; Full Roadster, 29 lbs.; Ladies' Light Roadster, 32 lbs.; Convertible, 32½ lbs.

Marlinton, Friday, Dec. 7, 1894

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

THE one Democratic member of the Michigan Legislature is talking of resigning on account of loneliness.

TAMMANY HALL will lose its charter as a society. Tammany beaten differs considerably from Tammany victorious.

JAPAN has whipped China most completely. China wishes to get out of the scrape, and offers the sum of 250,000,000 taels. This equals $437,000,000.00.

IN Ohio they say that they have adopted the ratio of 16: 1 in their elections, as they have sixteen Republicans to one Democrat.

MCKINLEY is the only Republican who does not like the Wilson-Bill better than the McKinley-Bill, but even he does not say that he would like to see his own bill a law again.

THE Republican party admits that they were wrong on their last tariff tinkering. They act like gentlemen in this. They only blame us with not having abated the destruction inadvertently beginning through them.

SINCE the election the Republican party has stopped blaming the Democratic party with everything, and as they have never promised to do anything especially, a stillness reigneth just now.

The Washington Post publishes a significant cartoon in a late issue: An aged gentlemen, representing Uncle Sam, is in a hole up to the shoulders, labeled Business Depression. In the distance the sun is just half emerged from the waves, denoting the dawn of a brighter day. Two comely maidens in classic attire stand near the dark and yawning chasm named Democracy and Republican Party. One he holds by the right hand, the other by the left, and he says, "Now girls, one good pull together, and your uncle will be out of the hole." This is the grand idea after all, united we stand, divided we fall. All have an interest in good times, all suffer in hard times.

FOR quite awhile there has been a boundary line dispute between Maryland and West Virginia. It looks now as if a settlement would be had before very long. The Attorney-General of Maryland has been granted an order from the United States Supreme Court directing a survey and plats to be used at the hearing of the case. Surveyors have been appointed by their respective States to run the lines, and their purpose is to have the work finished up by January 1895. Should Maryland succeed, it will cleave West Virginia in such a manner as may lead to the formation of a new State, larger than Rhode Island. The result will be regarded with great interest by our people. Reference to the map shows that Pendleton, Hardy, and Hampshire counties would be severed, part of each going to Maryland.

Along the grassy lanes in the May time
They gathered the violets blue;
Reaching out with the hue along
And flush with the morning dew;
Along the same lanes in the cold time
They gathered a thing.

THE whole nation seems to be stirred on the subject of football, and the daily papers are filled with accounts of the different matches. The University of Pennsylvania holds the championship this year. Those editors who are not for the game are very much against it. The reason is not very plain, for admitting it is very dangerous, still it is somebody else's neck that is in jeopardy. The fact of the matter is that if these days so far degenerate that a price will be put upon personal bravery, a great many of our most pertinent writers will be placed at a terrible disadvantage. The American game has an importation from England this year in the policy that aims to disable the star players of the opposing side, so that they will have to leave the field. If it were permisable, the captain of a college team would ham-string every player on the opposite side, during the first ten minutes of the half, so that he would score more easily.

WHILE Elkins has a majority in caucus of the Republicans in the legislature, yet there is to all appearance such a determined opposition to him in his own party, that it looks as though the Senator would not be named through a caucus. His trouble originates in the fact that in Wheeling a meeting was held at which Elkins named the State ticket for 1896. He did not get around by any means, and even forgot promises already made. When the leaders not provided for heard this, there was a pretty row, you may imagine. So unhappy is Mr. Elkins, because he had the State in his vest pocket, and at the jollification at Wheeling after the election, he must have got a little careless and lost it. Any way it must be pretty hard to keep a whole State in your vest pocket long.

Leaves have their time to fall
And meteors to travel through the skies;
But business hustler thou hast all—
All seasons for thine own to advertise.

Wants Another Attack.

From Basic City News.

Miss Alice Henkel is, we are glad to note, out again, after an attack of nervous prostration.

Courtney—When you proposed to Miss Dexter did you get down on your knees?

Barclay—No, I couldn't she was sitting on them.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER.
MARLINTON.

ed. Now the Democratic press is giving it to Elkins from all sides, and protesting against his being elected United States Senator. If anything can loosen the hold he has on his party this would do it. The Republican press is crying out that it is none of our business, but we seem to be all making it our business. Elkins is a man who can be attacked in a thousand ways, but we object to the old cry that he is not a citizen of West Virginia. There has been enough said about that. He has invested most of his available fortune in the town of Elkins, and "where his treasure is, there his heart is also," and if he has chosen this State as his home, it is his indisputable right. Few men have done so much for the State as he, in the way of developing its natural resources, and the only objection we can have to him is that he is a Republican, and that he has used money to debauch the ballot.

Wrote

"No profit grows,
Where is no pleasure ta'en."

Probably the immortal bard had no direct reference to my business when he penned these simple lines but it applies, nevertheless, as our experience has proven that there is only profit in trade when our customers are pleased. We take a personal pleasure in our business and derive a profit therefrom, but we also take a real pleasure in suiting our customers and thereby contributing to their profit.

Every body advertises

"The Cheapest Goods ever Sold in the County."

And people are so accustomed to this old and time honored phrase, that it does not raise much excitement now but it applies to the line of gooks that I am now handlidg with as much force as ever.

I am Literally Crowded with Bargains!

Would I dare to advertise the following prices if they were not low—

Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs. for one silver dollar.

Men's all wool cassimere suits, $7 50, value $15 00.

Men's all wool Kersey suits, $5 value, $8 75.

Good Heavy Blankets $1 15 pr.

Arbuckle Coffee 25c.

Calicoes 5c per yd.

Cassimeres, Henriettas, Flannels etc., 18c up.

Cloaks! Ladies Cloaks!

In endless variety; all latest styles, $3 00 to $17 00.

Capes! Ladies' Capes!

A beautiful assortment in fur trimmed, all shades in latest styles.

Clothing! Overcoats!

A most complete line in Youth's and Childreu's clothing and overcoats.

Remember these goods were bought for cash very low and we are satisfied with a small margin of profit.

EVERYTHING IN QUEENSWARE, AND TINWARE. JAPAN AND GRANITE-WARE.

Just received a beautiful line of

Ladies Trimmed Hats

Also felt hats, frames and trimming.

I will make it to your advantage to trade with me.

To all purchasers of $10 worth of goods at one time, for cash, I will make a present of a fine framed picture, worth $2.00

I have some very special bargains and presents for first customers on Monday mornings.

I have a very large line of boots in every style, suitable for this trade, which I will sell at cost and carriage on Wednesdays of each week.

Please come in on Wednesdays for these bargains in boots.

Just think of it, a pair of heavy winter boots FOR $1 50

Don't forget the place West End of Bridge.

yours for business,

NOW Goods NOW Prices!

—IT IS HARD TO KEEP—

A Stock of Goods fully up in the town of Marlinton, as goods do not lie on our shelves long, but we have taken a fresh, strong, start and have put in the

BEST AND FRESHEST STOCK

Brought into this county this year, and the most complete stock I have ever handled in my merchantile experience.

I GUARANTEE MY PRICES AS LOW OR LOWER THAN ANY IN THE COUNTY.

—EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN—

Dry Goods, Groceries,

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES,
GEN L MERCHANDISE.

A Suit of Clothes and a beaver hat at less than you ever purchased them.

A FINE LINE OF CHRISTMAS GOODS.
Here or Coming.

Remember the place—the big store of Marlinton.

S. W. HOLT.

☞Next poultry day, Tues., Dec. 18th. Butter 20c. Eggs, 15c.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc.

Tastes Good. Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

Notice.

The time for filing claims against the Manly Manufacturing Company and all sub-contractors is hereby extended until December 17th, and A. Gunther, a sub contractor, whereabouts unknown, is hereby notified that claims against him on account of his unfinished contract, in excess of funds now due him, have been filed with the Clerk of the Court, and he is directed to be present on that day and show cause if any why any or all of them should not be approved for pro rata payment out of any funds that may then be due him.

MANLY M'F'G. CO.,
By ROBT. P. MAMLY,
President.

Estray Notice.

There are on my place near Edray three sheep, one with a small bell on, ear marked; smooth crop on right ear and a hole in same and under bit out of left ear. Owner calling for same and paying cost of keeping and for this notice, may have his sheep. J. E. BARLOW.
Nov. 29, 1894. Printer's Fee $1-t2

Notice.

I have been employed by several German families to purchase farms for them in Pocahontas county. Any one having real estate of any character to dispose of, will please write to me at Marlinton West Virginia. N. C. MCNEIL.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

PILES

FEED, LIVERY
—AND—
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broke to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Plasterer ... Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, W. VA.
All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

DR. DODD'S Cure for COLIC IN HORSES. GUARANTEED.

explains that these highly colored garments are worn by the lumberman because they make him more noticable, and while working in a gang he is less apt to meet with accident through some companion having failed to notice him. In other words, if you have on a red shirt you are less apt to have a log rolled over you by a mate.

—We have an intelligent Jew peddler, known to everyone, who, it is said, has been nearly connected with the Nihilists of Russia. He is a man of high education, and shows remarkable mental power, and is one of the best read men of the countryside. On his last visit he was struggling with the word "auspices," declaring that he had been given a half-dozen different definitions. He agrees with all that the English language is terribly hard to master.

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Thanksgiving Day.

While the Thanksgiving services were not largely attended, still the attendance was encouraging and gives promise of better things. In many places where the observance is respected, it is regarded as the great event of the year in social and religious circles.

Fervent prayers were offered by Messrs. Vandgrvoort and S. W. Holt, and while the exercises were led by Rev. W. T. Price, most of the time for remarks pertinent to the occasion was occupied by Rev. George P. Moore. His address was well received and added much to the profitable enjoyment of the services. It speaks well for the patriotism and high intelligence of a community to give this day special attention.

In the evening the Christian Endeavor Society met and considered the appropriate topic, Thanksgiving and Thanks living, suggested by Ephesians 5: 15—20. Giving thanks always.

Mingo, writes as though it is doubtful that they can play Marlinton before the end of the winter. The team here feels confidant that the defeat of last year can be wiped out if we can get them on the field again.

On last Thursday the match was arranged between players from the West side of the Greenbrier lined up against the players of the East side, and it proved to be a good game as neither side was able to score.

The players.

East Side.	*Position.*	*West Side*
J H G Wilson,	Forward	A Price
P. Simmons,	r. w.	N. Price,
B. King,	r. w.	H. Walton,
F. Anderson,	l. w.	W. Johnson,
W. Siple,	l. w.	G. Roake.
P. Yeager,	Half Backs,	H Maupin,
J. Smith,		J. W. Beard,
H. Bird,		John Moore.
M. Carter,	Full Backs,	C. Beard,
W. McLaughlin,		A. Moore.
W. Courtney,	Goal.	A. Gay.

Prof. J. E. Wamsley, Referee.

The eleven of the West Side was made up of strong players of the Marlinton, Academy, and Jericho teams, and met the Marlinton men. A livelier game was never played on the athletic grounds at this place, and the way the men rushed together, head, shoulder, hip, and thigh, made the participants in the wild shindy sore for days. A goodly crowd of spectators watched the game, though the day was too chilly to be pleasant. No casualities occurred, with the exception of Mr. Jim Smith who was bleeding profusely. It was a hard fought battle, and those engaged know what it is to feel the rare exhilaration felt by those who pass through stirring scenes of action. The player feels as though this game is only second to a cavalry charge or a lovely Irish free fight.

Kipling's poem comes in this connection;

"There was a row in Silver Street—an' I was in it too;
We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts went whirraru!
For when they grew impertinint, we simultaneous rose,
Til half o' them was liffey mud an' half was tattered clo'es;
I misremember what occurred, but subs-quient the storm
A *Freeman's Journal Supplemint* was all my uniform.

For it was 'Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one for you!'
An' it was 'Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for you!'
O buckle an' tongue
Was the song that we sung
From Harrison's down to the Park!"

Buckeye.

Autumn is gliding swiftly by, and winter's chilling storms will soon be here.

The threshing machine can now be heard on the mountain from hill top to valley as it gathers in the golden sheaves of wheat.

Though the people are late threshing, around the mountain, they can always eat wheat bread and raise their wheat, without fertilizer too.

Mr. Jim Sheets has recently killed four deer and eleven wild turkeys and expects to kill a number of them yet. There have been quite a number of turkeys killed in the mountains this year. Mr. John Buckley has been trying his luck on some wild turkeys. He killed two one day last week.

There is a good yield of corn this year considering the drought. Some of the farmers have finished husking, but there is a quantity of corn yet in the fields not husked.

Two of the schools in this vicinity closed last week. The terms of school are too short in this county, and we would be glad if our delegates to the State legislature would cause the State school tax to raise so as to enable us to have six month schools, and keep in line with our sister counties, that have six and eight month schools. But says some one, the people won't send their children to all the four month schools." The cause that

Quite a collection of dehorners on Elk last week, Pritt, McClure, and Moore. They dehorned everything from Split Rock to the top of Elk Mountain, making about three hundred head in all.

A great many deer and turkeys have been killed this fall, the hunters and dogs are as thick as fleas in August.

Luther Sharp is agent to buy all the fur in this county. He says the Republicans have control now and they will make the fur fly.

John Sydenstricker is having a hard time with his young Jacks, but hopes he will come out victor. Hold them down, Jonny!

I think our quiet neighborhood will be interrupted by a wedding soon, and then our mail-boy will have a helpmete to console him on his jonrney. So mote it be.

Wonder what the weak-kneed, sore-headed Democrats who voted the Republican ticket or stayed at home, and by so doing put a party into power who will try to pass the Force Bill, or some other more hellish in its designs to deprive all Democrats from voting or disqualify them from holding office. Such was the case for some time after the close of the war, they had to swallow an ironclad oath so big that it would, etc. As Cæsar said when he crossed the Rublcon "Let the die be cast."

The sick are improving, with the exception of Andy Hannah, who is dangerously ill yet.

Another new issue on Elk; a Mr. Loan from Bath. We would like to loan him again.

The protracted meeting just closed was not a success. No conversions.

Miss Allie McLaughlin has closed her first term of school on Snorting Creek, and is now teaching her second school on Dry Creek.

Mr. Sam Varner has not yet returned from Charleston, where he was summoned as a juror.

Mr. Hugh Sharp has killed five deer and one bear. Good for Hugh.

Mr. George L. Hannah has a large stock of goods, at present, and is selling very cheap.

What has become of "Ironsides?" I suppose his bellows hes failed. SOLO.

Judge Moore.

Govenor O'Ferrall last Friday received and accepted resignation of Hon. C. F. Moore; judge of the County Courts of Alleghany and Craig. Judge Moore, who is still a young man, was once a Methodist preacher. He gave up the ministry for law and incidentally was an editor. Less than a year ago he was made a judge. Now he proposes to return to the church. It is said that when the judge was first engaged in the ministry he had a church in Texas and having trouble of the heart, his physician thought the excitement of preaching would endanger his life; therefore, he was advised to give up the ministry. Judge Moore presided at the trial of Capt. Goodman, charged with the murder of Col. H. C. Parsons.—*Staunton Spectator.*

The December term of the county court of Alleghany, will open its session in Covington next Tuesday, December 4th, 1894. Those having business before this tribunal or with others likely to be present will be posted by this notice and be present. This will be the last session of this tribune over which Judge Moore will preside. His resignation has been sent in to the Governor, and accepted by him to take effect December 31st, 1894.—*Clifton Forge Review.*

The New Jail.

Superintendent Mullenax showus over the new jail the other day. In the men's department are eight cells within a steel cage. The cells are in two stories and the whole is as a house within a house. Around the whole is a passage way from which all the cells may be locked

After more than half an hour's hard work the fire was extinguished. It started in a closet in the room occupied by Contractor Gunther on the second floor. All the plans for the new court house were in this room, but fortunately were gotten out in good time. A rock had become loose in the chimney and fell out, letting the fire into the closet.

Eli Cogar occupied the first story, and his household goods were broken up and damaged by water to a great extent.

Mr. Dorr's loss will be from $200 to $300, with insurance. That part of his house was almost totally destroyed.—*Webster Echo.*

The Droop Blast.

Editor Pocahontas Times:—

It has been quite a while since the last blast went off on the Droop; I will attempt just now to set your ears ringing again with another.

Rev. Morgan preached an excellent sermon, on Sunday, December 2nd at Mt. Olive.

The writer saw the officers a few days since, crossing the Droop with Andrew Kellison, the burglar who robbed R. E. Overholt & Son's store some time ago; he was held securely, and was wearing a pair of steel bracelets.

The Droop Top school will close the 14th inst, the teacher anticipates a pleasant time. There will be a selection of declamations, dialogues, and compositions, the whole being a display of choice erudition.

Times seem to be reviving in this locality and money seems to be in a moving condition. "There's a better time 'er kumin boy's," and man can get 'possum, taters, buttermilk for dinner now.

This is a saying of an old chum, and he is as good at guessing as old Shep is on a coon track.

Hunting seems to be the leading pastime of the boys in this vicinity at present, although there is nothing to hunt, except a few skunks.

If this escapes the waste basket, you may listen for another blast.

I am yours as ever, I hope.

MUX.

Green Bank.

We are having fine weather at time. No snow yet.

Mr. Jack Flenner, of Traveler's Repose, was in town Monday.

Mr. Harvey Curry is on the sick-list.

The Fourth Quarterly meeting for the Green Bank Circuit will be held on the third Saturday and Sunday in December at this place. Preaching by Rev. W. G. Hammond, P. E., on Saturday at 11 o'clock and also on Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Rev. C. L. Potter, assisted by Rev. E. F. Alexander, connucted very able services on Thanksgiving Day at Liberty Church.

Master Joe Wooddell, who has been sick for some days, is convalescing.

Mr. James Patterson, of Marlinton, was in town last Saturday, we suppose on his way to see his best girl.

Messrs. C. A. Lightner and Henry Woodde'l killed a fine buck one day last week. It was crossing near Mr. Lightner's.

Mr. Jesse Warwick and brothers killed a fine deer in their yard last Saturday. OLD HICKORY.

The tainted Breckenridge's proposed lecture tour has already encountered a stumbling block. Madeline and a sheriff have their eyes on the prospective box receipts.

A Christmas Suggestion:

KODAKS $5.00 to $100.00.

KODAKS from $5.00 to $12.00 for the children, so simple that any boy or girl can handle them, yet capable of making first-class pictures.

KODAKS AND KODETS from $12.00 to $50.00 for

HOME NEWS

—Rev. R. R. Little, will preach at Marlinton, Tuesday night December, 11th.

—November of 1894 averaged two degrees warmer in temperature than the same month of 1893.

—J. C. Louk, of Mingo, has killed the largest deer yet heard from. It was a buck which weighed 188 lbs, net.

—At a recent meeting of the debating society, even the lamps went out after the honorable member had held the floor a few minutes.

—A modest, unassuming bookkeeper named Seely, in New York, stole $354,000 while employed in a bank. He exhausted the whole surplus of the bank.

—There has been a good deal of talk about starting a Masonic Lodge at this place. There is only one in the county at presence, and that is at Huntersville.

—Sam'l B. Scott, Jr., is the present head of the Huntersville *Herald*. The paper has adopted the Democratic party as its own, so it does seem that the party should not feel its late reverses so keenly.

—Pickens is a good market for the whole country side and all country products bring splendid prices. Oats sold there for a good while at 70 cts., and are now bringing 60 cts. Marlinton is a good market also. Any thing that can be eaten finds a ready sale here.

—The physicians who waited upon the wounded coal miners at Montgomery last winter, are being killed off. Dr. Aultz was foully murdered in Fayette, last week, after the same manner as his colleague, Dr. Davis.

—The government has made a change in the style of mail-bags carried on the country routes. Canvas bags take the place of the leather bags, which were manufactured at a cost of about $13. The new ones are equally as servicable, and are cheaper. They are also much nearer waterproof.

—The drummer is hardly ever barred out of a way around. Of course everyone has been asked what he thought of the election. This particular drummer says that this was a Republican election and he not being interested in it, proposes to wait until the Democrats hold one, which he thinks will be done in the near future.

—An endeavor was made to raise a contest over the election of Prosecuting Attorney in Monroe. Papers were submitted to Judge Campbell by the Republican candidate to obtain a decree re-opening the canvass, which was refused. The leaders of both parties in the county denounce the attempt. Osborne, the unlucky, managed the affair for the defeated candidate.

—The weather has been very fine for a year now, in this part of the world. The past autumn has been most enjoyable. Most of the local information received, bid us look out for a severe winter. To tell the truth, it is much easier to live through a winter which freezes up hard and fast than it is one which is all mud and dirt. Still we must have some rain before the winter closes down upon us. We need a good freshet to cleanse the country, or we will have sickness. The winds of last week were terrific.

—There never was such a year for getting married as this is proving to be. The hope of the land are still keeping it up with unabated vigor, and if it lasts much longer there will not be young people left for social purposes. It is a sure sign of hard times. The loafers at the court-house have a regular list of sport when the modest bridegroom comes for the 'papers.' If he and his backer come in and sit down by the stove, he is apt to catch it. Some one will remark that it is a "wonder nobody has been in to get a marriage license to-day." Then some one else speaks up "I wish somebody would come for 'em, wouldn't we give him a round." "Squire," to the Clerk, "you'll have to treat the crowd if you get an extra dollar to-day." The accomplished body keeps it up until the prospective bridegroom comes in, when he hasn't

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Prof. A. M. Byrd, is getting along finely as a medical student at the University of Virginia.

Thanksgiving Day.

While the Thanksgiving services were not largely attended, still the attendance was encouraging and gives promise of better things. In many places where the observance is respected, it is regarded as the great event of the year in social and religious circles.

Fervent prayers were offered by Messrs. Vandervoort and S. W. Holt, and while the exercises were led by Rev. W. T. Price, most of the time for remarks pertinent to the occasion was occupied by Rev. George P. Moore. His address was well received and added much to the profitable enjoyment of the services. It speaks well for the patriotism and high intelligence of a community to give this day special attention.

In the evening the Christian Endeavor Society met and considered the appropriate topic, Thanksgiving and Thanks living, suggested by Ephesians 5: 15—20, Giving thanks always.

The 10-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ham Collins, of near Huttonsville, was burnd to death a few days ago, by her clothing catching fire at an open grate.—*Randolph Enterprise.*

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Thanksgiving day was not to pass at Marlinton without an exhibition of football. The Honorable Secretary of the English team at Mingo, writes as though it is doubtful that they can play Marlinton before the end of the winter. The team here feels confidant that the defeat of last year can be wiped out if we can get them on the field again.

On last Thursday the match was arranged between players from the West side of the Greenbrier lined up against the players of the East side, and it proved to be a good game as neither side was able to score.

The players.

East Side.	*Position.*	*West Side*
J H G Wilson,	Forward	A Price
P. Simmons,	r. w.	N. Price,
B. King,	r. w.	H. Walton,
F. Anderson,	l. w.	W. Johnson,
W. Siple,	l. w.	G. Roake.
P. Yeager,	Half Backs,	H Maupin,
J. Smith,		J. W. Beard,
H. Bird,		John Moore.
M. Carter,	Full Backs,	C. Beard,
W. McLaughlin,		A. Moore.
W. Courtney,	Goal.	A. Gay.

Prof. J. E. Wamsley, Referee.

The eleven of the West Side was made up of strong players of the Marlinton, Academy, and Jericho teams, and met the Marlinton men. A livelier game was never played on the athletic grounds at this place, and the way the men rushed together, head, shoulder, hip, and thigh, made the participants in the wild shindy sore for days. A goodly crowd of spectators watched the game, though the day was too chilly to be pleasant. No casualities occurred, with the exception of Mr. Jim Smith who was bleeding profusely. It was a hard fought battle, and those engaged know what it is to feel the rare exhilaration felt by those who pass through stirring scenes of action. The player feels as though this game is only second to a cavalry charge or a lovely Irish free fight.

Kipling's poem comes in this connection;

"There was a row in Silver Street—an' I was in it too;
We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts went whirraru!
For when they grew impertinint, we simultaneous rose,
Til half o' them was liffey mud an' half was tattered clo'es;
I misremember what occurred, but subsequent the storm
A *Freeman's Journal Supplemint* was all my uniform.

For it was 'Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one for you!'
An' it was 'Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for you!'
O buckle an' tongue
Was the song that we sung
From Harrison's down to the Park!"

Buckeye.

Autumn is gliding swiftly by, and winter's chilling storms will soon be here.

The threshing machine can now be heard on the mountain from hill top to valley as it gathers in the golden sheaves of wheat.

Though the people are late threshing, around the mountain, they can always eat wheat bread and raise their wheat, without fertilizer too.

Mr. Jim Sheets has recently killed four deer and eleven wild turkeys and expects to kill a number of them yet. There have been quite a number of turkeys killed in the mountains this year. Mr. John Buckley has been trying his luck on some wild turkeys. He killed two one day last week.

There is a good yield of corn this year considering the drought. Some of the farmers have finished husking, but there is a quantity of corn yet in the fields not husked.

Two of the schools in this vicinity closed last week. The terms of school are too short in this county, and we would be glad if our delegates to the State legislature would cause the State school tax to raise so as to enable us to have six month schools, and keep in line with our sister counties, that have six and eight month schools. But says some one, "the people won't send their children to all the four month schools." The ones that will send to the four, will send to six months, and the people in many parts of this county are making great efforts to educate their children; and why not educate them at home?

Elk.

Mr. Editor:—We are having all sorts of weather over here on the north side of the holy land, wet, dry, cold, and warm.

Stock is all sold and brought a reasonable price.

Quite a collection of dehorners on Elk last week, Pritt, McClure, and Moore. They dehorned everything from Split Rock to the top of Elk Mountain, making about three hundred head in all.

A great many deer and turkeys have been killed this fall, the hunters and dogs are as thick as fleas in August.

Luther Sharp is agent to buy all the fur in this county. He says the Republicans have control now and they will make the fur fly.

John Sydenstricker is having a hard time with his young Jacks, but hopes he will come out victor. Hold them down, Jonny!

I think our quiet neighborhood will be interrupted by a wedding soon, and then our mail-boy will have a helpmete to console him on his jonrney. So mote it be.

Wonder what the weak-kneed, sore-headed Democrats who voted the Republican ticket or stayed at home, and by so doing put a party into power who will try to pass the Force Bill, or some other more hellish in its designs to deprive all Democrats from voting or disqualify them from holding office. Such was the case for some time after the close of the war, they had to swallow an ironclad oath so big that it would, etc. As Cæsar said when he crossed the Rublcon "Let the die be cast."

The sick are improving, with the exception of Andy Hannah, who is dangerously ill yet.

Another new issue on Elk; a Mr. Loan from Bath. We would like to loan him again.

The protracted meeting just closed was not a success. No conversions.

Miss Allie McLaughlin has closed her first term of school on Snorting Creek, and is now teaching her second school on Dry Creek.

Mr. Sam Varner has not yet returned from Charleston, where he was summoned as a juror.

Mr. Hugh Sharp has killed five deer and one bear. Good for Hugh.

Mr. George L. Hannah has a large stock of goods, at present, and is selling very cheap.

What has become of "Ironsides?" I suppose his bellows hes failed. Solo.

Judge Moore.

Govenor O'Ferrall last Friday received and accepted resignation of Hon. C. F. Moore; judge of the County Courts of Alleghany and Craig. Judge Moore, who is still a young man, was once a Methodist preacher. He gave up the ministry for law and incidentally was an editor. Less than a year ago he was made a judge. Now he proposes to return to the church. It is said that when the judge was first engaged in the ministry he had a church in Texas and having trouble of the heart, his physician thought the excitement of preaching would endanger his life; therefore, he was advised to give up the ministry. Judge Moore presided at the trial of Capt. Goodman, charged with the murder of Col. H. C. Parsons.—*Staunton Spectator.*

The December term of the county court of Alleghany, will open its session in Covington next Tuesday, December 4th, 1894. Those having business before this tribunal or with others likely to be present will be posted by this notice and be present. This will be the last session of this tribune over which Judge Moore will preside. His resignation has been sent in to the Governor, and accepted by him to take effect December 31st, 1894.—*Clifton Forge Review.*

The New Jail.

Superintendent Mullenax shows us over the new jail the other day. In the men's department are eight cells within a steel cage. The cells are in two stories and the whole is as a house within a house. Around the whole is a passage way from which all the cells may be locked by means of levers. There are two corriders in each of which four cells open. The cells fitted up for female prisoners are not made so strongly. The jail is up to date in every way, and outside of the court-

Almost a Conflagration

Last Sunday evening at about 1:30 o'clock the north wing of C. P. Dorr's residence was discovered to be on fire. The flames were just beginning to burst through the roof when more than one hundred people responded to the call for help. After more than half an hour's hard work the fire was extinguished. It started in a closet in the room occupied by Contractor Gunther on the second floor. All the plans for the new court house were in this room, but fortunately were gotten out in good time. A rock had become loose in the chimney and fell out, letting the fire into the closet.

Eli Cogar occupied the first story, and his household goods were broken up and damaged by water to a great extent.

Mr. Dorr's loss will be from $200 to $300, with insurance. That part of his house was almost totally destroyed.—*Webster Echo.*

The Droop Blast.

Editor Pocahontas Times:—

It has been quite a while since the last blast went off on the Droop; I will attempt just now to set your ears ringing again with another.

Rev. Morgan preached an excellent sermon, on Sunday, December 2nd at Mt. Olive.

The writer saw the officers a few days since, crossing the Droop with Andrew Kellison, the burglar who robbed R. E. Overholt & Son's store some time ago; he was held securely, and was wearing a pair of steel bracelets.

The Droop Top school will close the 14th inst, the teacher anticipates a pleasant time. There will be a selection of declamations, dialogues, and compositions, the whole being a display of choice erudition.

Times seem to be reviving in this locality and money seems to be in a moving condition. "There's a better time 'er kumin boy's," and man can get 'possum, taters, buttermilk for dinner now.

This is a saying of an old chum, and he is as good at guessing as old Shep is on a coon track.

Hunting seems to be the leading pastime of the boys in this vicinity at present, although there is nothing to hunt, except a few skunks.

If this escapes the waste basket, you may listen for another blast.

I am yours as ever, I hope.

Mux.

Green Bank.

We are having fine weather at time. No snow yet.

Mr. Jack Flenner, of Traveler's Repose, was in town Monday.

Mr. Harvey Curry is on the sick-list.

The Fourth Quarterly meeting for the Green Bank Circuit will be held on the third Saturday and Sunday in December at this place. Preaching by Rev. W. G. Hammond, P. E., on Saturday at 11 o'clock and also on Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Rev. C. L. Potter, assisted by Rev. E. F. Alexander, connucted very able services on Thanksgiving Day at Liberty Church.

Master Joe Wooddell, who has been sick for some days, is convalescing.

Mr. James Patterson, of Marlinton, was in town last Saturday, we suppose on his way to see his best girl.

Messrs. C. A. Lightner and Henry Woodde'l killed a fine buck one day last week. It was crossing near Mr. Lightner's.

Mr. Jesse Warwick and brothers killed a fine deer in their yard last Saturday. Old Hickory.

—The tainted Breckenridge's proposed lecture tour has already encountered a stumbling block. Madeline and a sheriff have their eyes on the prospective box receipts.

A Christmas Suggestion:

KODAKS $6.00 to $100.00.

KODAKS from $6.00 to $50.00 for the children, so simple that any boy or girl can handle them, yet capable of making first-class pictures.

KODAKS AND KODETS from $10.00 to $50.00 for grown people. All sizes and styles.

KODAKS from $50.00 to $100.00 with double swing back, interchangeable lenses, iris diaphragm shutters and the thousand and one improvements that enthusiasts value so highly.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Almost one-twentieth of the population of the United States is widowed.

With the additions recently announced the number of members of the British House of Lords is 572.

Wheat, cotton, iron and many other things which are produced in vast quantities in the United States are at wonderfully low figures.

That Americans have a "sweet tooth" is shown to the New York Mail and Express by the fact that they consume 25,000 tons of candy a year.

There is a boy in Sing Sing (N. Y.) Prison who was sent up for six years and a half, for stealing $1.50. It has just been discovered that he did not steal it, and there is talk of his demanding an indemnity from the State.

Cities in Norway do not grow quite so rapidly as some of those in the West, muses the New York Tribune. Tromso, in that country, has just celebrated its 1000th anniversary. In that time it has grown from sixty people to 6000! The inhabitants are chiefly devoted to fishing.

It looks to the New Orleans Picayune as though every country in the world would be added to the list of sugar producers and refiners. A number of Japanese merchants representing large capital propose starting a joint stock concern, and establishing works for refining between Hiogo and Osaka and also near Yokohama; and it is said have already taken steps to import the necessary machinery.

Of all cities of the world, Paris presents a gathering of humankind most fearfully mixed in its elements of disorder. The criminal brought up from childhood in the capital will risk his life for the privilege of living there. Accordingly, many criminals who have been forbidden residences in Paris, in spite of the strictest surveillance of the barriers, will work their way in again and take up their career of crime under other names.

Three streets in Paris are to be named after the authors, Edmond About, Guy de Maupassant and Octave Feuillet. Taine, the critic and historian; Brillat-Savarin, the epicure; Charcot, the great physician, and Fourier, the socialist philosopher, whose communistic colony in New Jersey half a century ago was a more interesting experiment, the Chicago Record thinks, than even the Brook Farm—all these are to have their names perpetuated in the new baptism of streets that is taking place in Paris.

A Bengalese magistrate, having been informed of the whereabouts of a mad dog, armed himself and went to the place where the rabid animal lay by a house door. He learned upon inquiry that two women were in the house and sent word to them that he was about to shoot the dog and therefore they should not be alarmed by the report, and that, as he might not inflict a fatal wound at the first fire, and, in fact, might miss, they should remain within until notified. Such a supreme courtesy is in marked contrast with that of western civilization.

While Russia is behindhand in most things pertaining to progress and enlightenment, she is distinctly in advance of the remainder of the world so far as the regulation of the the bicycle traffic is concerned. Before any one is permitted to ride on any public thoroughfare he is compelled to obtain a license at a cost of a dollar, and to have his name and address entered upon the police registers of his district, in token whereof he is presented with a square piece of leather with his number in large figures of bright metal. This he must have permanently affixed to the back of the cycle, so that it may be seen by the police. But, prior to receiving the license, the knight of the wheel is forced to undergo an examination as to whether he can ride sufficiently well to avoid becoming a public danger. This examination consists in the description of a figure 8 set round two sticks, and he is obliged to do this to the satisfaction of the official examiners, one of whom is usually the president or vice-president of the local bicycle club.

OUR ONLY DAY.

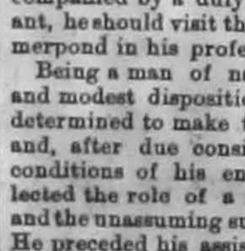
Were this our only day,
Did not our yesterdays and morrows give
To hope and memory their interplay,
How should we bear to live?

Not merely what we are,
But what we were, and what we are to be
Make up our life; the near days each a star,
The far days nebulæ.

At once would love forget
Its keen pursuits and coy delays of bliss,
And its delicious pangs of fond regret
Were there no day but this.

And who, to win a friend,
Would to the secrets of his heart invite
A fellowship that should begin and end
Between a night and night?
—Coates Kinney, in Cincinnati Tribune.

A HAMMERPOND ROBBERY.



It is a moot point whether burglary is to be considered as a sport, a trade, or an art. For a trade the technique is scarcely rigid enough and its claims to be considered an art are vitiated by the mercenary element that qualifies its triumphs. On the whole it seems to be most justly ranked as sport, a sport for which no rules are at present formulated, and of which the prizes are distributed in an extremely informal manner. It was this informality of burglary that led to the regrettable extinction of two promising beginners at Hammerpond Park.

The stakes offered in this affair consisted chiefly of diamonds and other personal bric-a-brac belonging to the newly-married Lady Aveling. Lady Aveling, as the reader will remember, was the only daughter of Mrs. Montague Pangs, the well-known hostess. Her marriage to Lord Aveling was extensively advertised in the papers, the quantity and quality of her wedding presents and the fact that the honeymoon was to be spent at Hammerpond. The announcement of these valuable prizes created a considerable sensation in the small circle in which Mr. Teddy Watkins was the undisputed leader, and it was decided that, accompanied by a duly qualified assistant, he should visit the village of Hammerpond in his professional capacity.

Being a man of naturally retiring and modest disposition, Mr. Watkins determined to make this visit incog., and, after due consideration of the conditions of his enterprise, he selected the role of a landscape artist and the unassuming surname of Smith. He preceded his assistant, who, it was decided, should join him only on the last afternoon of his stay at Hammerpond. Now, the village of Hammerpond is perhaps one of the prettiest little corners in Sussex; many thatched houses still survive, the flint-built church with its tall spire nestling under the down is one of the finest and least restored in the country, and the beech-woods and bracken jungles through which the road runs to the great house are singularly rich in what the vulgar artist and photographer call "bits."

So that Mr. Watkins, on his arrival with two virgin canvases, a brand-new easel, a paint box, portmanteau, an ingenious little ladder made in sections (after the pattern of that lamented master, Charles Peace), crowbar and wire coils, found himself welcomed with effusion and some curiosity by half a dozen other brethren of the brush. It rendered the disguise he had chosen unexpectedly plausible, but it inflicted upon him a considerable amount of esthetic conversation for which he was very imperfectly prepared.

"Have you exhibited very much?" said young Porson in the bar-parlor of the "Coach and Horses," where Mr. Watkins was skilfully accumulating local information on the night of his arrival.

"Very little," said Mr. Watkins; "just a snack here and there."

"Academy?"

"In course. And at the Crystal Palace."

"Did they hang you well?" said Porson.

"Don't rot," said Mr. Watkins; "I don't like it."

"I mean did they put you in a good place?"

"Whadyer mean?" said Mr. Watkins suspiciously. "One 'ud think you were trying to make out I'd been put away."

Porson was a gentlemanly young man, even for an artist, and he did not know what being "put away" meant, but he thought it best to explain that he intended nothing of the sort. As the question of hanging seemed a sore point with Mr. Watkins, he tried to divert the conversation a little.

"Do you do figure work at all?"

"No, never had a head for figures," said Mr. Watkins. "My miss—Mrs. Smith, I mean, does all that."

"She paints too!" said Porson. "That's rather jolly."

"Very," said Mr. Watkins, though he really did not think so, and, feeling the conversation was drifting a little beyond his grasp, added, "I came down here to paint Hammerpond House by moonlight."

"Really!" said Porson. "That's rather a novel idea."

"Yes," said Mr. Watkins, "I thought it rather a good notion when it occurred to me. I expect to begin to-morrow night."

"What! you don't mean to paint in the open, by night?"

"I do, though."

"But how will you see your canvas?"

"Have a bloomin' cop's—" began Mr. Watkins, rising too quickly to the question, and then realizing this, bawled to Miss Durgan for another glass of beer. "I'm goin' to have a thing called a dark lantern," he said to Porson.

"But it's about new moon, now," objected Porson. "There won't be any moon."

"There'll be the house," said Watkins, "at any rate. I'm goin', you see, to paint the house first and the moon afterward."

"Oh!" said Porson, too staggered to continue the conversation.

"They do say," said old Durgan, the landlord, who had maintained a respectful silence during the technical conversation. "as there's no less than three p'licemen from 'Azelworth on dewty every night in the house—'count of this Lady Aveling 'n her jewelry."

Toward sunset each day Mr. Watkins, virgin canvas, easel and a very considerable case of other appliances in hand, strolled up the pleasant pathway through the woods to Hammerpond Park, and pitched his apparatus in a strategic position commanding the house. Here he was observed by Mr. Raphael Sant, who was returning across the park from a study of the chalk pits. His curiosity having been fired by Porson's account of the new arrival, he turned aside with the idea of discussing nocturnal art.

Mr. Watkins was apparently aware of his approach. A friendly conversation with Lady Hammerpond's butler had just terminated, and that individual, surrounded by the three pet dogs which it was his duty take for an airing after dinner had been served, was receding in the distance. Mr. Watkins was mixing colors with an air of great industry. Sant, approaching more nearly, was surprised to see the color in question was as harsh and brilliant an emerald green as it is possible to imagine. Having cultivated an extreme sensibility to color from his earliest years, he drew the air in sharply between his teeth at the very first glimpse of this brew. Mr. Watkins turned round. He looked annoyed.

"What on earth are you going to do with that beastly green?" said Sant.

Mr. Watkins realized that his zeal to appear busy in the eyes of the butler had evidently betrayed him into some technical error. He looked at Sant and hesitated.

"Pardon my rudeness," said Sant; "but, really, that green is altogether too amazing. It came as a shock. What do you mean to do with it?"

Mr. Watkins was collecting his resources. Nothing could save the situation but decision. "If you come here interrupting my work," he said, "I'm a-goin' to paint your face with it."

Sant retired, for he was a humorist and a peaceful man. Going down the hill he met Porson and Wainwright. "Either that man is a genius or he is a dangerous lunatic," said he. "Just go up and look at his green." And he continued his way, his countenance brightened by a pleasant anticipation of a cheerful affray round an easel in the gloaming, and the shedding of much green paint.

But to Porson and Wainwright Mr. Watkins was less aggressive, and explained that the green was intended to be the first coating of his picture. It was, he admitted in response to a remark, an absolutely new method, invented by himself. But subsequently he became more reticent; he explained he was not going to tell every passer-by the secret of his own particular style, and added some scathing remarks upon the meanness of people "hanging about" to pick up such tricks of the masters as they could, which immediately relieved him of their company.

Twilight deepened; first one, then another star appeared. The rooks amid the tall trees to the left of the house had long since lapsed into slumberous silence, the house itself lost all the details of its architecture and became a dark gray outline, and then the windows of the salon shone out brilliantly, the conservatory was lighted up, and here and there a bedroom window burnt yellow. Had any one approached the easel in the park it would have been found deserted. One brief, uncivil word in brilliant green sullied the purity of its canvas. Mr. Watkins was busy in the shrubbery with his assistant, who had discreetly joined him from the carriage drive.

Mr. Watkins was inclined to be self-congratulatory upon the ingenious device by which he had carried all his apparatus boldly, and in the sight of all men, right up to the scene of operation. "That's the dressing room," he said to his assistant, "and, as soon as the maid takes the candle away and goes down to supper, we'll call in. My! how nice the house do look, to be sure, against the starlight, and with all its windows and lights! Swopme, Jim, I almost wish I was a painter chap. Have you fixed that there wire across the path from the laundry?"

He cautiously approached the house until he stood below the dressing room window, and began to put together his folding ladder. He was much too experienced a practitioner to feel any unusual excitement. Jim was reconnoitring the smoking room. Suddenly, close beside Mr. Watkins in the bushes there was a violent crash and a stifled curse. Some one had tumbled over the wire which his assistant had just arranged. He heard feet running on the gravel pathway beyond. Mr. Watkins, like all true artists, was a singularly shy man, and he incontinently dropped his folding ladder and began running circumspectly through the shrubbery.

He was indistinctly aware of two people hot upon his heels, and he fancied that he distinguished the outline of his assistant in front of him. In another moment he had vaulted the low stone wall bounding the shrubbery, and was in the open park. Two thuds on the turf followed his own leap.

It was a close chase in the darkness through the trees. Mr. Watkins was a loosely built man and in good training, and he gained hand-over-hand upon the hoarsely panting figure in front.

Neither spoke, but, as Mr. Watkins pulled up alongside, a qualm of awful doubt came over him. The other man turned his head at the same moment and gave an exclamation of surprise. "It's not Jim," thought Mr. Watkins, and simultaneously the stranger flung himself, as it were, at Watkins's knee, and they were forthwith grappling on the ground together. "Lend a hand, Bill," cried the stranger, as the third man came up. And Bill did—two hands, in fact, and some accentuated feet. The fourth man, presumably Jim, had apparently turned aside and made off in a different direction. At any rate, he did not join the trio.

Mr. Watkins's memory of the incidents of the next two minutes is extremely vague. He has a dim recollection of having his thumb in the corner of the mouth of the first man, and feeling anxious about its safety, and for some seconds at least he held the head of the gentleman answering to the name of Bill to the ground by the hair. He was also kicked in a great number of different places, apparently by a vast multitude of people. Then the gentleman who was not Bill got his knee below Mr. Watkins's diaphragm and tried to curl him up upon it.

When his sensations became less entangled he was sitting upon the turf, and eight or ten men—the night was dark, and he was rather too confused to count—standing round him to recover. He mournfully assumed that he was captured, and would probably have made some philosophical reflections on the fickleness of fortune, had not his internal sensations disinclined him to speech.

He noticed very quickly that his wrists were not handcuffed, and then a flask of brandy was put in his hands. This touched him a little—it was such unexpected kindness.

"He's a-comin' round," said a voice which he fancied he recognized as belonging to the Hammerpond second footman.

"We've got 'em," said the Hammerpond butler, the man who had handed him the flask. "Thanks to you."

No one answered this remark. Yet he failed to see how it applied to him.

"He's fair dazed," said a strange voice; "the villains half murdered him."

Mr. Teddy Watkins decided to remain fair dazed until he had a better grasp of the situation. He perceived that two of the black figures round him stood side by side with a dejected air, and there was something in the carriage of their shoulders that suggested to his experienced eye hands that were bound together. In a flash he rose to his position. He emptied the little flask and staggered, obsequious hands assisting him to his feet. There was a sympathetic murmur.

"Shake hands, sir; shake hands," said one of the figures near him. "Permit me to introduce myself. I am very greatly indebted to you. It was the jewels of my wife, Lady Aveling, which attracted these scoundrels to the house."

"Very glad to make your lordship's acquaintance," said Teddy Watkins.

"I presume you saw the rascals making for the shrubbery and dropped down on them?"

"That's exactly how it happened."

"You should have waited till they got in at the window," said Lord Aveling. "They would get it hotter if they had actually committed the burglary. And it was lucky for you; two of the policemen were out by the gates and followed up the three of you. I doubt if you could have secured the two of them—though it was plucky of you, all the same."

"Yes, I ought to have thought of all that," said Mr. Watkins, "but one cannot think of everything."

"Certainly not," said Lord Aveling. "I am afraid they have mauled you a little," he added. The party was now moving toward the house. "You walk rather lame. May I offer you my arm?"

And instead of entering Hammerpond House by the dressing room window, Mr. Watkins entered it, slightly intoxicated, and inclined now to cheerfulness again—on the arm of a real, live peer, and by the front door. "This," thought Mr. Watkins, "is burgling in style!"

The "scoundrels," seen by gaslight, proved to be mere local amateurs unknown to Mr. Watkins, and they were taken down into the pantry and there watched over by three policemen, two gamekeepers with loaded guns, the butler, an 'ostler, and a carman, until the dawn allowed of their removal to Hazlehurst police station. Mr. Watkins was made much of in the salon. They devoted a sofa to him, and would not hear of a return to the village that night.

Lady Aveling was sure he was brilliantly original, and said her idea of Turner was just another rough, half inebriated, deep-eyed, brave and clever man. Some one brought up a remarkable little folding ladder that had been picked up in the shrubbery, and showed him how it was put together. They also described how wires had been found in the shrubbery, evidently put there to trip up unwary pursuers. It was lucky he had escaped these snares. And they showed him the jewels.

Mr. Watkins had the sense not to talk too much, and in any conversational difficulty fell back on his internal pains. At last he was seized with stiffness in the back, and yawning. Every one suddenly awoke to the fact that it was a shame to keep him talking after his affray, so he retired to his room, the little red room next to Lord Aveling's suite.

* * * * * *

The dawn found a deserted easel bearing a canvas with a green inscription in the Hammerpond Park, and it found Hammerpond House in commotion. But if the dawn found Mr. Teddy Watkins and the Aveling diamonds it did not communicate the information to the police.—Pall Mall Budget.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There is constantly in all Japan an average of two earthquake shocks daily.

Wasps rank next to the higher classes of ants in point of insect intelligence.

Powdered aluminum mixed with binoxid of sodium constitutes a powerful explosive.

Electricity is now put to use in running sewing machines and turning clothes wringers.

A singular discovery of the planet Neptune by two astronomers working independently was made in 1846.

The illumination of the summit of Mt. Pilatus last winter was visible in the whole of Northern Switzerland to a distance of a hundred kilometres.

It is said that a man in Philadelphia has a collection of minerals second only to one in the world, that of the British Museum. It is valued at $500,000.

The brain of man is the most highly convoluted of that of any animal in the world. The lower the animal in the scale of intelligence the smoother the brain.

The Bulgarian Government has brought out the tenth number of its collection of works on national science and literature, which has been carried on now for five years.

The head and face have eighty-three muscles; the neck has forty-nine: the thorax, seventy-eight; the abdomen, thirty-three; the back, seventy-eight; the upper extremities, ninety-eight; the lower, 108.

Borocarbide, a new material recently prepared in the electric furnace by the French chemist Henri Moissan, is a compound of borax and carbon, and is excessively hard, cutting diamonds without difficulty.

The root bulb of every hair has five or six small white filaments, which are to the bulb what the roots of an onion are to that vegetable, the means of collecting and bringing to it the proper nourishment.

For the last forty years the Academy of Philadelphia has been assiduously making a collection of human skulls, which now number well up into the thousands. It is the finest collection of its kind in the world.

The muscles of the hand reach their highest perfection in man; no other animal has a true hand; the muscles of the eyes, ears and nose show that several groups, which in the lower animals are very highly developed, in man are in an almost rudimentary condition.

In health and during exercises the average man has about twenty respirations a minute and forty cubic inches are inhaled at each respiration; in an hour 48,000 cubic inches of air will be inspired; in twenty-four hours 1,152,000 cubic inches or about the contents of seventy-eight hogsheads.

The latest use for aluminum is as a substitute for lithographic stones. Its lightness is one of the strong features. On the other hand its use for surgeon's tools is gradually diminishing, as it bends so easily and cannot with any known alloy be made hard enough for the purposes required.

ANCIENT WAYS OF WARFARE.

Antiquated Weapons, Banners With Dragon Pictures, Huge Umbrellas, Gongs and Gingals—"Braves" on Each Man's Back.

THE Chinese, says the New York World, have not yet gone to war with modern firearms and fought according to modern Western methods. When they fought the English to stop

MEMBER OF BOW AND ARROW BRIGADE.

the opium traffic their arms were not dissimilar to those the English had used 200 years before. Their bows and arrows were probably more effective than their firearms.

But their equipment was at least picturesque. They carried banners bearing representations of green dragons and other terrible creatures, and also huge umbrellas. Many of the soldiers had colored pennants attached to their persons. Their shields were also painted with alarming things. They went into battle with a tremendous beating of gongs and agitation of dragons and umbrellas.

They attempted to bar one of their rivers with a make-believe steamer, having a funnel and smoke, but no engines. A huge fort also was armed with wooden cannon of tremendous calibre, which could not, of course, be fired.

The Chinese army at present consists of three divisions. The first is the eight banners, comprising "all living Manchoos and descendants of the Mongolian and Chinese soldiery of the conquest." These furnish guards for the palace and garrisons in different principal cities and other places.

The second is the provincial army of the "Green Standard," comprising the land and marine forces. This numbers about 500,000 men and is used principally for garrison and police duties.

The third division consists of the braves or irregulars who are enlisted and disbanded as required and have been much used in real warfare.

Considerable bodies of troops have been drilled and armed in European fashion, but the bulk of the army is still a mediæval institution. Matchlocks, gingals, bows and arrows, spears and lances are the usual weapons. Sometimes foreign arms are put into the soldiers' hands without instructions as to their use.

The Chinese soldier wears a uniform similar to the dress the Chinese laborer in America commonly wears. He has a conical bamboo hat, and on the front of his coat the service to which he belongs and on the back the word "brave" are inscribed. The Chinese have proved themselves to be capable of great and sustained bravery under

CHINESE SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH.

The Manchoo Tartar men of the race of the reigning dynasty are the fighters of the Chinese army. Certain of them, composing the Tiger Guard, are dressed in yellow—the imperial color—striped in imitation of a tiger's hide, and having ears also to their caps. This cap is made of split bamboo, capable of resisting a heavy blow. The shield, also of bamboo, is painted with a monstrous head, calculated to terrify the enemy. Every fifth soldier has a silk flag flying from a small staff attached to his back. This gives a very gay appearance.

The military policeman, says a British writer, wears a placard on his breast inscribed "robustious citizen."

M. Huc, who has left a very interesting record of his labors as a missionary in China between 1840 and 1850, describes a view of the Chinese army which he witnessed.

"This great military display was to take place outside the town on an immense sandy plain to which the warriors were already hastening in little groups, according to the banner to which they belonged. Their arms, which did not trouble themselves to gleam in the sun, were also in great variety; there were guns, bows, pikes, sabres, pitchforks and saws fastened to the end of a long handle, as well as rattans, shields and iron culverins which had to light pipes; and at various points of the field we saw formidable detached forts made of bamboo and painted paper.

"The moment arrived to begin. A little culverin that stood near the platform was fired off, the military judges covering their ears with their hands to protect them from the frightful detonation; then a yellow flag was hoisted to the top of one of the forts, the tamtams sounded a furious charge and the soldiers rushed together pell-mell, uttering terrible cries and grouping themselves round the flag of their company; then they seemed to be trying to get into some sort of order, in which they were not very successful, and after that they had a mimic fight, and the melee, which was

A CHINESE FLAG BEARER.

certainly the most effective, soon followed.

"It is impossible to imagine anything more whimsical and comic than the evolutions of the Chinese soldiers. They advance, draw back, leap, pirouette and cut capers, crouch behind their shields as if to watch the enemy, then jump up again, distribute blows right and left and then run away with all their might, crying, 'Victory! victory!'"

The Chinese muskets had no stocks, and the soldiers held them against their hips. The men who acted as gun-carriages had their ears stuffed with cotton wool.

The war-junks composing the Imperial Navy were invariably built to represent some alarming animal. The Centipede was the name of one with three rows of oars, representing the feet of that insect. The Hawk's Beak was made at each end like a hawk's beak. There were also wheeled vessels, which have been used in China for many centuries.

The men were usually supplied with rattan shields painted with tigers' heads. The heavy troops wore cuirasses of quilted cloth covered with iron plates, and helmets of polished steel.

Their matchlock was of wrought iron worked like a fowling-piece. The match was a cord of hemp or coir, and the pan had to be uncovered with the hand, which prevented its use in wet weather. The gingal is a swivel gun from six to fourteen feet long, resting on a tripod. The artillery consists principally of weapons like this.

A French historian writes of the Chinese army in 1644: "Their arms are arquebuses, pikes, staves with iron and hatchets. The horsemen use other arms. When they go to fight they carry four swords at their saddle pommel. They hold two in their hands when they charge, and make use of them with great dexterity. They likewise use darts and lances. They are accustomed to be environed with a troop of grooms, which are about them when they enter and which are nimble and well-armed. Their valor consists in policy and stratagems of war, where they employ their minds more than their courage to charge the enemy openly."

Chinese methods of warfare were probably at that time superior to European. To use two swords at once was an admirable feat of warlike skill.

Another writer says of the navy: "The greatest ships they have are called juncos, which are very great and are made for the wars with castles very high on the poop and prow, like to the ships of the Levant. There are so many of these that it is easy for any general of the season to gather in a little time a navy of from five hundred to a thousand of them of the same making and greatness."

for a carriage the shoulders of two individuals. In the midst of this medley there was, nevertheless, one thing in which the army displayed the most admirable uniformity. Every man, without exception, had a pipe and a fan. As to the umbrella, that did not seem to be strictly according to regulation, for those who carried umbrellas were in a minority.

SOLDIER OF THE TIGER GUARD.

"At one extremity of the field there was raised on a slight elevation of the ground a platform, shaded by an immense red parasol and ornamented with banners, streamers and some large lanterns.

"The Inspector Extraordinary of

A New Method of Fishing.

They are telling about big catfish out in the Southwest. When the sawers took a hollow cypress log out of the water, near Marianna, Ark., two catfish were found inside. One weighed sixty pounds and the other forty-five. The mill men were so inflamed by their find that they got

WOMEN

Austria's Empress has $1,000,000 in jewels.

Indianapolis (Ind.) girls run a co operative laundry.

Flower scissors in steel or silver are now included in a set of scissors.

The Princesses Victoria and Maude of Wales have developed into bicycle riders.

Female bootblacks are reported to be multiplying in Paris and other French cities.

Miss Helen R. Benedict, of New York City, is said to be the best whip among women in America.

Amelie Rives Chanler is pronounced by the London Literary World "the most beautiful woman in literature."

At Flemingsburg, Ky., a woman had to pay $10 damages to another woman for placing a bent pin in her church pew.

Mrs. Mary E. Lease, of Kansas, is said to be fond of practicing hypnotism, at which gentle art she is an adept.

Lady Margaret Scott is again the English golf champion, winning the championship at the recent contest at Littlestone.

Women smoke almost as much as men in Russia, and all the railways run smoking cars for ladies, which are well patronized.

R. D. Mehta and his wife have just started from Calcutta for England, Mrs. Mehta being the first Parsee lady to take the trip.

Mrs. Miles, wife of the coming head of the United States Army, is a sister of Mrs. Don Cameron, and is Senator Sherman's favorite niece.

In Persia the women of fashion paint black circles around each eye and ornament the cheeks with figures of various small animals, bugs, etc.

The Princess of Wales has a tea service consisting of sixty pieces, and every piece has upon it a photograph taken by the Princess in Scotland.

A lady doctor, Miss Hamilton, of Indiana, has been engaged by the Ameer of Afghanistan to take charge of the health of the ladies of his household.

For boating and tennis, blouses are made in flannel or flannette, shaped in various ways. They are prettily trimmed with feather stitching in silk.

Octave Thanet is greatly interested in photography. She is going to use a number of the photographs she has taken as illustrations in one of her stories.

Mrs. Benjamin L. Beall, of Baltimore, enjoys the distinction of having been kissed by General Lafayette, when he was making a tour of this country in 1824.

New York dealers in the photographs of celebrities say that the picture of Mrs. Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, is among the most popular in the market.

This is how the Empress Eugenie describes herself: "Marie Eugenie, Countess de Pierrefond, widow; aged sixty-seven; born at Granada, in Spain; naturalized French."

A fund is being raised in England for the education of the child-widows of India, who are condemned by caste to solitary and profitless lives. A school is to be opened in Bombay.

Mr. Howells's only living daughter, Mildred, is quite an artist. She has done an occasional illustration for poems of her father's and is said to be giving art very serious attention.

Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," is said to be one of the best paid writers in Europe. She recently received a royalty of $2000 for a short story, copies of which sold at a shilling each.

Miss Agnes Repplier, who is now visiting London, has become a literary lioness in that city. Andrew Lang has given a dinner in her honor, among the guests being Professor Max Muller, the philologist.

Mme. Carnot, widow of the murdered French President, is not only given to deeds of philanthropy, but she is a model housewife. There is no work in her home which she is not as competent as any of her own servants to do.

Edmund Russell says some things to women that are very good. For instance, he advises them to choose for evening dress tints as nearly as possible like flesh tints, "for," he says, "flesh has the most beautiful tints in the world."

The sanitary corps of New York City now embraces three female physicians, who are under the same rule, and are required to do the same amount of work, as their male associates. They are Drs. Alice Mitchell, Helen Knight and Frances G. Deane.

All the private correspondence of the Empress of Russia, or, rather, all those letters which she writes with her own hand, are on a delicate, pink-

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And the Irish Make Poteen.

A French chemist makes wine out of potatoes.

"I was afflicted in the recovery of an old-time resident of this town, Mr. Jos. Bunker, who has for several years been considered by all his friends a hopeless consumptive. Investigation shows that for over thirty-two years he used three and a half pounds of tobacco a week. A short time ago he was induced to try a tobacco-habit cure called "No-To-Bac." Talking about his miraculous recovery today he said: "Yes, I used No-To-Bac, and two boxes completely cured me. I thought, and so did all my friends, that I had consumption. Now they say, as you say, 'how healthy and strong you look, Joe,' and whenever they ask me what cured my consumption I tell them No-To-Bac. The last week I used tobacco I lost four pounds. The morning I began the use of No-To-Bac I weighed 127½ pounds; to-day I weigh 169, a gain of 42½ pounds. I eat heartily and sleep well. Before I used No-To-Bac I was so nervous that when I went to drink I had to hold the glass in both hands. To-day my nerves are perfectly steady. Where did I get No-To-Bac? At the drug store. It is made by the Sterling Remedy Company, general western office, 45 Randolph street, Chicago, New York office, 10 Spruce street, but I see by the printed matter that it is sold by all druggists—I know all the druggists in this town keep it. I have recommended it to over one hundred people and do not know of a single failure to cure."

Buddhism in Paris.

A fresh propaganda of Buddhism is being undertaken in Paris. It is asserted that 30,000 Parisians now profess the ancient religion. Many well-known women describe themselves as eclectic Buddhists. A little volume gives a summary of the doctrines of the new creed. It has just been printed, and large numbers have been bought by wealthy neophytes and will be distributed soon among all classes. The copies of the book have been bound in black morocco, gilded to resemble prayer books.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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On Saturday, 15th day of December, 1894, the following property:

80 head of Ewes.

1 six year old horse, good driving or saddle horse.

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Twose who study the "signs" say another long, cold winter, filled with storms, is ahead of us. The goose bone is nearly all white, and snow, (so they say) will lie on the ground from early in December until April, or perhaps later. Corn husks are more than usually thick. The maize has put on an extra over coat to protect itself from the zero temperature to come. Woodchucks and chipmunks are already fat enough to kill, and their fur is dense, fine, and soft. They, too, predict cold weather, and will seek their winter quarters early. The weather psophets say that all the signs point to an unusually severe winter.—Ex.

An exultant Republican at Charlestown, a day or two after the election, couldn't resist the temptation to "jolly" one of his Democratic friends a little on the result of the election. Charlestown is the home of Congressmen William L. Wilson, and his friends were feeling particularly sore. Therefore when the Republican mentioned undertook to "rub it in" he caught it where the chicken got the ax. "How do you feel now, Mr. W?" "I feel like Lazarus," savagely retorted the defeated one. "How's that?" said the Republican, with a grin. "Been licked by dogs," replied the Wilson man.

The Republicans object to our saying any thing about the Senatorial fight and intimate that it is none of our funeral. We reply that is decidedly our "funeral" and since it is our funeral we have a right to say something about the funeral exercises. We surely have a right to demand that our funeral be done "decently and in order;" and since we think we have a right to demand this we don't want to have the corpse disgraced by having certain fellows in the funeral procession.—*Grafton Leader.*

The engineers of the West Virginia Central Railroad have just completed the survey for an extension of that road from Elkins to White Sulphur, a distance of 120 miles. The road will be built at a very early date.—State Journal.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—I find it necessary to make the following changes in my appointments: Huntersville meeting will be held at Marlinton on the second Sunday in December, and Green Bank, on the third Sunday in December.

W. G. HAMMOND, P. E.

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FAT FOLKS Reduced 15 to 35 pounds per month. No starving, no inconvenience, no bad results, no nauseous

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 29th day of October, 1892, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 23, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina R. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court-house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1837, said deed or patent numbered 13031.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber.

LEVI GAY, Trustee.

ANDREW PRICE, Attorney

Marlinton, w. Va., October 2, 1894.

THE ADVERTISERS FOR 1895.

MORNING, EVENING, SUNDAY, AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

Aggressive Republican Journals of the Highest Class.

Commercial Advertiser.

Established 1797. Published every evening. New York's oldest evening newspaper. Subscription price $6.00 per year.

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Adress THE ADVERTISER,

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 21. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1894. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, ... J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, ... R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, ... S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, ... J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, ... C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor ..... George Baxter.
Coroner, ... George P. Moore
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Chasles Cook, Edray; W. H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

L. W CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

R. S. RUCKER,
ATT'Y AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. REDDECKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRAXTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, N. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

THIS subject is agitating the world to-day, and Lady Henry Somerset, whom the boys say has such a funny name, has come from England, much to the disgust of the American press, which avers that the lady has a field at home, to talk and work about dress reform. She lets the men alone, as those men who run much to dress are beneath the notice of a sensible lady, such as Lady Henry Somerset.

Now everyone must admire this noble Christian lady for the good she has done the world in her several lines of work, but did it ever occur to you that she is treating a very small portion of the subject of dress. Her work lies among the theaters and the women who are rich enough to possess evening dresses, and who are so beautifully formed that they can wear them. What of the countless hordes of people who cannot afford comfortable clothing to wear to preserve life through our bleak winters. This the comfortles *majority* which is growind fierce under their desperate circumstances. Even the ranting stump speaker professes to feel for the shivering multitude, and promises them that they need only to follow his directions, shake once or twice, and this necessity of life will be in reach of them all.

But this aristocratic British woman goes among the wealthy class and says, my bright eyed girls, you are making quite an exhibition of yourself. You really ought to have something on besides a pair of suspenders. The style in which you dress is actually low. And of course she is right.

Of the two which do you say is best, the veiled Moorish woman on whose face a stranger never looked or the society woman who appears at the opera in an evening dress, leaving bare the greater portion of the body above the waist. But it is only a few thousands who dress thus. For one society woman there are thousands of shivering poor who under our present system of government are unable to clothe themselves. This is a blot on civilization. One man lives as well as another with the savages, "gentlemen unafraid" they.

Now consider how hard it is to be poor. Twice in our lives we suffer. When we are weak and helpless children, not knowing, if our lives depended on it, how to better our condition, or make it easier to our parents, who are only succeeding in partially providing for our wants. And then again when old age and failing faculties have paralyzed the power that alone wrested from our fellow man our needs. Eor the poor it were better they never were born, or that they died in their prime.

Slightly glossed over, the modern dress reformer intimates that the ladies of New York awaken the beast in the men by their manner of dress, but our prisons, or we may say hell, is filled with those driven to desperate acts by their poverty, misery, and distress. The criminals by nature generally escape our notice, for they, as a rule wax exceedingly fat, but those who seek self preservation, which we are reminded so often is the first law of nature; those who seek self-preservation through those practices which constitute vice, come from the class of "wants." Pity the poor man. Dress reform; what he needs. Save or we perish—morally, physically, socially—is the cry that goes up from the people.

The citizens of Marlinton recently had the opportunity of listening to an agreeable talk on this subject from a talented Englishman. His opening words were that the things that were agitating the thinking mind were "What shall we eat? What shall we drink? (to which the honorable gentleman said he felt like replying), and what shall we wear?"

So let us say, "Turn, Lady Henry Somerset!" and model after John Burns, your nobler compatriot, who is also here from England on a dirtier but holier mission among our laboring men, the root and vine of our country.

It is not the province of this leading article to prescribe a panacea for the ills it depicts. But work brings us all out of bad holes. Work for the social body, and maybe wheels within wheels may accomplish the desired end.

Now let us close our desertation with some lines from a famous poem, and let the girls get set up over it it all they want to, for it deals with what what will make a man work, and we say that more general money will make dress reform unnecessary:

"They passed one resolution: your subcommittee believe,
You will lighten the curse of Adam,
When you 'enlightened the curse of Eve;
But till men are built like angels—with hammer and chisel and pen,
They will work for themselves and a woman, forever and ever, amen."

There are a number of cases of typhoid fever reported at Palmer, Braxton county and several deaths have resulted. Dr. Findley the young physician who was employed by the Palmer company as resident physician, is the latest victim. Others are not expected to recover. It is said that the cause has been traced to the use of impure water.

THE LEWISBURG FEMALE INSTITUTE.

CALLS ATTENTION

To the fine advantages offered in its Classical Department, its Music and Art Department, and its department of Languages, Ancient and Modern.

All the rooms are carpeted and furnished in heavy suites of oak.

Read the following extracts from testimonials from some of its patrons.

HON. JOHN W. McCREERY, RALEIGH C. H.,
(of the State Senate of West Virginia) writes:

"Having had two daughters at the Lewisburg Female Institute for the last two sessions, under the management of Rev. R. L. Telford, it affords me pleasure to say that I regard the school as one of the best in the country. I heartily approve of the dicipline, teaching, and care given to the students, and I recommend it to those who have daughters to educate, and think they cannot do better than to send them to this school."

REV. D. S. SYDENSTRICKER, D. D., ACADEMY, W. VA., writes:

"Having been a patron of the Lewisburg Female Institute for two years, I can sincerely recommend it to the attention and patronage of all who desire to have their daughters thoroughly trained in mind and heart. The course of instruction is thorough and honest. No half-way work is done. The refining and elevating Christian influences thrown around the pupils are most excellent."

REV. J. M. SLOAN writes:

"I do most heartily recommend this Institution to all young ladies who are seeking the best educational advantages on the most reasonable terms, and to all parents desiring to send their daughters where they will receive the kindest attention, the best of instruction, and enjoy the opportunity of securing a sound Christian education under the best influences. I do not know any other institution so well adapted in all respects for the proper education of girls, or which offers equal advantages at so small a cost."

JUDGE A. C. SNYDER writes:
(Ex-Judge Supreme Court of Appeals.)

"It affords me pleasure to testify to the superior advantages of the Lewisburg Female Institute, as an instution of learning, amply equipped for its work both in its appliances and teachers. As a patron of the school I wish to express my satisfaction with, the intellectual, social, and moral training it confers, and heartily commend it to all who have daughters to educate."

CAPT. R. L. DENNIS writes:
(Ex-State Senator, West Virginia.)

"No better school for girls can be found in this or any other State. The expenses are low—made to suit the times, and both Principal and Assistants are unremitting in their efforts to advance the intellectual and moral training of those committed to their care."

MAJ. JOHN W. HARRIS writes:

"I can cordially commend the Lewisburg Female Instituie to all who have daughters to educate. The care bestowed upon the manners and morals of the pupils, as well as their intellectual training, and the success which has attended the efforts of those in charge, to make of the school a home as well as an educational institution, leave but little, if anything to be desired."

REV. J. M. RAWLINGS, D. D., WILMINGTON, N. C.
(Formerly Chaplain University of Virginia, and Chanceller Southwestern University, Clarksville, Tennessee.)

"I cordially commend the Lewisburg Female Institute to all parties who are seeking a good school for their daughters. The teaching is excellent, the management is firm and very kindly, and the girls seem industrions and happy. For the last year, I have lived at the Institute, and do not know a better."

JUDGE H. A. HOLT, CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA.
(of the Supreme Court of Appeals.)

"I am a patron of the Lewisburg Female Institute and concur with Dr. J. M. Rawlings in cordially commending it to all parents who are seeking a good school for their daughters."

For Catalogue address
LEWISBURG FEMALE INSTITUTE, LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Promising Youth.

One half of the world does not know how the other half lives, neither does both halves know how the older brother in some of our families obtains the copy of the paper he wants from his younger brother, when that younger brother has got a right to the paper by getting through his supper first and taking possession.

Say the family's name is Vance, and Ad., the big brother, feels as though he cannot wait for George to finish the county paper, so he takes up the Wheeling Register and reads it awhile. The following conversation may occur:

"Say, George, is that the POCAHONTAS TIMES you're readin'?"

"Yep," mutters George who is absorbed in the perusal of a thrilling bit of local news.

"Say, let's trade!" insinuatingly.

"See here," says George, "I'm readin' these here TIMES, an' you wait till I get done."

"You'd better trade, George, there's an account in this paper about a boy named George Vance, who killed a fellow becos' he stole his wad of chewin' gum he taken it outen his mouth to eaten a apple; he stuck him with a Barlow knife right in the weskit pocket, and then went and an' drownded hisself."

"Let me see it," says George.

"Not unless you trade," says Ad. firmly.

"You go orf, it aint nothin' about it in there," replies George.

Ad is repulsed for a moment, but pulls himself together for another attack.

"There's a big account of the new kind of flying machine in this here Register, George. A man over in France spent forty thousand dollars making it, and busted hisself and his old aunt; they they put her up the other day, and the inventor and the ole aunt and three other men goes up in her, afore about seventeen hundred people, and the old aunt's dog barkin' fit to bust. She sailed up ez pretty ez enthing you ever see, an' riz about a thousand feet, when she 'gin to sail off. They heard suthin crack an' down come a bolt. The ole machine 'peared to be going west and it didn't come down, and it went out of sight right plum toward Ameriky. They tellygraphed to the sea-port town and the oppyrator was on the watchout an' saw her go over him sailin' like a bird. Bimeby a letter come sailin' down, and that bloomin flyin' machine man hed writ a letter tellin' them concerned, or the hull concern, either, that he was a blam fool, that he couldn't stop the machinery, an' that all he could do was to keep her from goin' higher. Said he intended to steer for Norfolk, an' expected the Blue Ridge would ketch him, enyway, the Alleghany Mountin'; he says "plenty to eat an' Aunty's comfortable an' behavin' beautiful. Expect to reach Norfolk in ten days." I wish the old machine would strike this part."

"See here, Ad, will you promise to gimme the TIMES when you git done it? Bill want's 'em, Jane wants 'em, ma wants 'em, and Bill Jinkins 'll borry 'em in the mornin'," says George, who is going to read about the flying machine.

The transfer is made, and George hunts the Register up and down, but not a solitary thing can he find about flying machines or youthful murderers. He appeals to Ad, but he is busy with the famous weekly which he has secured, and does not respond. Finally it dawns on him that he has been euchred out of his evening's reading, and goes sobbing off to lodge a complaint against his older brother.

"Ma!—ma!" he bawls.

"What is it Georgie?"

"Ad stole them TIMES from me," he complains.

And then the good mother soothes her hopeful sun, and remonstrates with Ad, who gives George an empty match-box to heal the hurt.

It is estimated that England expends annually $13,000,000 on pictures.

Writers on vital statistics state that there are two persons sick for every death during the year.

There are 260 iron and steel manufacturing establishments in Pennsylvania, with an invested capital of over $200,000,000.

The colored element is increasing much less rapidly than the white—not only in the country at large but in the Southern States, avers the Chicago Herald.

The New York Independent exclaims: "One man, Josiah W. Leeds, succeeded in having the wholesome laws so far enforced as to remove from the news stands of Philadelphia the papers which are devoted to illustrations of crime."

A steel rail costs twice as much as an iron one, muses the New York Recorder, but the universal use of the former means millions to the farmers of the West. It has enabled railroads to use larger and heavier cars, and the results are cheaper freights and quicker transportation.

An undue importance is given to the bullet-proof armor lately brought out by Dowe and others, the New York Recorder thinks. It is intended to protect the vital parts only, and the head, arms and legs are exposed. In a conflict the ratio of wounded to dead combatants is very large, and a wounded man is as harmless as a dead one for offensive purposes. Probably a body of men so equipped would possess a stronger element of courage, and therefore add to its efficiency; but this added daring would only serve to bring the combatants closer together, and thereby largely increase the number of wounded. Would not a protected army lose, in the greater number of wounded what it presumably would gain in courage?

The Contemporary Review says: Englishmen are the milch cows of the world. They are the great lenders from whom all other nations barrow. For generations they have been rich and saving, until at last their annual accumulations have become greater than the annual openings for legitimate investment. So severe has the pressure become that latterly the money lender has been forcing his money into every kind of undertaking, in all parts of the world, creating, by his own eagerness to lend, the corresponding desire to borrow. It is the weight of uninvested money which stimulates borrowing, not the cupidity of the impecunious. Borrowing has not produced lending, but lending borrowing. Interest has continued to fall because there are more lenders than borrowers. If Englishmen think, then, that any communities have dipped too deep into the English purse, they can easily apply the corrective by a little self-control. They should abstain from further lending. This may seem a heroic remedy, but it is the only remedy.

Very significant, indeed, according to the Baltimore Sun, are the figures from the Bureau of Statistics showing the export from the United States in the eleven months ended May 31, 1894. The total was $834,000,000, against $782,000,000 in the like period of the preceding year, an increase of $52,000,000. But more than half of this increase was in exports from the South, showing the decided revival of business activity in that section. The exports from Southern ports aggregated $285,700,000, or $27,000,000 more than in eleven months of the year ended May 31, 1893. Baltimore's exports aggregated $73,963,000; those of Charleston, $13,028,130; Galveston, $34,985,000; New Orleans, $72,373,000; Newport News, $13,658,030; Norfolk and Portsmouth, $10,982,000; Pensacola, $3,694,000; Richmond, $3,965,000; Savannah, $24,815,000; Wilmington, $6,999,000. These totals, as respects some of these ports, are

Never nothin' like 'em, an' never more will be!
Wasn't any railroad trains a-blowin' loud an' free—
They was all the brightest times—best o' times to me!

Old times in the country, where the sweetest violets growed;
Best of all the best times that my heart has ever knowed!
Feller loved a gal, he kissed the best an' sweetest one,
An' old folks did their knittin' by the doorway, in the sun.

Old times in the country—I kin see 'em still,
Hear the cool, sweet callin' of the copperhid whippoorwill;
Hear the midnight singin' of the thrillin' mockin'birds,
An', best of all, the music of my sweetheart's sweetest words!

Old times in the country—smoke a-curlin' blue
From the old clay chimneys with the backlogs burnin' blue!
Old times in the country—wherever I may be,
Them's the very best o' times to all my folks an' me!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A PERILOUS TRIP.

ALTHOUGH I'm only five and twenty, I have learned that there's one kind of a craft you can't tell anything about from the cut of her jib, and that's a girl. I used to think they were a mighty poor lot, good enough to sit in a parlor and look pretty, or to talk to when the weather was bad and there was not anything else to do, but something happened this summer to change my mind entirely, and now when I hear them toasting "The Ladies!" nobody's hat comes off quicker than mine and nobody yells "Hear, hear!" any louder than yours truly. May be you'd like to hear how this came about. Hold on a jiffy till I fill my pipe and I'll spin you a yarn.

Bob Terriss was a classmate of mine at Harvard. We both left before we took our degrees on account of a little difference of opinion with the Faculty, but that's neither here nor there. He went into business with his paternal ancestor, who is a banker, and I with mine, a boat-builder, and consequently for a year or so we saw little of each other, when all at once the Terrisses took it into their heads to hire a place on the South Shore for the summer, and Bob appeared on the scene again, the same sixpence, big and jolly and ready for any kind of a lark.

The Terrisses put on no end of style and lived right up to the handle. I felt like a fish out of water whenever I went there, for my folks were old-fashioned; so I steered clear of the family, and, as Bob was at home only in the evening, for a good while we didn't do more than smoke a pipe together strolling on the beach and talking boat. I had a dandy little cutter, but there was so much work on hand in the shop that she wasn't ready to go into the water until July, and in the mean time I had got all my sailing out of a scrap of a boat, narrow keeled and riggged up with a skitsail—the "Skeeter," father called her one day in fun, and the name stuck. Every day I had her out, spinning round well in shore, and, though it was a good deal like driving a donkey after a racehorse, I managed to get more than one lively experience out of her; and if it hadn't been for the Skeeter I should not have had the story to tell you to-day.

One piping hot morning I dropped into the drug store in the village to cool myself off with an orange phosphate, when there I struck Bob, done up like a dude, in duck trousers and a white yachting cap, and buying 25-cent cigars with the recklessness of a millionaire. These unusual circumstances made me suspect that something was up, and I wasn't surprised when that cheeky fellow slapped me on the back with a "How are you, Jerry, old man? You're just the chap I wanted to see. We've got a cousin from New York stopping down at the house and she's wild for a sail this morning. Can't you manage to take us out somehow or other for an hour? I know you have a boat, for I think I've heard you mention the Lively Polly now and then." And he grinned from ear to ear. When the Lively Polly was afloat I never talked of anything else. Her beauties, her style, her speed, the burden of my song forever used to be, and I've no doubt I bored people to death, for I know it bores me to hear other men talk about their yachts.

One day I had her out, and was being put into trim, and the only boat I can get hold of is my little Skeeter. Of course, you wouldn't think of putting a lady in that. She's hardly better than a racing shell."

"Oh, Gwendolen won't mind," Bob stuck in off-hand." I don't believe she knows a cutter when she sees one. So long as it will float she won't care what kind of a boat it is. You just sail round to our landing in an hour and we'll be on hand. It's doing me no end of a favor, old boy, and you'll see one of the prettiest girls that ever turned up in these parts. Fact, if she is my cousin."

"Girls!" said I. "Pooh! I hate the whole lot of them. Let them stay ashore, where they belong!" So I went on grumbling until Bob softened me with more phosphate and a couple of the twenty-five cent cigars, and I gave in. He stepped off home pretty lively to get the cousin out of her curl papers, I suppose, and into her yachting gown, while I, with many misgivings, scrubbed up the Skeeter, bailed her out, dried off the thwarts, and as luck would have it, put in an extra pair of oars. By the time I had set up the mast and taken a tack out into the cove I could see two figures hurrying down to the Terriss landing, and I ran up alongside.

"Jerry, I want to introduce you to my cousin, Miss Bangs," sung out Bob before I had actually got within hailing distance. The girl smiled and bowed—but both rather coolly. She was rigged out to kill in a regular yachting costume, white linen trimmed with dark blue, anchors worked in the corners of the collars and a sailor hat, white shoes, and if you'll believe me, white kid gloves and a white silk sunshade with a china handle! There's no denying that she did look stunning, for she was one of those tall, big girls that are right in the fashion now, with black hair and eyes and a good color, but her waist was like an hour glass, and she seemed altogether too stiff and proud and dressy to be of earthly good in the world; I took off my hat; then I glanced at her, then at the Skeeter, and made up my mind that she would vote to stay at home.

But no. Girls always do what you don't expect them to do. So she said right off:

"Don't let us lose any time, Bob. I'm afraid we shall rather be a tight fit for the boat; but, then, there were three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl."

She got aboard, and not so awkwardly as I had expected, and she and Bob sat down in the middle of the boat. Bob changed his seat in a minute, and went up forward as we put off. A neat little breeze was blowing off shore, and the Skeeter skimmed along over the waves like a bird. The white sunshade was in the way when we wanted to go about, and I didn't like to speak of it, but the moment the cousin caught on she shut it down without a word and never opened it again the whole day. She didn't talk much—only asked me in a distant way what this place and that along the shore might be, but when she caught sight of the Minot ledge light her eyes sparkled and she said eagerly:

"Oh, Mr. Jerry, don't you think we might sail out there? I never have seen the inside of a lighthouse, and it would be a delightful experience."

I shook my head. Prudence was against taking the Skeeter out so far. But she begged and teased. Bob heard the sound of her voice, coaxing and he put in his oar, so they went on until against all common sense I gave in after taking a look at the sky and the sea, which both seemed as propitious as could be for such a venture. As father said afterwards, all my horse sense deserted me, and I let those two landlubbers talk me into doing as foolish a thing as ever a yachtsman undertook.

The wind was all in our favor. Not a cloud was in the sky, and the sea as far as we could see lay smooth and tempting. Any number of sails dotted the horizon. A coal schooner slipped up the harbor just beyond us, with her dingy sail hardly feeling the breeze that bulged out the Skeeter's little triangle of canvas handsomely, and off Paradise Point, the Popinjays' beautiful place, their big steam yacht, with awnings over her snow-white decks and her brass work shining in the sun like beaten gold, was taking on a party for the day. We could hear the laughter of the ladies blown out over the water as distinctly as if we had been alongside, and I fancied a procession of white shoes tipping up the ladder over her side.

It took us but a short time to run out to the light, and, luffing up against that famous beacon, we waited till the chair came down, and Miss Bangs, climbing into it, calmly went swinging up, up, over the waves that dashed at the base of the tower, every bit as easy and self-possessed as if she had been taking tea in her own parlor. I liked that about her. She was not one of your giggling, screaming, silly girls, who go into spasms at sight

flagged steadily at his end of the boat he had turned all colors of the spectrum under the brim of his yachting cap. To tell the truth he was glad to find himself on terra firma again, if the lighthouse could be called that. I tacked up the Skeeter, and last of all made the ascent.

Miss Bangs was a very intelligent visitor. She asked such sensible questions and showed such a genuine interest in the mechanical construction of the light and in the lonely perilous life the keepers lead that their hearts were won, and they showed us many things which the ordinary sightseers are allowed to overlook; offered us a share of their simple dinner and gallantly presented the pretty young lady with a photograph of the lighthouse which did not suggest it in the least. Before we knew it we had been there two hours. Then there sounded a shrill whistle outside, and the Popinjays' steam yacht drawn up under the lee, waiting to send up its party in the chair. By this time the wind was fresher, and they could not manage to land. Popinjay recognized me, and though he generally treats me as if I were the scum of humanity, condescended to ask if I would take off his people in my boat.

"Oh, do!" said Miss Bangs. "It is a shame that anyone should miss such an entertaining sight!" and "Oh, do!" said Bob, who wanted to put off starting as long as possible, though he felt a good deal better since dinner.

So again my horse sense yielded, and instead of heading the Skeeter for the shore at once, I spent a couple of hours more toting those foolish women to and fro. I promise you there was no such quiet performance as Miss Bangs's had been in their case. The whole air resounded with imbecile shrieks, and the gulls came fluttering round in delighted surprise to join the chorus.

Well, at last the Popinjays got up steam again and started. To do them justice, they did ask us to go back with them, and threw out some vague hints of luncheon, at which Bob brightened up amazingly. But the cousin declined with the distant coolness which was a strange thing about her manner, and we got down into our little craft again, with some difficulty, because the waves had grown double the height, and dashed their white caps against the rocks fiercely. The Skeeter tossed like an eggshell. We had hardly put off before my heart misgave me, and I knew that it was going to be nip and tuck with us. The wind blew a gale, and blew harder every minute. At first I had a mind to turn back and get them to give us shelter in the light; but then I realized how impossible it would be to land there again, and I shaped my course for the shore. Bob sat in the stern, a total wreck. I roar now when I think of the sorry sight he was, as seasick a chap as ever gazed on the Atlantic, his white trousers spattered with salt water, his jaunty cap over one ear, and his face a melancholy pea green. But at the time he filled me with rage and despair, for he was of no earthly use and dreadfully in the way. A hundred and seventy-five pounds of suffering. Not even available as ballast.

Miss Bangs had taken off her gloves.

"Could you steer?" I asked her, doubtfully. "Our only chance is to unship the mast and get ashore with the oars."

Like a lady she changed her seat, pushed Bob out of the way, though not roughly, and took the tiller ropes without a word. The bit of sail flapped and tore at the ropes with a frenzy as I worked away at it breathlessly, holding on by the skin of my teeth while the poor Skeeter was now borne to the crest of a huge breaker and now slid with the velocity of a toboggan into the trough of the sea. How I ever did it I can't say, but somehow I managed to get the sail brailed up and to slip the stick out of the socket without overturning the boat, which still held on its course towards the land, though without making any perceptible progress. I shipped the oars. Bob's cousin had watched me steadily while I worked—and in the midst of all the excitement I remember feeling a little mortified at the scrutiny, for the perspiration ran down my face in streams and the sleeve of my shabby sweater had parted company with the body. Spray dashed over the boat with every wave, but the smart dress still continued to look fresh.

"There is another pair of oars," shrieked she. "I can pull. Shall I help?"

I nodded. She unshipped the rudder, and tucked it under Bob's tan shoe. He groaned, but he didn't much know whether he was afloat or horseback. That girl was so handy! She got the oars, dropped them into the rowlocks, sat down on the thwart just aft of me and fell to like an old tar. I give you my word for it not a fellow I knew could have pulled a stouter or a neater oar. [illegible]

their lives in their hands. If the tide had been against us, Bob and Miss Bangs and I would at this very moment be numbered among the interesting skeletons that litter the bottom of the Atlantic, unless some passing vessel had picked us up as we drifted out to sea. But as it was the gods were good. For three hours we rowed like mad—and that girl showed no sign of flagging. I tell you what, such pluck and sand you don't come across every day, either in petticoats or trousers, and I envied Bob being related to such a splendid girl. I watched the rise and fall of her shoulders, and I thought how I had misjudged her. But I couldn't understand then and I can't now how she could stand such a pull with a waist no bigger than that. I was beginning to feel pretty well tuckered out when I stopped rowing and turned around to take my bearings. "Hallo!" I called out, tickled enough, "quarter of a mile more and we shall fetch the landing! Can you keep up for a little longer, Miss Bangs?"

She nodded, and then I saw for the first time, when the sun shone on her black hair, that there was almost a sort of iridescence on its coils, and round her ears it broke into the cutest little curls. My shipmate was an uncommonly good-looking girl—there was no mistake about that, and she could just row! She must have been tired when we came up alongside the landing. The color had gone all out of her cheeks, and left her white as a sheet, but she smiled back at me bravely.

"That was a narrow escape," she said, "but I thank you for my sail. Come, Bob!" But Bob was just alive. We shook him up. He said he didn't care to go ashore; had just as lief spend the next two or three weeks on board; in fact, fully intended to stay just where he was for the rest of his existence. He was a limp and floppy object, and we had barely managed to get him on his feet when he fell back, a dead weight, on the gunwale of the ill-fated Skeeter, which turned over neatly and deposited us all three in the water. To be sure, it was only about ten feet deep. We came up puffing and blowing like so many porpoises. My first thought was for that girl. But she called out to me, "Look out for Bob; I can take care of myself," and with two or three vigorous strokes she swam to the steps, dragging herself up with as much grace as her dripping skirts would allow. Poor Bob was a good deal better for his unexpected bath, and managed with my help to scramble to safety and up the steps of the landing after her. He was a ridiculous object. But so were we all, wetter than drowned rats, and as we stood there shivering the absurdity of it struck us each and every one, and we burst into a roar of laughter.

"Three cheers for the Skeeter!" shouted Bob, and "Rah, rah, rah!" he cried, the cousin joining in. All her style was gone, and she looked anything but slick, but I shook hands with her when we said good-by, with a liking that I never expected to feel for any girl, and a real respect, too. Did I ever see her again? Well, rather! You remember me mentioning that waist of hers? My arm will just go round it.—Boston Herald.

Rent for Made Land.

The St. Louis courts have recently decided a case of no little interest to the dwellers on the banks of rivers where new land is likely to be made. Mrs. Anda R. Allen owns 145 acres of land at the point where the river Des Peres enters the Mississippi, and she leased it to the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern. Later seventy-five acres was added to this tract by accretions from the Mississippi. The company has a transfer at this point and was compelled to cross the new land in transferring cars. It, however, refused to pay rent for the land embraced in the new formation, on the ground that it was not embraced in the lease. Judge Dillon held that the accretions had become a part of the original tract, and, inasmuch as the company had used the land, it was liable for rent. The land was valued by experts at $450 per acre, and judgment was given against the railroad upon the basis of six per cent. on this valuation.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Lightning Flash.

That once time honored belief with regard to a flash of lightning is becoming discredited. It used to be thought that the duration of the flash was only some excessively minute fraction of a second. But this is not so. A lightning discharge often lasts as much as two or three seconds, and may be even further protracted, the longest time hitherto observed being no less than seven seconds. The ribbon-like appearance of a flash as photographed is due to the action of the wind, which bears along, so to speak,

IN A COAL MINE.

QUEER SCENES HUNDREDS OF FEET UNDERGROUND.

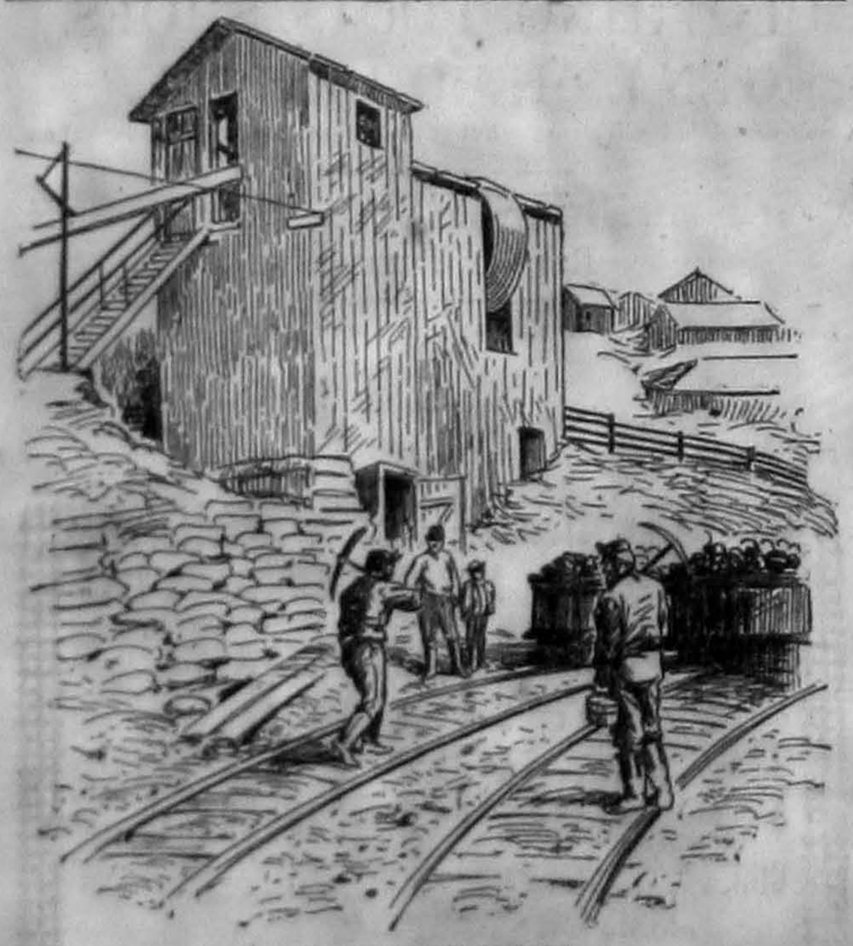
The Little Slate Pickers—Descending the Shaft—Miners at Work in the Tunnels—Mine Mules.

AROUND a huge central building clustered other and lower ones, sheds, engine houses, machine shops, offices. Railroad tracks extended in web-like ways. Upon them stood files of begrimed coal cars. Other huge structures similar to the one near us, says Stephen Crane, in the Detroit Free Press, upreared their uncouth heads upon the hills of the surrounding country. From each a mighty hill of culm extended. Upon these tremendous heaps of waste the miners, mules and cars appeared like toys. Down in the valley, upon the railroads, long trains crawled painfully southward, where a low-hanging gray cloud with a few projecting spires and chimneys indicated a town.

Car after car came from a shed beneath which lay hidden the mouth of the shaft. They were dragged, creaking, up an inclined cable road to the top of the "breaker."

A BREAKER BOY.

At the top of the "breaker" laborers were dumping coal into chutes. The huge lumps slid slowly on their journey down through the building from which they were to emerge in classified fragments. Great teeth on revolving cylinders caught them and chewed them. At places there were grates that bid each size go into its proper chute. The dust lay inches deep on every motionless thing and clouds of it made the air dark as from a violent tempest. A huge gnashing sound filled the ears. With terrible appetite this huge and hideous monster sat imperturbably munching coal, grinding its mammoth jaws with unearthly and monotonous uproar.

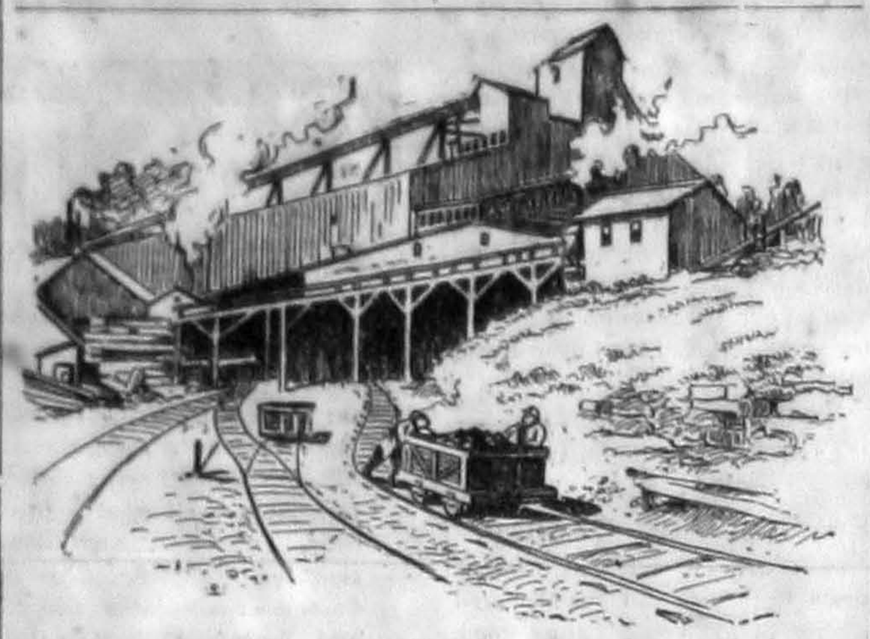


ENTRANCE TO THE ELEVATOR.

THE LITTLE SLATE PICKERS.

In a large room sat the little slate pickers. The floor slanted at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the coal, having been masticated by the great teeth, was streaming sluggishly in long iron troughs. The boys sat straddling these troughs, and as the mass moved slowly, they grabbed deftly at the pieces of slate therein. There were five or six of them, one above another, over each trough. The coal is expected to be fairly pure after it passes the final boy. The howling machinery was above them. High up, dim figures moved about in the dust clouds.

These little men were a terrifically



THE BREAKER.

dirty band. They resembled the New York gamins in some ways, but they laughed more, and when they laughed their faces were a wonder and a terror. They had an air of supreme independence and swore long oaths with skill.

Through their ragged shirts we could get occasional glimpses of shoulders, black as stoves. They looked precisely like imps as they scrambled to get a view of us. Work ceased while they tried to ascertain if we were willing to give away any tobacco. The man who perhaps believes that he controls them came and harangued the crowd. He talked to the air.

The slate pickers all through this region are yet at the spanking period. One continually wonders about their mothers and if there are any schoolhouses. But as for them they are not concerned. When they get time off they can go out on the culm heap and play baseball or fight with the boys from other "breakers" or, among themselves, according to the opportunities. And before them always is the hope of one day getting to be door boys in the mines and, later, mule boys. And yet later laborers and helpers. Finally, when they have grown to be great big men they may become miners, real miners, and go down and get "squeezed', or perhaps escape to a shattered old man's estate with a mere "miner's asthma." They are very ambitious.

Meanwhile they live in a place of infernal dins. The crash and thunder of the machinery is like the roar of an immense cataract. The room shrieks and blares and bellows. Clouds of dust blur the air until the windows shine pallidly afar off. All the structure is a-tremble from the heavy sweep and circle of the ponderous mechanism. Down in the midst of it sit these tiny urchins, where they earn fifty-five cents each day.

DESCENDING THE SHAFT.

Over in front of a little tool house, a man smoking a pipe sat on a bench.

"Yes," he said, "I'll take yeh down if yeh like." He led us by the little cinder paths to the shed over the shaft of the mine. A gigantic fan wheel near by was whirling swiftly. It created cool air for the miners, who on the lowest vein of this mine were some 1150 feet below the surface.

The black, greasy cables began to run swiftly. We stood staring at them and wondering. Then of a sudden the elevator appeared and stopped with a crash. It was a plain wooden platform. Upon two sides iron bars ran up to support a stout metal roof. The men upon it, as it came into view, were like apparitions from the centre of the earth.

A moment later we marched aboard, armed with little lights, feeble and gasping in the daylight. There was an instant's creak of machinery and then the landscape, that had been framed for us by the doorposts of the shed, disappeared in a flash. We were dropping with extraordinary swiftness straight into the earth. It was a plunge, a fall.

The dead black walls slid swiftly by. They were a swirling black chaos on which the mind tried vainly to locate some coherent thing, some intelligible spot. One could only hold fast to the iron bars and listen to the roar of this implacable descent. It was a journey that held a threat of endlessness.

Then suddenly the dropping platform slackened its speed. It began to descend slowly and with caution. At last, with a crash and a jar, it stopped. Before us stretched an inscrutable darkness, a soundless place of tangible loneliness. Into the nostrils came a subtle strong odor of powder smoke, oil, wet earth.

MINERS AT WORK.

Our guide strode abruptly into the gloom. His lamp flared shades of yellow and orange upon the walls of a tunnel that led away from the foot of the shaft. Before us there was always the curtain of impenetrable night. We walked on with no sound save the crunch of our feet upon the coal dust on the floor. The sense of an abiding danger in the roof was always upon our foreheads. It expressed to us all the unmeasured deadly tons above us.

All at once, far ahead, shone a little flame, blurred and difficult of location. It was a tiny, indefinite thing, like a wisp light. We seemed to be looking at it through a great fog. Presently there were two of them. They began to move to and fro and danced before us.

After a time we came upon two men crouching where the roof of the passage came near to meeting the floor. The garments of the men were no more sable than their faces, and when they turned heads to regard our tramping party, their eyeballs and teeth shone white as bleached bones. It was like the grinning of two skulls there in the shadows.

But they said "Hello, Jim," to our conductor. Their mouths expanded in smiles—wide and startling smiles.

In a moment they turned again to their work. When the lights of our party reinforced their two lamps we could see that one was busy drilling into the coal with a long thin bar. The low roof ominously pressed his shoulders as he bent at his toil. The other knelt behind him on the loose lumps of coal.

We came upon other little low-roofed chambers, each containing two men, a "miner," who makes the blasts, and his "laborer," who loads the coal upon the cars and assists the miner generally.

AT THE MAIN SHAFT.

From this tunnel of our first mine we went with our guide to the foot of the main shaft. Here we were in the most important passage of a mine, the main gangway. The wonder of these avenues is the noise—the crash and clatter of machinery as the elevator speeds upward with the loaded cars and drops thunderingly with the empty ones. The place resounds with the shouts of mule-boys, and there can always be heard the noise of approaching coal cars, beginning in mild rumbles and then swelling down upon one in a tempest of sound. In the air is the slow painful throb of the pumps working at the water which collects in the depths. There is booming and banging and crashing until one wonders why the tremendous walls are not wrenched by the force of this uproar. And up and down the tunnel there is a riot of lights, little orange points flickering and flashing. Miners stride in swift and somber procession. But the meaning of it all is in the deep bass rattle of a blast in some hidden part of the mine. It is war. It is the most savage part of all in the endless battle between man and nature. These miners are grimly in the van. They have carried the war into places where nature has the strength of a million giants. Sometimes their enemy becomes exasperated and snuffs out ten, twenty, thirty lives. Usually she remains calm, and takes one at a time with method and precision. She need not hurry. She possesses eternity. After a blast, the smoke, faintly luminous, silvery, floats silently through the adjacent tunnels.

MINE MULES.

Over in a wide and lightless room we found the mule stables. There we discovered a number of these animals standing with an air of calmness and self-possession that was somehow amazing to find in a mine. A little dark urchin came and belabored his mule China until he stood broadside to us, that we might admire his innumerable fine qualities. The stable was like a dungeon. The mules were arranged in solemn rows. They turned their heads toward our lamps. The glare made their eyes shine wondrously, like lenses. They resembled enormous rats.

It is a common affair for mules to be imprisoned for years in the limitless night of the mines. Our acquaintance, China, had been four years buried. Upon the surface there had been the march of seasons, the white splendor of snows had changed again and again to the glories of green springs. Four times had the earth been ablaze with the decorations of brilliant autumns. But China and his friends had remained in these dungeons, from which daylight, if one could get a view up a shaft, would appear a tiny circle, a silver star aglow in a sable sky.

Usually when brought to the surface these animals tremble at the earth, radiant in the sunshine. Later they go almost mad with fantastic joy. The full splendors of the heavens, the grass, the trees, the breezes break upon them suddenly. They caper and career with extravagant mulish glee.

After being long in the mines the mules are apt to duck and dodge at the close glare of lamps, but some of them have been known to have piteous fears of being left in the dead darkness. They seem then, somehow, like little children. We met a boy once who said that sometimes the only way he could get his resolute team to move was to run ahead of them with the light. Afraid of the darkness, they would trot hurriedly after him and so take the train of heavy cars to a desired place.

MINE DANGERS.

Great and mystically dreadful is the earth from a mine's depth. Man is in the implacable grasp of nature. It has only to tighten slightly and he is crushed like a bug. His loudest shriek of agony would be as impotent as his final moan to bring help from that fair land that lies, like heaven, over his head. There is an insidious, silent enemy in the gas. If the huge fan-wheel on the top of the earth should stop for a brief period there is certain death and a panic more terrible than any occurring where the sun has shone ensues down under the tons of rocks. If a man escape the gas, the floods, the "squeezes" of falling rock, the cars shooting down through the little tunnels, the precarious elevators, the hundred perils, there usually comes to him an attack of miner's asthma and slowly racks and shakes him into the grave. Meanwhile he gets $3 per day and his laborer $1.25.

In the chamber, at the foot of the shaft, as we were departing, a group of the men were resting. They lay about in careless poses. When we climbed aboard the elevator, we had a moment in which to turn and regard them. Then suddenly the study in black faces and crimson and orange lights vanished. We were on our swift way to the surface. Far above us, in the engine room, the engineer sat with his hand on a lever and his eye on the little model of the shaft wherein a miniature elevator was making the ascent even as our elevator was making it. In fact, the same mighty engines gave power to both, and their positions are relatively the same always.

Of a sudden the fleeting walls become flecked with light. It increased to a downpour of sunbeams. The high sun was afloat in a splendor of spotless blue. The distant hills were arrayed in purple and stood like monarchs. A glory of gold was upon the nearby earth.

Of 473,206 persons of school age in Mississippi only 244 are of foreign birth.

Utility.

Louis Bierbauer could not find his shaving-brush, but the poodle's tail did just as well.—Judge.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

PALATABLE ICED TEA.

Mrs. Borer says: Iced tea may be palatable, but it is certainly not wholesome. The better way to make it is to fill the glasses partly full of cracked ice; then make the tea double strength and pour it boiling hot over the ice. Then, if you like, add your lemon and sugar. You get less tannic acid in this way than when the tea is allowed to stand and cool before using.—New York Post.

TO IMPROVE POTATOES.

Potatoes may be soaked in cold water for twelve or more hours before being cooked, and will be improved rather than injured, but if they stand in a little moisture even for ten minues after they are cooked, they are spoiled. The potato is composed largely of starch. The uncooked starch does not unite with moisture like a sponge. A good potato will be light and mealy as soon as it is baked or boiled, but if the cooking is continued it will become dark, heavy and strong flavored.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

FOR PICKLING DAY.

In getting vinegar for pickles, always try to get apple vinegar, as the other kinds frequently eat up the pickles entirely or cause them to turn soft. Too strong vinegar should be partly diluted with water.

All pickles should be tightly sealed, to prevent air reaching the vinegar, as this kills it. It should always be poured on hot, as it comes to the first scald—never allow it to boil.

Never put up pickles in anything that has held any kind of grease, and never let them freeze.

If pickles are put into brine, it should always be strong enough to bear an egg. Use coarse salt, in proportion of a heaping pint of salt to a gallon of water.

The nicest way to put up pickles is to put them in bottles and seal while hot.—New York Journal.

DELICIOUS SANDWICHES.

The bread for sandwiches should always be one day old at least, and must be sliced very thin. The butter should be soft enough to spread without crumbling the loaf, and the slice should be spread before it is cut from the loaf. Slices of rye bread buttered, spread thinly with mustard and then with cottage cheese are very palatable. For egg sandwiches beat your eggs to a paste after they have been hard-boiled. There should be a little cream added to them to make the mixture smooth, and it must be seasoned to taste.

Fish sandwiches may be made from any kind of fish. Whatever it is—after removing bones and skin—pound it to a smooth paste, mix with it a very little chopped pickle and season. If it be a dry fish, mix with it also a little melted butter or salad dressing. The thinly-sliced bread spread with salad dressing, on which are laid water-cresses or a crisp leaf of lettuce, is a most welcome addition to a summer lunch. Then for sweets there are sandwiches made with jellies and jams. These may be spread on slices of cake, wheat, graham or even brown bread.—Detroit Free Press.

RECIPES.

How to Make Jelly—Making quince and pear jelly be careful to abstract all the seeds and cores of both fruits before cooking, as there is a mucilage in them that will make the jelly milky looking and impair the flavor.

Kidney Toast—Chop fine four veal kidneys with half a pound of calf's liver; season with pepper and salt. Make a little butter hot in a frying pan and toss them about until cooked, but not overdone. Remove from the fire and stir in the beaten yolk of one egg and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Spread on toast and serve at once. Stewed or boiled potatoes and hot Indian meal muffins go nicely with this excellent dish.

Cocoanut Sponge—Thicken one pint of milk in which is dissolved three-quarters of a cup of sugar, with four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Cook thoroughly in a double boiler. When cooked and boiling hot, beat this into the whites of three eggs beaten stiff. After standing a few moments, add one cup of grated cocoanut. Flavor with vanilla, and turn into mold, with grated cocoanut on top.

Steamed Cabbage—Cabbage, as usually cooked, is too heavy for an ordinary stomach to digest. Try steaming it until soft, and then serve by pouring around it a white sauce. Make the sauce by melting a spoonful of butter, stirring smoothly into this the same measure of flour. Pour into the mixture one pint of milk and boil until thick. Season with salt. This is almost as dainty a dish as cauliflower.

Lemon Dumplings—One pint flour, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder and salt sifted together. Mix with a cupful of milk or water. Make a syrup of one-half cupful molasses, one and one-half cupfuls sugar, two cupfuls water and two lemons sliced fine. Bring to a boil and drop in dumplings and cook fifteen minutes. Turn them once while cooking. When the dumplings are taken out add a little butter to the syrup and pour over them.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Dec. 14, 1894

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

VICTOR HUGO said "He who opens a school closes a prison." This generality has been proven by statistics.

A RECENT decision in Georgia has decided that when a railroad has been granted land as a right of way, it must construct the road or forfeit the grant. This may be useful to some Pocahontas people.

In New York the term "mixed schools" means schools at which both boys and girls attend. In the South it means schools which admit both white and black children.

WHEN fairer skies shall on us smile
And fate by his fiat,
Again shall make it worth your
To be a Democrat, [while
We will remember this you bet,
And shall, in Congress safely met,
Make passing bills first on the cards
And do our talking afterwards.

WE constantly hear men say "a year is a short time," and it does seem that we hardly learn to write, 1894, until in walks 1895, for our consideration. Yet a man firmly believes that he has lived in this world ever since it was really fit for existance, and he may not be able to boast of more than fifty of those years, each to him such a short time. A year may not be long yet it is a tolerably big fraction of a lifetime.

THE great political event of the month has passed, the assembling of Congress and the publication of the Presidential message. Whoever notices the diversity of comment called forth by its perusal by friends and others, is impressively reminded of the old field school teacher's copy, "Many men of many minds." All must admit, however, that it is a plain presentation of governmental affairs as the President sees them to be, whether they concur with his views or not. The attentive reader will have an intelligent view of what has transpired and what Mr. Cleveland believes to be for the advantage of the people to have embodied in the national laws regulating the financial, commercial, home and foreign interests of the nation. He wishes free raw materials for our manufacturers in these articles—timber, coal, and iron. He would permit banks to inaugurate a flexible system of currency so as to regulate the expansion or contraction of the currency, that panics may be abated, and the banking policy removed in practical measure from the manipulation of political partisans for political purposes. The Presidential policy in reference to foreign affairs has been such that there are no complications threatening peaceful relations with other powers, and that implies much to be grateful for. It would be a good plan for our literary societies to select for discussion some of the important topics discussed in this able State paper, and have them debated, or members appointed to prepare and read essays. It is a very useful accomplishment to be able to take up questions of current interest and discuss them instructively. In this way our younger citizens will

Who would have thought four weeks ago that such a well organized opposition to Mr. Elkin's standing for the United States Senatorship, could have arisen. It looked as though he had everything his own way. the only thing that you can do Mr. Elkins "is to go down into your jeans," as the saying is, and pacify the mob, which the Democrats are only too willing to join. This will be both bread and oil upon the waters. What a rich man he is to be sure. Don't we wish we were a millionaire, right now, instead of having to toil for so many years to become one. They are a going to levy on Mr. Elkin's barrel, and but a few weeks ago the Republican leaders said apprehensively that they had elected a lot of "hoodlums" to the Legislature—and if they had but known——

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Administrator's Sale.

ON Saturday, the 22d, day of December, 1894, at the late residence of Andrew C. Wooddell, deceased, I will offer for sale at public auction, the following personal property, viz:

2 horses, 2 cows, 1 calf, 5 sheep, 1 spring wagon, 1 set double harness, farming utensils, household and kitchen furniture. Terms made known on day of sale.

LEVI GAY, Administrator of ANDREW C. WOODDELL, deceased.
Marlinton, W. Va., Dec. 10, 1894.

NOTICE—My son, Divers Wellington Sharp, having run away from his home, I hereby notify all parties not to harbor him, and I wish him returned to me.

WM. E. SHARP.

Notice.

I have been employed by several German families to purchase farms for them in Pocahontas county. Any one having real estate of any character to dispose of, will please write to me at Marlinton West Virginia. N. C. MCNEIL.

Estray Notice.

There are on my place near Edray three sheep, one with a small bell on, ear marked; smooth crop on right ear and a hole in same and under bit out of left ear. Owner calling for same and paying cost of keeping and for this notice, may have his sheep. J. E. BARLOW.
Nov. 29, 1894. Printer's Fee $1-t2

Notice.

The time for filing claims against the Manly Manufacturing Company and all sub-contractors is hereby extended until December 17th, and A. Gunther, a sub contractor, whereabouts unknown, is hereby notified that claims against him on account of his unfinished contract, in excess of funds now due him, have been filed with the Clerk of the Court, and he is directed to be present on that day and show cause if any why any or all of them should not be approved for pro rata payment out of any funds that may then be due him.

MANLY M'F'G. CO.,
By ROBT. P. MAMLY,
President.

FEED, LIVERY
—AND—
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade

SHAKESPEARE
Wrote

"No profit grows,
Where is no pleasure ta'en."

Probably the immortal bard had no direct reference to my business when he penned these simple lines but it applies, nevertheless, as our experience has proven that there is only profit in trade when our customers are pleased. We take a personal pleasure in our business and derive a profit therefrom, but we also take a real pleasure in suiting our customers and thereby contributing to their profit.

Every body advertises

"The Cheapest Goods ever Sold in the County."

And people are so accustomed to this old and time honored phrase, that it does not raise much excitement now but it applies to the line of gooks that I am now handlidg with as much force as ever.

I am Literally Crowded with Bargains!

Would I dare to advertise the following prices if they were not low—

Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs. for one silver dollar.

Men's all wool cassimere suits, $7 50, value $15 00.

Men's all wool Kersey suits, $5 value, $8 75.

Good Heavy Blankets $1 15 pr.

Arbuckle Coffee 25c.

Calicoes 5c per yd.

Cassimeres, Henriettas, Flannels etc., 18c up.

Cloaks! Ladies Cloaks!

In endless variety; all latest styles, $3 00 to $17 00.

Capes! Ladies' Capes!

A beautiful assortment in fur trimmed, all shades in latest styles.

Clothing! Overcoats!

A most complete line in Youth's and Children's clothing and overcoats.

Remember these goods were bought for cash very low and we are satisfied with a small margin of profit.

EVERYTHING IN QUEENSWARE, AND TINWARE. JAPAN AND GRANITE-WARE.

Just received a beautiful line of

Ladies Trimmed Hats

Also felt hats, frames and trimming.

I will make it to your advantage to trade with me.

To all purchasers of $10 worth of goods at one time, for cash, I will make a present of a fine framed picture, worth $2.00

I have some very special bargains and presents for first customers on Monday mornings.

I have a very large line of boots in every style, suitable for this trade, which I will sell at cost and carriage on Wednesdays of each week.

Please come in on Wednesdays for these bargains in boots.

Just think of it, a pair of heavy winter boots

FOR $1 50

Don't forget the place West End of Bridge.

yours for business,

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

New Goods New Prices!

—IT IS HARD TO KEEP—

A Stock of Goods fully up in the town of Marlinton, as goods do not lie on our shelves long, but we have taken a fresh, strong, start and have put in the

BEST AND FRESHEST STOCK

Brought into this county this year, and the most complete stock I have ever handled in my merchantile experience.

I GUARANTEE MY PRICES AS LOW OR LOWER THAN ANY IN THE COUNTY.

—EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN—

Dry Goods, Groceries,

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES,
GEN L MERCHANDISE.

A Suit of Clothes and a beaver hat at less than you ever purchased them.

A FINE LINE OF CHRISTMAS GOODS.
Here or Coming.

Remember the place—the big store of Marlinton.

S. W. HOLT.

☞ Next poultry day, Tues., Dec. 18th. Butter 20c. Eggs, 15c.

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM
LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.
SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25C AND 50C PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.
HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

HOME NEWS

—Capt. Smith will build a fine brick dwelling house at this place next season.

—The last load of material was hauled to the court-house last Monday.

—We printed posters this week for R. E. Overholt & Sons, of Buckeye, advertising an auction of their stock of merchandise, Friday and Saturday, December 21 and 22.

—There was a break up in the river last Saturday night, and it was as interesting as the latest novelty to see the ice floating down stream. There has been a rise of nearly two feet, and the old Greenbrier seems to be getting ready to resume business under the Wilson Bill regime of freer lumber.

—Charles E. Sutton, artist. Ornamental and landscape painting taught at reasonable terms. Instructions will be given ladies at their homes, if desired, without extra charge. Landscape will be 50 cents per lesson, and a term of seven lessons for $3.00 in flower painting. A full line of painting material at Marlinton Drug Store.

—When Mr. Manly brought his last force of sixteen men to work on the court-house, he had bills struck describing the crowd as a theatrical troupe, "Sixteen Living Pictures," etc. They were shown the greatest consideration by the railroads and the hotels, and saved money and had a regular good time.

—When fall comes the trout of our streams congregate on the shallow shoals of the streams to spawn. The largest and finest trout are found in the shallowest water in schools. Hunters often find them so and firing a rifle ball among them will stun probably half-a-dozen.

—This is a tale about one of our patriarchs of the county. At a certain place where he was visiting, he, while chewing tobacco, would spit anywhere he found it convenient. The lady of the house, not to hurt his feelings, several times silently placed a spittoon near him; in fact it had got in his way. Finally he said, "If you don't look out, ma'am, I am afraid I'll spit in that there thing."

—Did you ever consider that tolls are often as high on our roads as railway fare. Take, for instance, for a one-horse carriage fifteen cents may be charged on five miles of road, including a bridge. Thus one of our ordinary young men with his horse and buggy, has to pay three cents a mile, the exact fare on the railway. If you are a lumber king and drive a double rig habitually, it is still higher.

—At this time of year, when the cows realize the hollowness of their horns, and are otherwise affected by the cold, it is very usual to find that the careful housewife has to put the same fluid in her cream-jug that she dispenses under the humble name of milk. At dinner recently a rather candid boarder announced to his landlady that the "cream and the milk seemed to him as though both had come from the same cow."

—Andrew Kellison, late of this county, was sentenced by the judge of the Federal Court to sixteen months in the penitentiary at Moundsville. He threw himself on the mercy of the court, and aided by an eloquent address from his counsel, George W. McClintic, Esq., he has received a mild sentence for the charge of breaking into a postoffice. On his release he will be arrested and tried under an indictment to be made in this county.

—Our genial postmaster was so fortunate as to discover a drifting boat on the river last Sunday, the slight rise in the river having, no doubt, floated it away from its owner's mooring place. With an eye to capturing it, the discoverer fashioned an iron rod into a boat-hook, and mounted his faithful mare, and riding into mid-stream hooked on to the prize. It slowly swung round and bewildered the mare to such an extent that she promptly sat down, and our townsman slipped off into the water, giving vent to an involuntary exclamation, that led the hearers to believe that the Greenbrier had a chilly feeling. He got the boat, however.

—The editors say that football is as bad as bull-fighting, yet while the one is a fair field fight and no favor, the other is cruelty to animals. Between a cigarette fiend and a forty-horse power football player, the latter is to be preferred.

—A young friend shot some tame ducks on the river last Monday, under the impression that they were wild. After he had shot ten shots at a bewildered old drake he decided that he could hardly be a wild duck and not fly.

—If you purpose sending your daughter to school after Christmas don't fail to send for catalogue of the Lewisburg Female Institute. It has a high standard of scholarship, is unsurpassed in health and morals, and the table is exceptionally well kept. No better fare has ever been given in the two Virginias. The rates are extremely moderate. Read on front page what Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker, D. D., Rev. J. M. Rawlings, D. D., Judge H. A. Holt, Major John W. Harris and others have to say of this school.

Personal.

L. M. McClintic, Esq., has returned from a trip to Grafton.

Levi Gay, Esq., started a drove of cattle to Rockbridge county, this week, to be wintered.

Mrs. S. W. Holt has returned from a visit to Randolph county.

Mr. C. L. Barlow, who is well known to the merchants of Pocahontas as the genial representative of Wilson, Palmer & Co., of Baltimore, has accepted a situation with Austin, Nichols & Co., of New York City.

Mr. Withrow McClintic shipped about 200 sheep and a lot of hogs to Philadelphia, this week. That city is his favorite market.

Miss M. Alice McLaughlin, of Dunmore, attended the wedding here this week.

Miss Nannie McClure Lindsey called this week to start a subscription for her brother, Jacob S. McClure, who is a prosperous farmer of Noble County, Indiana.

Church Notes

The usual preaching services at Marlinton next Sabbath (Dec. 16.) Services at Mt. Pleasant schoolhouse the 5th Sabbath (Dec. 30) 11, a. m., and Edray at night.

Good attendance upon the Sacramental Services, last Sunday, at Marlinton, conducted by Elder Hammond, who preached a series of impressive sermons during his stay here.

Among the official members of the Board of Stewards present were Messrs. Preston Harper, of Sunset, and Clayton Dilley, from Bethel. During the continued meetings, Revs. Sarver, Sharp, and Hart preached and exhorted in revival exercises.

Married.

Two of the best young people of the Levels were united in marriage last Wednesday, Mr. Alex. McNeel and Miss Rate Beard, daughter of Mr. John G. Beard. The wedding was very quiet, a few of the friends of the couple being invited to the home of the bride where the ceremony was performed. Further facts than these could not be gathered, but is enough to know that congratulations are in order, and so please accept them from your county paper.

Age Improves It.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is soon to enter upon its sixty-ninth year of publication, and as one says who has been a constant reader of its columns for more than thirty years, "It has steadily improved year by year." Its articles to-day cover the whole field of life and adventure, furnishing a vast amount of valuable and entertaining reading of a character not found elsewhere, and of so great a variety that THE COMPANION interests alike each member of the family.

The Prospectus for the volume of 1895 announces an unusual array of attractions; fourteen serial stories, a wealth of short stories, anecdotes, humorous sketches, adventures, science and home articles, timely editorials on all important questions, and more than two hundred original poems of the highest class.

Full prospectus and specimen copies sent free on application. New subscribers who send $1.75 now will receive the paper free to January 1, 1895, and one year from that date. It comes every week. Finely illustrated.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
Boston, Mass.

Artificial whalebone is made of leather.

Obituary.

JAMES R. POAGE.

Died, December 6th, 1894, at his home near Edray, now occupied by Levi Waugh, Esq., James Rankin Poage, Esq., in the 86th year of his age. This worthy citizen was a son of George W. Poage, and hence was a member of the Poage family, early pioneers of the Little Levels. His aim in life was to make an independent support, rear an industrious, respectable family, owe no man anything, live peaceably with his neighbors, and be scrupulously honest in his business dealings; rather inclined to concede than to insist upon the "uttermost farthing." In all this he made a notable success. Messrs. George Baxter, Rev. George P. Moore, Amos Barlow, and Levi Waugh are his sons in law. Two children survive him, Rankin Poage, of Edray, and Mrs. Mary Barlow, of Huntersville.

For sixteen years he waited with affectionate tenderness on his invalid, helpless wife, Elizabeth, who was a daughter of Henry Harper, of Sunset. During that time he scarcely knew what it was to have an unbroken night's repose. Up to a few months since, he had never missed a meal from sickness and was far advanced in life before he ever needed medical attention.

For twenty years he has been a devout member of the Methodist Church, South, and all who knew him have hope in his death. He was one of those of whom it may be said, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing, and make all his bed in his sickness."

JOSIAH BARLOW.

Died, at his residence on Red Lick Mountain, December 8, 1894, Mr. Josiah Barlow, aged about 70 years. A few days previously, he was seriously injured by a fall from his horse. He was a worthy person and esteemed for his honesty and kindness of heart. He began his home in the woods, built up a home and reared a nice, industrious family, consisting of one son and two daughters. He believed in diversified industries, as he operated a shoe shop, tannery, cooper shop, and blacksmith shop, along with his farming work. For years he was a member of the German Baptist Church. His family has been sorely bereaved the past year. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

WILLIAM T. McCLINTIC.

Mr. William T. McClintic, formerly a citizen of Green Bank vicinity, died near Beverly last week, of typhoid fever. He was a son of the late Robert McClintic, of Greenbrier County. His wife is a daughter of the much esteemed Harvey Curry, near Dunmore. Many friends, therefore, in our county mourn the sad bereavement that has befallen his amiable young family, and have their sympathies deeply awakened in behalf of the widowed wife and her orphaned children. May He who does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men, be the God of this widowed friend and a father to her children, then all at last will be well.

MRS. HANNAH CLOONAN.

Died, on Swago, December 5th, 1894, Mrs. Hannah Cloonan, in her 72d year, after years of suffering with dropsical and cancerous troubles. She was the only daughter of the venerable George Kee, so well and favorably remembered by our elder people. For many years she was a faithful member of the M P. Church, and died in the pale of that church. After a life of much toil and many sorrows, she has found the rest that remains for those who are faithful to the end.

DICKENS wrote of American politics: "Politics are much discussed, so are banks, so is cotten. Quiet people avoid the question of the presidency, for in three and one half years there will be a new election, and party feeling runs very high: the great constitutional feature of this institution being, that directly the acrimony of the last election is over that of the next begins; which is an unspeakable comfort to all strong politidians and true lovers of their country; that is to say to ninety-nine men and boys, out of every ninetynine and a quarter."

A Pleasant Wedding.

The event of the week was the marriage, at the Presbyterian church, at Marlinton, on Wednesday, of Mr. E. F. McLaughlin and Miss Maggie Mann, eldest daughter of W. C. Mann, Esq. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. T. Price. The attendants were Misses Fannie McLaughlin, Hattie Patterson, Allie Baxter, and Flora Moore, and Messrs. John A. McLaughlin, J. W. Beard, O. Mann, and Andrew Price. On the evening before the wedding-day, the party assembled at the home of the bride, and were most hospitably entertained. After a fine wedding breakfast, the party started on a six-mile drive to the church and reached there about 2 o'clock, having forded Stoney Creek when it was dangerously high. A large concourse of friends had assembled to be present at the marriage. It was one of the best arranged weddings of the season. From church they drove to the home George H. McLaughlin, Esq., father of the groom, at the McLaughlin House, and were most bountifully fed and pleasantly entertained. At the raception, the music rendered by Messrs. Whitlock was a treat not often afforded us Pocahontas people. The bride was the recipient of many appropriate wedding presents. The married couple are most popular young people, and the well wishes and congratulations of their friends were most sincere. They will reside near Dunmore.

Injunctions Enjoined.

As our readers know, there has been an immense amount of litigation involving the ownership of the timber on a certain 2000 acre tract of land near Henry White's, between James R. Brewer and others and the Cumberland Lumber Co.

Several suits were begun in the Circuit Court and injunctions were succeeding each other, when the whole went to the United States Court for adjudication. Meanwhile the lumber forces were engaged in "prostrating" the timber making it a sort of lumber war. In September last a consent decree was entered in the cause in the Federal Court, but since the litigation against the Cumberland Lumber Co. has not stopped, and last week it obtained an injunction, through its counsel W. A. Bratton, of Marlinton, and B. M. Ambler, of Parkersburg, which was very sweeping in its extent. The defendants, D. O'Connel, Jas. R. Brewer, Henry White, and everybody else connected with the suit, are enjoined to keep their fingers out of the business entirely, and not to bring any suits of any kind in regard to the timber, so that the company can market it this winter before it spoils.

Dunmore.

The weather appears to be a little leaky.

Strange, indeed, New Year comes this time the 1st day of January. Easter the 14th of April, '95.

The sick are improving, we are glad to say. Capt. C. B. Swecker thinks he will be able to blow his horn for Mr. S. P. Moore, the 15th. Mr. Moore will sell a good many things not listed in his advertisement. Come out.

Most of the boys are home from the lumber camps, but will go back this week.

Capt. J. C. Lakin left last week for New York State, where he will remain till spring.

Messrs. B. E. Pritchard and S. R. Kerr are off to Staunton. Mr Kerr has moved into his new house.

Mr. Ed. McLaughlin is off this week for his old bees wax. By the way, Stonewall wants to know the difference between Elk Honey and Bee Honey? Some school boy answer this.

Rev. J. A. Taylor will have Mr. J. L. Andes' sawmill to saw out lumber soon for the arks and horse flats, and his new store house at Hillsboro. The lumber will be sawed on Mr. John Lindsey's farm.

Mr. Harry Moore is building a large ice house.

Mr. Posy is carrying the mail from here to Traveler's Repose.

There will be a Sunday School Christmas tree at Dunmore.

We now have four blacksmith shops in town, and when strangers come in they think they are coming into Pittsburg, or some other manufacturing town, when they hear the noise of the anvils, etc.

CROSS CUT.

Elk Water.

The fever is still spreading in our district. Mr. Newton Crouch is very low with the fever.

Mrs. Newton Crouch is very low with throat trouble.

Mrs. Ann Stalnaker is very sick with a combination of dieases.

Mr. Brown's sawmill is in full operation in our vicinity.

Mrs. Ann Crouch left to day for a medical institution in Baltimore, to be operated upon for cancer.

Mr. Lem. Pringy, who has been visiting in this vicinity, has returned home.

The schools of this district are flourishing nicely.

Died, of fever, Mr. William McClintic, formerly of Pocahontas County, a man esteemed by all who knew him. He had made a host of friends in our County. The bereaved wife and children have our heartfelt sympathy in their sad affliction.

Rev. Strader delivered an able discourse at Lee Bell, last Sabbath, to a large and attentive congregation.

Mr. Blaine Rosencrance has a smile on as big as my broad brimed hat—it's a 10-pound girl.

Rumor has it that Professor Geo. Moore will soon capture the 'Belle' of Hillsboro. "TOM THUMB."

Lobelia.

Rain, mud, sleet, frost and a little sunshine.

Mr. Henry Casebolt has the grip; W. B. Hill a mild attack; Granvil P. Hill is improving. Dr. Flesher is good in such cases.

Brison Hill returned from Nicholas county where he was piloting some Pennsylvania gentlemen who were looking for yew pine and spruce timber and hemlock bark. They will be back soon to make a closer examination. We have a a good showing for a large tannery. Let it come and we will get our beef hides tanned and wear moccasins.

Rev. S. C. Morgan's protracted services closed recently. There eighty or ninety conversions and the church greatly revived.

F. Blankenship killed a fine bear on Cranberry, a deer and a turkey.

We suppose Brison Hill's white deer went to Bath as it was traveling that way. It had a brown head and neck. Game is very scarce in this part of the county.

The lower school house was partly burned last week. A part of the roof was destroyed. The creek was handy and the flames were quenched. OBSERVER.

Dilley's Mill.

We are having fine weather, and farmers have been supplying themselves with wood. This is a wooden country, and we believe in good fires.

Rev. R. R. Little, P. E., delivered a very able sermon last Sunday, to a large audience at Mt. Zion, Daniel, 2d chapter, latter clause 35th verse. Rev. Little is a very able preacher, and we hope he will remain with us.

It did not take "Old Ironsides" long to cool his head at Marlinton. It will require careful nursing to reduce that big head of his.

Dr. McLaughlin has returned from Baltimore, and thinks he will visit Pocahontas in the near future.

Miss Fannie Moore is visiting near Huntersville.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Hogsett are visiting in this part.

ANONYMOUS.

Green Bank.

We are having a nice rain today (Monday) which was needed badly for we were in danger of the weather turning cold, and a few freezes would have dried up the creeks. Some have been hauling water a distance of half a mile for cooking purposes.

Messrs. Hilman & Beverage, Rock Cave, W. Va., are repairing sewing machines in this vicinity and are doing good work having repaired your correspondent's machine which did not sew but now does good work to date.

The sportsmen of this vicinity have had lots of fun with their hounds and deer but 'pears like they cannot see to shoot very good and it pears like the let several go back alive. C.

St. Louis is credited with 106,332 males of militia age, of whom 73,617 are natives.

The tide in the river is the best in eighteen months. In that time the river has not been too high to ford.

THE CLOSING CENTURY.

As one who, roused from sleep, hears far away
The closing strokes of some cathedral bell
Telling the hour, strives all in vain to tell
If deeper grows the night, or pales the day—
So we roused to life's brief existence, say
(We on whose waking falls a century's knell),
Is this the deepening dusk of years, the fall
And solemn midnight, or the morning gray?
We stir, then sleep again—a little sleep
(Howbeit undisturbed by another's rise)
For though, measured with time, a century
Is but a vanished hour tolled on the deep,
Yet what is time itself? 'Tis but a swing
Of the vast pendulum of eternity.

—Henry J. Stockard, in the Century.

LOST AND FOUND.

MRS. VAN ALTINE was saunteering leisurely down one of the boulevards in Paris. It was a lovely spring morning; the air was crisp and vendure fresh and inviting—just the kind of a day for a stroll, and so the American woman had disdained her fashionable equippage. She had walked all the way from her neat and artistic temporary abiding place in the American colony to the shopping district, had purchased sundry trifles and looked at thousands of articles she had not bought; had fascinated a number of clerks by her dash and brilliancy until they were ready to display for her especial benefit the wealth of the world in feminine odds and ends, and now she was making her way homeward, care free, and happily conscious that many covert glances were cast at her stylish figure.

At sixteen she was a charming girl; at twenty-six a beautiful wife and hostess; at, well, say thirty—an irresistible widow, perfectly satisfied to saunter all by herself along what remained of life's floral pathway. With a more than comfortable competence, she regarded the future with complacency and the past with resignation. Not that anything very tragic was interwoven among the yesterdays. Existence had flowed smoothly enough—a broken engagement, a heart wrung for a time, a trip abroad, a wealthy suitor, a fashionable wedding, a pleasing honeymoon, a series of social triumps, the demise of her better half, a brief period for mourning, and the comfortable present.

She was childless, but she had many friends. It is true that sometimes something like a pang came to her when her mind reverted to children, and she told herself that possibly a little one would not be at all in the way, but, on the contrary, might give sweet solace to the few lonely moments which came to her, who, generally speaking, did not know what loniness was. As she walked along with superb movement, she observed two pretty girls in charge of a nurse. The children were playing on the grass beneath the shade trees with which the boulevard was lined, while the nurse, who had the expressionless features of a peasant girl, was seated on a bench knitting. Mrs. Van Altine stopped impulsively.

"Oh, you darling," she said, and thereupon in her own peculiarly graceful way began to question the children and coo over them just as if she knew all about the language of childhood. Nearby on another bench was a little boy dressed in sailor's attire, with the word "captain" on his cap. He looked forlorn and disturbed, for his mouth quivered and there were tears in his big, blue eyes.

"What's the matter, my little man?" continued Mrs. Van Altine, in the language of the country.

He only stared at her and rubbed one of his eyes with his dirty fist. She placed her hand on his golden curls in a caressing manner.

"Why don't you play with the other children?" she continued.

For answer he rubbed his other eye with another dirty fist.

"There, now, sailors don't cry," resumed Mrs. Van Altine, as she wiped the grime from his face with a lace handkerchief.

"They go to battle and fight and are brave. Are you my brave little captain?"

"I don't understand," said the boy in English, plunging both fists into his eyes.

"What! you speak English? You are an American boy?"

"Yes'm."

"And are these your sisters?"

"No'm."

"And what's your name?"

"Bobby."

"Bobby what?"

"Bobby Steele."

"And where are you from, Bobby?"

"Oh, a big place, much bigger and nicer than this."

"What is it called?"

"Cleveland—oh—boo—hoo—I want to go home."

"But you can't go back to Cleveland to-night, Bobby. You are thousands of miles from home."

"I don't care—I want to go home."

"Is your mamma with you in Paris?"

"No'm. She's in heaven. She's dead. My mamma died when I was one year old. I'm all my papa's got and now—boo! hoo!—he hasn't got me. I'm lost and shall never see my papa again."

"You poor child, you mean to say you can't find your papa?

"No; we went out for a walk and I stopped in a crowd to look in a window. Then my papa went away and left me."

"And you couldn't find him anywhere?"

"No'm. I shall never see my papa again."

"Nonsense! of course you will. Why, we'll go and find him now."

"Will you?" Do you know my papa?"

"I can't say that I do. There are so many Steeles in the world. Is your papa slender, and does he wear a little mustache?"

"No; my papa's big and has a beard."

"Then I guess I don't know him. How long have you been waiting here?"

"Oh, hours!"

"Well, you are my brave little captain, after all. I'll buy you some bon-bons."

"Will you?" With great show of interest.

"Yes."

"And a candy cane?"

"Yes."

"And a tin soldier I saw?"

"Yes."

"And I saw an elephant I want and two toy lions and—"

"My dear child, you evidently want to start a zoo of your own."

"What is that!"

"Oh, a menagerie."

"I went to a menagerie with my papa here yesterday. We saw them feed the lions."

"Where are you stopping here, my child?"

"I don't know. A big place. Will you take me there?"

"I will, if I can find it from your indefinite description."

"What's 'indefinite' mean?"

"Never mind that now. Are you stopping at a hotel?"

"I guess so."

"Would you remember the name of the hotel?"

"No."

Mrs. Van Altine repeated a number of names.

"I don't know," he said.

"Well," she remarked with a little sigh, "I suppose we had better call a carriage."

"That'll be fine," he said. "I've got a velocipede home."

"Have you? Well, just go and wave your hand at that man with the carriage. Remember you are my gallant little escort, and you must be very polite."

"All right."

In a few moments they were comfortably seated in the carriage.

"How do you like this?" she asked.

"It's great."

"Where to, madam?" interrupted the coachman.

"Yes, where to? That's the question," ruminated Mrs. Van Altine. "Where shall we go, mon capitaine?"

"Get the tin soldier," said the boy.

"Very well. That will give me time to think. Drive to a toy shop."

As they dashed down the boulevard Mrs. Van Altine drew the child nearer to her.

"You don't feel lost any more, my brave captain?" she asked.

"Not so much so, thank you."

"And if we don't find your papa can I have you?"

The boy's lips quivered.

"Oh, I want my papa."

"Even if I should buy you an elephant and—and a real pony to ride in the park?"

The boy hesitated. He was evidently sorely tempted. The real pony weighed against his papa was a perplexing problem, but finally he said stoutly:

"I want my papa."

"And you shall have him," said Mrs. Van Altine.

"But I want you, too."

"I'm afraid you can't always have me."

They drew up in front of a toy shop and Mrs. Van Altine and her charge entered. They purchased an elephant, a tin soldier dressed in French uniform, a candy cane, and the young man would have ordered half the store if Mrs. Van Altine had not prevented it.

"Where shall I send these, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Where? I don't know. We'll take them. Bobby, carry this elephant."

Bobby was only too willing to do this, and again they entered the carriage.

"To the Hotel St. Petersburg," commanded Mrs. Van Altine. She vaguely remembered that many Americans went to this hotel. In about twenty minutes they dashed up to this establishment and the carriage door was opened by a big porter who looked around for their luggage.

"You can take the elephant and the tin soldier," said Mrs. Van Altine, imperiously.

The porter hesitated, his sense of dignity injured, but Bobby settled the matter by declaring:

"No; he can't have them. I'll carry them."

Mrs. Van Altine and the boy entered the parlor there and the handsome American woman said:

"Send the clerk to me."

Bobby set the elephant of the floor and seemed indifferent just then whether he would be found or not by his bereaved parent. The clerk appeared.

"Is Mr. Steele of Cleveland stopping here?"

"He is not madame?"

"Has he been stopping here?"

"No, madame."

"He is an American and is at some hotel, probably. How can I find him? This is his boy, who is lost."

"I will send you a hotel register, a list of all Americans at the different hotels."

"Thank you. That is what I want."

The list was duly forthcoming and Mrs. Van Altine scanned it eagerly.

"Steele—Steele—let me see—Smith, Brown, Jones—no Steele—perhaps it is further down—a common name, there are plenty of Steeles—Burman, Walker, Melville — hum! — Steele, Steele—ah, here is a Steele. Bobby, is your father's name Richard?"

"No'm,"

"Too bad. How my heart jumped when I saw that name! What if—nonsense! By the way, Bobby, what is your father's name?"

"Dick, ma'am."

"Dick?"

"Yes'm."

"Don't you know that Richard and Dick are the same names?" she asked severely.

"No'm. My uncle Silas calls my pa Dick."

"Well, here is a Richard Steele at one of the hotels. We will call and see. But remember if your papa doesn't want you, Bobby, you are going off come and live with me."

"Do you think my pa don't want me?"

"Bless my little sailor, no. Why, every golden lock must be precious to him. Do you know what I'd do, Bobby, if I had a little boy like you?"

"No, ma'am."

"I'd—I'd love him to death."

At the next hotel Mrs. Van Altine was informed that Richard Steele was stopping there; that he had a boy; that the aforesaid boy was lost; that Mr. Steele was nearly frantic and that he had just gone to the prefect of police.

"And where is that?"

"Just across the way, madam."

"Come, Bobby, we will surprise him. He must be nearly crazy."

A handsome American, thirty-five years of age, solid and prosperous looking, was conversing with the official in the magistrate's office.

"I will do what I can, monsieur. The lad will be taken in, and our system of communication is such that the fact will be known at headquarters. I will then at once inform you of the circumstances."

"Your reward shall be a handsome one."

At this moment the clerk looked in.

"A lady to see you, monsieur."

"Say I am engaged," responded the officer.

"I did tell her that."

"Well?"

"She asked if an American gentleman was here. I told her 'yes,' and she said she must come in at once."

"Very well. Show her in."

Mrs. Van Altine, a vision of glorious womanhood, stood in the doorway with Bobby by the hand.

"Is this your son, sir?" she said.

Richard Steele sprang to his feet. Bobby dropped his elephant and the next moment was folded to his father's breast. Mrs. Van Altine seemed strangely moved as she regarded the scene. Her face was overspread with unusual pallor.

"I was not mistaken," she told herself. "There are, truly, many Steeles in the world, but it must have been some psychic sense that caused my heart to beat when I heard this name. Let me see, now; it is sixteen years since—and there he stands and does not know me. Time, time, how you level romance! He was slender. Now he is stout. He had such a dainty mustache. Now he has a beard. Really, he is much better looking."

These and other thoughts flashed through Mrs. Van Altine's mind at that moment. The American turned.

"Madam, how can I thank you? I—"

Words failed him. He gazed in growing amazement.

"Fannie!"

"Dick!"

They clasped hands. The years that had passed were bridged by that pressure of hands. Plighted faith, resentment, broken vows, pique, misunderstanding, separation—all, all vanished, and in the sunlight of the present they gazed gladly into each other's eyes.

"And Bobby is—"

My boy? Yes."

"She wanted to keep me, pa," said Bobby, with the elephant clasped to his breast.

Dick, who knew all about Mrs. Van Altine's history, bent toward her as he remarked: "There's a way she could do that."

"Dear me, how late it is getting! So glad to have met you, Dick! Charming to see old friends after so many years! Goodby—no, au revoir, for I trust I shall see you. My salon, as I call it, is quite a resort. Come and I will introduce you to many clever people—true Parisians."

"Who will bore me?" he said, bluntly.

"The same honest, outspoken Dick!" Then as she entered the carriage, she said:

"You will come?"

"To meet clever people?"

"No, to see me."

"Yes, I will come. I had intended to leave Paris to-night—"

"But now?"

"I shall remain—so as to call on you and thank you more fully for your great service to-day."

"How adorable. You always were charming, Dick."

"Even when—"

"When we quarrelled! Yes, indeed. You were the most delightful man to quarrel with I ever met. If you had not been— But I must be going. Be sure and come—"

"When?"

"As early as you can."

"To-morrow night?"

"At once; to-night. I am all impatient to tell you a hundred things, and—"

"I will come."

"And—bring Bobby, if you want!"
—Detroit Free Press.

Dead Paupers Made Useful.

Nothing is useless nowadays—not even a defunct pauper. Hood's plaintive wail—

Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns—

is now out of date. The guardians know better than to act so recklessly, for often the party concerned is the possessor of a set of artificial teeth which contains a good deal of gold—last relic of more prosperous times—and in the interest of the rate-payers the precious metal must be secured and turned into pounds sterling. Often, too, they are the owners of rings or tiny trinkets, not pawnable, but still containing as much auriferous value as not a few modern gold mines. These have to be collected and also converted into cash by means of the melting-pot. In the Holborn Union the melting process takes place once a year, and has just been accomplished for the present season. The jewelry dealt with is what is found on paupers who die friendless and unclaimed in its various establishments.

This week rings, chains, brooches and trinkets have been melted down, and produced a bar of gold, estimated at eleven carats, and worth about £40. A good portion of it was from the plates of artificial teeth. Mr. Walton said that on one set of artificial teeth there was at least £4 worth of gold. The proceeds are paid into the common exchequer of the union.—London Telegraph.

Bleaching Yellow Diamonds.

The discovery of diamonds in South Africa led indirectly to some clever deceit by the dealers. Many of the South African diamonds have a straw tint, which has an unfavorable effect on their price, especially as experts believe it will become more decided the longer the stones are exposed to the air. Some of the more knowing dealers discovered that by subjecting the straw-tinted diamonds to a bath of certain acids the objectionable color was removed and the gems become pure white. A number of diamonds so treated were sold in Paris and Berlin, and brought higher prices than they would if they had retained their original color.

After exposure to the action of the air for a certain time the original color returns, but by that they have passed out of the dealers' hands. The fraud was soon found out by the trade, and they now guard against impositions of such a character by means of various tests. Of these the most generally used are the hot water bath or friction. If a dyed stone be left in hot water a few minutes it resumes its original hue; or if the gem be rubbed sharply on a towel, or even on the coat sleeve, its normal color can be detected. These tests are simple and efficacious and are in daily use.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Remarkable Timepiece.

Japan possesses a remarkable timepiece which is described as follows: It is contained in a frame three feet wide and five feet long, representing a noonday landscape of great beauty. In the foreground, plum and cherry trees and rich plants appear in full bloom; in the rear is seen a hill, gradual in ascent, from which apparently flows a cascade, admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a threadlike stream meanders, encircling rocks and islands in its windings, and finally losing itself in a far-off stretch of woodland. In a miniature sky a golden sun turns on a silver wire, striking the hours on silver gongs as it passes. Each hour is marked on the frame by a creeping tortoise, which serves the place of a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage warbles at the close of each hour, and, as the song ceases, a mouse sallies forth from a neighboring grotto, and scampering over the hill to the garden is soon lost to view. New York Sun.

"That's what I call a good deal of a take off," lamented the carriage horse, turning to look at its docked tail.—Chicago Tribune.

A SEA SHELL.

Sea shell
Murmurs swell
To the roaring of the sea,
When my ear is laid to thee
From thy walls
A storm sprite calls
With siren's voice to me.

Sea shell
Fairies dwell
In thy tiny tinted hall:
Dainty, fleeting footsteps fall
To rhythmic strain
And sweet refrain,
Dancing at the sea nymphs' ball.

Sea shell
Dulcet bell
In thee I hear it ring,
While ethereal voices sing
Charmingly
Of the sea
To the lute's enchanted string.

Sea shell
In a cell
All the world a prison find
Far sweeter than them in kind,
Thy fair portal
Is to immortal
Palace of a dreaming mind.

Sea shell
Tolls a knell,
While I hear thy whispers sound
Of the waves unceasing bound,
To the shore
"Evermore,"
Saying as they sweep the ground.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Few of us need a lantern in order to find fault.—Milwaukee Journal.

Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will be blown in by your heirs.—Puck.

Narrow minds go beyond the deed and search for the motive—Syracuse Courier.

Who ever made a dollar by envying anybody better off than himself?—Troy Press.

It never cools a man off when the street sprinkler throws water on him.—Atchison Globe.

One thing a woman never can learn—that liquids will leak out of a pasteboard lunch box.—Puck.

Take out of some people all the affectation and they will have nothing left to live for.—Galveston News.

He (passionately)—"You are my life." She (practically)—"Have you got it insured?"—Detroit Free Press.

"With all her faults, I love her still,"
They heard him sadly say;
"The trouble is, she never will
Consent to keep that way."
—Washington Star.

Don't fool with a wasp because you think he looks weak and tired; you will find out he's all right in the end.—Lowell Courier.

"Another dey gone," said the Sultan as he saw the head fall off. "But it doesn't matter so long as it isn't 'ours."—Princeton Tiger.

Judge—"Then you gave us a wrong age?" Elderly Female—"Not wrong exactly—at least it was all right some years ago."—Fliegende Blaetter.

If you're waking call me early
Ring the breakfast bell at three,
Nothing matters so I miss our
Neighbor's singing "Sweet Marie."
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Head of the Firm—"Humph! Booker off again to-day? What's his excuse this time? A lame one, I'll bet?" Clerkmen—"Yes, sir; broke his leg, sir."—Buffalo Courier.

Teacher—"The race is not always to the swift. Do you understand the inner meaning of that?" Bright boy—"Sometimes the head feller's tire gets punctured."—Good News.

If you are out of work a clean face, blacked shoes, and a nose without a blossom will be a better introduction than a diamond stud or a gold watch chain.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"You are nothing but a big bluff," remarked the river to the bank. "Is that so?" retorted the bank. "If I take a notion to come down on you, your name will be mud."—Indianapolis Journal.

Kittie—"I heard to-day you married your husband to reform him." Sarah—"I did." Kittie—"Why, I didn't know he had any bad habits." Sarah—"He had one—he was a bachelor."—Tit-Bits.

"Mrs. Blimber is very nervous about there being thirteen at the table to-night." "Does she think something unpleasant will happen?" "Yes; she has only a dozen knives and forks."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Bob—"Hello! I'm awfully glad to see you?" Dick—"I guess there must be some mistake. I don't owe you anything and I am not in a condition to place you in a position to owe me anything."—Boston Transcript.

Tonix—"My friend Soarer's business frequently puts his life in danger, but I've never yet known him to desert his post." Toddies—"What's his business?" Tonix—"He's an aeronaut."—South Boston News.

Mrs. Newitt—"I discovered this morning that we need a doormat for the hallway very badly." Mr. Newitt—"Is there any particular necessity for it?" Mrs. Newitt—"Why, certainly! I've got to have some place to hide the key when I go out, haven't I?"—South Boston News.

Undesirable Member.

A statement may be perfectly true and yet convey an idea quite foreign to that which the person who utters it intended to express.

"It is a painful thing to me to say," remarked Squire Foadick at a meeting of the Hillside Controversy Club, "but this society has been degenerating ever since I became a member of it."

The Squire paused, and flushed as he saw a slight smile on the faces of some of his fellow-citizens.

"What I mean to say is," he continued with some haste, "that ever since I joined this society I've noticed a gradual but decided change for the worse." The smile on the faces of the other members deepened, and the Squire's face turned almost scarlet.

"You all know what I mean," he said, desperately; "what I mean is that from the very minute I became a member of the Hillside Controversy Club, I could see that it was beginning to lose its value as an organization, and the longer I have stayed in it, the more steadily have I seen it running down-hill!"

The Squire sat down, but even the great respect in which he was held by his fellow-members was not sufficient to restrain their mirth.

Caring for Foundlings.

Australia has given up altogether the maintenance of foundling hospitals, and orphan asylums, and has substituted for this the system of placing children in private homes, until such time as they are able to care for themselves.

Russia's Drunks Sweep Streets.

Any one found in the streets of Russia in an inebriated state is imprisoned, and when sober is ordered to sweep the streets for a day. Well-dressed men may be seen sometimes fulfilling this menial office.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

The globe of the eye is moved by six muscles.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

There are over 100,000 State militia in the United States.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

Van Leyden painted his first great picture, that of St. Hubert, at the age of 12 years.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 35 cts., 50 cts., $1.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Weak and Weary

Overcome by the heat or extraordinary exertion, the physical system, like a machine, needs to be renovated and repaired. The blood needs to be purified and invigorated

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

and the nerves and muscles strengthened by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates an appetite, removes that tired feeling and gives sweet, sound, refreshing sleep.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

F N U 34

FREE!

THIS KNIFE! Fine Steel. Keen as a razor. Good, strong handle. Mailed free in exchange for 10 Large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee Wrappers, and 2 2-cent stamps to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine Premiums. WOOLSON SPICE CO., 400 Huron St., Toledo, O.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & CHROMELED CALF
$4 & $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 & $2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE.
$2.25 & $2 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES'
$3, $2.50 & $2 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

THE UNSEEN GOLD SUPPLY.

IT MOVES IN A STEADY STREAM TOWARD THE MINT.

Keepsakes and Jewelry May Be Hoarded, But the Mint Gets Them—How Gold is Melted.

"OLD Gold and Silver Bought Here," was a sign hanging in front of an Eighth avenue shop that attracted the attention of two passers-by a few days ago. One of the passers was a Sun reporter, the other was Mr. J. Robley Dunglison, Registrar of Deposits in the Philadelphia Mint, who probably knows more about the unseen supply of gold than any other man in this country. The "unseen gold supply" is a term the mint people use to describe the tons of gold and silver that lie in the half-forgotten boxes in bureau drawers—old gold pencils, old watch cases, neglected pocket pieces, broken chains, spectacle rims, and a thousand other bits of metal that have intrinsic value. Most of these things are sure to find their way to the mint sooner or later, and when they do it is Mr. Dunglison who makes an entry of their weight in the mint's big books.

"There is one of our feeders," Mr. Dunglison said, as he read the sign. "You would be surprised to know how much of the gold and silver that we turn out in coin comes to us through such places. There are thousands of buyers of old bullion in this city, and tens of thousands of them throughout the country. In the aggregate they send us a great many tons of bullion every year, and so put a great deal of money into circulation that would otherwise lie idle.

"There is no piece of gold or silver so large or so small," he continued, "that the dealers will not buy it. Do you know that gold filling out of extracted teeth make a considerable item in the mint's gold? They do. When a dentist extracts a tooth he is sure to extract also any gold that may be in it, and these tiny bits after a while make a little boxful, which is sold to a dealer. The idea seems unpleasant, but it is not, when you know how thoroughly all bullion is refined and cleansed in the mint before it is coined.

"You will find that all these dealers would a little rather buy old silver than old gold, because there is more profit in it. The price of silver fluctuates so much that they can always buy it for considerably less than its real value; but the price of gold never varies. An ounce of gold is worth $20.67 always, in all civilized countries; and this is so well understood that the dealer must pay pretty nearly that much for it. He generally increases his profit a little by paying in goods instead of in cash. The dealer must be able to do a little crude assaying himself, or he is likely to make mistakes. Gold jewelry, for instance, is rarely made of pure gold. Our mint standard for pure bullion is 1000, and we rarely get a watch case or a ring or a chain that assays more than 500, showing that it is half gold or silver and half alloy. You think you are carrying a gold watch, but the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that the cases are half copper. The cases will reach the mint some day, almost to a certainty, and then the copper will come out.

"The flow of old jewelry to the mint is almost as certain and steady as the flow of water down an incline. The old trinket is broken and useless, and you lay it away. Perhaps it is an heirloom, or for some other reason you are attached to it, and you would not think of selling it. But a rainy day may come, and you are glad to sell it. In any case, you are sure to die some time, and your heirs will not care for the chain; then we get it and turn it into dollars or eagles.

"We do not buy bullion in small quantities at the mint—nothing less than $100 worth of gold or silver at a time, and then we do not pay for it until it has been assayed. If you bring us $100 worth of metal that you suppose to be gold, we weigh it and give you a receipt for it, and three days later you can call and receive the money for whatever gold we find in it. No matter if the lot only contains a dollar's worth of gold, we will receipt for the weight and extract the gold for you and pay you for it. But you lose all the base metal, because in the refining everything but the gold and silver is destroyed. That is, it is practically destroyed, because our work is with gold and silver only, and we do not make any effort to save the base metals. It could easily be done, but it would not pay for the time and trouble. We could separate not only the gold and silver, but the copper also, and the lead and whatever else is present.

"When you take a quantity of old gold to the mint to sell, your metal is not mixed with any other metal. Each lot is kept separate until it has been assayed. Your gold is put into an iron box with two locks, and when its turn comes the box is taken to the melting room, where it is opened by two men, each of whom has a key to one of the locks. The metal is cast into a crucible, and when it is melted it is moulded into a bar. That bar contains all the metal in your lot, whether it be gold or brass, and it is the assayer's business to find out how much gold it contains. While it is in the crucible it is stirred constantly and thoroughly, so that all its metals may be distributed equally throughout the bar.

"When the bar is returned to the weighing room the assayer chips from it a tiny piece that must weigh just half a gramme, or 7.7 grains troy. The bar and the sample are numbered to correspond, and the bar is locked up in the iron box again. But the chip is taken to the assaying room, where it is put through one of the most delicate mechanical processes in the world. No danger of visitors following the chip to the assaying room, for a man who is working with scales that will weigh the thirteen-hundredth of a grain cannot be talking to visitors.

"You are not familiar with the bone-ash cup, I suppose, that we call the cupel? To the uninformed that is one of the wonders of the mint. It is simply a little, shallow cup made of bone ashes moistened and pressed, but it does some wonderful work. It will absorb any metals that are melted in it, except gold and silver. That sounds a little doubtful, but it is a fact that can readily be accounted for on scientific principles. You melt a lump of mingled gold and copper in this little cupel, and every particle of the copper disappears, leaving the gold alone in the bottom of the cup. That is the first step in assaying gold, taking no account of a dozen minor operations that merely lead up to it.

"This melting in the cupel does not give pure gold, however, for gold is often alloyed with silver. After the tiny button that remains in the cup has cooled sufficiently, it is flattened with a hammer and run between rollers till it comes out a little spiral that we call a cornet. This is put in a little vessel like a thimble with a slit in the bottom, and is boiled in nitric acid. The acid dissolves the silver, which runs out through the slit, but it cannot dissolve the gold. The tiny chip that remains in is pure gold."—New York Sun.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Water lilies are unusually large this year.

Tracts are published in 209 languages.

Overeating is the greatest cause of disease.

Dramas in India are played in the open air.

Phœnicians invented the first alphabet about 1500 B. C.

A sixty-pound boy hauled in a fifty-pound catfish at Winfield, Kan., a few days ago.

One of the largest sassafras trees in this country is in Central Park, New York City.

A recent Berkshire (Penn.) funeral was graced by the presence of a mourner on a bicycle.

The elephant is the chief beast of burden in Siam and Afghanistan. An "elephant load" is estimated at two tons.

Roasted coffee and ground coffee beans mixed with honey are, it is stated, used to restore broken-down horses in Germany.

Salvator Rosa's remarkable skill in painting brigands was due to the fact that in his youth he associated with the brigands of Southern Italy.

A New York undertaker displays, among other funeral emblems, a clock made of immortelles. The timepiece bears the inscription: "The sad hour."

Three widowers at Marvell, Ark., have married again. They have made love to and been accepted by three sisters. Their first wives were also sisters.

Phil Hubbard, of Palmyra, Me., is eighty-five, and began hunting sixty-nine years ago. He has averaged from forty to sixty foxes a year, besides other game.

In each wing of the ostrich twenty-six long white plumes grow to maturity in eight months. In the male these are pure white, while those of the female shade to ecru or gray.

The rushlight, or rush candle, which has been the "poor man's light" for many centuries, was prepared by stripping a dried rush of its bark, except one small strip, which held the pith together, and dipping it repeatedly in the tallow.

One of the curiosities of the Stinking-water Canon, Wyoming, is the alum cave. The cave appears to be an extinct geyser, and is about fifteen feet across and easily accessible. The alum is along the side and about six feet in thickness.

Way to Please an Author.

Mark Twain says there are three "infallible ways of pleasing an author: 1. To tell him you have read one of his books; 2. To tell him you have read all of his books; 3. To ask him to let you read the manuscript of his forthcoming book. No. 1 admits you to his company; No. 2 admits you to his respect; No. 3 admits you to his confidence.

IF THERE are any housekeepers not using ROYAL BAKING POWDER, its great qualities warrant them in making a trial of it.

The ROYAL BAKING POWDER takes the place of soda and cream of tartar, is more convenient, more economical, and makes the biscuit, cake, pudding and dumpling lighter, sweeter, more delicious and wholesome.

Those who take pride in making the finest food say that it is quite indispensable therefor.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

When You Are Strongest.

Vaughan Harley agrees with Dr. Lombard in considering that the amount of work done by the same set of muscles at different times of the day undergoes periodical variations; so we may accept as a fact, says the Journal of Physiology, that there is a diurnal rise and fall in the power of doing voluntary muscular work, in the same way as there is a diurnal rise and fall in bodily temperature and pulse. It is remarkable, however, that instead of the greatest amount of work being done, as might have been expected, on rising in the morning, after a good night's rest, it is found that at 9 a. m. the smallest amount of work is accomplished, the powers of doing muscular work in Dr. Harley's case increasing each hour up to 11 a. m.

Immediately after lunch there is a marked rise, followed an hour later by a fall, while again an hour later, or about 3 p. m., the amount of work accomplished reaches its maximum. Then, from some unexplained cause, there is a noticeable fall at 4 p. m., which is succeeded by a rise at 5 p. m., after which a progressive fall takes place during each successive hour until dinner. Even during a prolonged fast more work was capable of being executed from 11:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. than at 9 a. m.

Wants His Anatomical Scrap.

Seven years ago, in Chillicothe, Ohio, George Berner got into a dispute with a man, and the latter emphasized his argument with the aid of an ax and chipped off a piece of Berner's skull. This little piece of bone was used by the court as evidence and marked "Exhibit A." Now Berner is searching the court records for the missing bit of skull.

THE undertaker has been suspected of a silent partnership in cure-all remedies.

Etiquette of the Hand.

A lady never extends her hand to a man whose acquaintance she is making. She may or may not shake hands with a lady who is introduced, but she must not give her hand to a strange man. A cultivated woman will not shake hands with any man, no matter how long acquainted with him, unless she respects and admires him. A gentleman never extends his hand to a lady first. To do so would be presumptuous, and subject him to a snubbing. A man shows his breeding the way he eats his dinner; a woman shows her breeding the way she receives people.

Origin of "Book."

The Anglo-Saxon word boc signifies a beech tree. Before paper came into general use the wood of this tree, being close-grained, was used to write upon, and from this fact comes the word book.

PIERCE GUARANTEES A CURE

OR MONEY IS REFUNDED.

Disease follows a run-down system with the liver inactive and the blood disordered. Pimples, Boils, Sores, Carbuncles, Ulcers, and like manifestations of impure blood, should be driven out of the system with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

MRS. KUHN.

MRS. KUHN, of 618 E. 16th Street, New York City, writes as follows: "It pleases me to state that I had a running sore upon my neck, and had it operated upon three times, and still it was not cured. I was also run down very much. There was a decided change after using 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,' I took a few bottles and was soon cured. Later my husband had a lump behind his ear; he tried your medicine, and one bottle cured him. I shall always recommend your medicines.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

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Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

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80 head of Ewes.

1 six year old horse, good driving or saddle horse.

1 Single Buggy, been run only a short time, also, 1 set Buggy Harness.

2 head of Horses, 3 years old, well broken.

2 head of Horses, 2 years old next spring.

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☞Swecker, Auctioneer.

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They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

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Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

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THE BEST!

I carry in stock the best Driving Shoe now made.

ALLSIZES IN STOCK.

A shoe made in the state of Michigan, by a maker who knows what is required to stand water and hold calks. You need not fear to give them a trial.

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FAT FOLKS

Hound-Killer Shot.

(Greenbrier Independent.)

We clip the following from the Staunton (Va.) *News* of the 5th, sent to that paper from Monterey on the 4th inst.:

Last week a man by the name of Robert Moore was shot by some unknown parties near Frost, W. Va. The circumstances are as follows: It seems that Moore, a few weeks previous to the shooting as above mentioned, had killed a hound belonging to some hunters who were chasing deer it the neighborhood of Frost. They having found out where the hound was shot, set another day for a chase, and also placed some "ambushers" in a ravine near the spot where the dog was killed and at the same time let those four other hounds on the track of a buck, knowing that their course would be over the same ground. When the hounds, close in the wake of the deer, reached the ravine two shots were heard from a Winchester, and simultaneously two other Winchester shots awakened the echoes of the mountains, and Moore, the hound-killer, fell shot through the neck and shoulder. The wounds, while serious, were not necessarily fatal. Your correspondent is informde that he may recover. The names of the parties who did the shooting are, of course, kept quiet. The hunters of some sections of W. Va. put a "pretium affectionis" on dogs (*i. e.* hounds) and think capital punishment not too good for any man who dares to shoot a deer hound.

Monroe Wins.

With unfeigned pleasure we announce to our readers that Monroe has won the county line contest between this and Summers county. The case came up in Greenbrier circuit court Monday, Nov. 10th, The court (Judge Guthrie, of Charleston, presiding), dismissed the petition of Summers county and decreed that Monroe should recover the cost from her adversary. By this decision real estate and other property aggregating not less than $400,000 in value is preserved to Monroe county. This result is due to the skill and ability with which the case was managed by our attorney, Maj. John W. Harris. From the moment that he was retained our people felt that their interests were in the keeping of competent hands. The thanks of our citizens are olso due to our County Court who, not undervaluing the importance of this question, grappled with it in a sensible, practical manner, insuring to the county the best possible protection of her interest.—*Watchman.*

Dreadful Waste.

RONCEVERTE, W. A., Dec. 3rd.—Some one fired two loads of buckwheat into Herbert Spurlock, near Nine Mile Creek. Wesley Ketcham was arrested. Spurlock will recover.—*Post.*

We have been anxiously awaiting the new crop of buckwheat this fall, and didn't know that some fool had cornered the market and was disposing of the surplus by firing in into his neighbors. Who is he, and whereabouts around here is Nine Mile Creek? If Herbert Spurlock recovers with two loads of buckwheet in him, he has the digestion of an ostrich. Can't somebody fire a small package into us? Brother David F. Reaser, stand up and tell us what became of that fine crop you harvested early this fall.—*Ronceverte Messenger.*

The new M. E. church, South, at Renick's Valley, this county, was dedicated to the worship of God last Sunday by Rev. J. R. Van Horn, of Stephens City, Frederick county, Va., The day was unfavorable, but a good congregation was present. We learn that Mr. Van Horn, who is one of the foremost men of his Conference, preached with great liberty and power, and fully sustained his reputation as an able divine. He also preached in Frankford Monday night.—*Greenbrier Independent.*

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What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
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A Christmas Suggestion:

KODAKS $6.00 to $100.00.

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I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

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Garfield Tea

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 29th day of October, 1892, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 23, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina R. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be eecessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1887, said deed or patent numbered 13081.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber.

LEVI GAY, Trustee.

ANDREW PRICE, Attorney

Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

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The splendid popular triumph for the cause of protection opens up a new chapter, and one of the most interesting in the history of the coudtry. It has carried west virginia into the column of protection, and produced a revolution in the politics of the State. There will be new and important developments by reason of the great victory of 1894 developments that will have a decided influence on the Presidential campaign of 1996 and the WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER will follow them closely in all their details. In west virginia the WHEELING INTELLIGENCER is the recognized leader of the cause of protection ane State development

All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the INTELLIGENCER'S telegraphic columns.

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Specimen copies of either edition of the INTELLIGENCER sent free to any address.

We want an agent in every Postoffice in west virginia, Eastern Ohio and

Some weeks since, a memorial sermon was preached at Driftwood in memory Mr. G. McGlaughlin a person who had spent most of his life in leasing and clearing land on the late Colonel Poage's estate Clover Lick and the Dysard property, and other properties in that vicinity. The following extract is reproduced for this paper: The services of that part of our community who clear the forests, and prepare the fields for culture, cannot be appreciated too highly, for without such labor our country would be hardly inhabitable. All characters and conditions of society owe a special debt of gratitude to the men who handle the ax, the maul, the wedge, the grubbing hoe, and the brush hook. Too much is not likely or can be said to honor their memory when dead, or help and encourage them while living. Without such there would be no farms, no society, no civilization. LAbor is the source of wealth, and the Holy Writ declares, the laborer is worthy of his hire. The bee that makes the honey, ought to have his full share. This simple principle however seems in danger of being lost sight of in a practicable way. Nature teaches the working bee to know and maintain his rights, so the drones, having served their purpose have their sportive wings clipped and are expelled. Bee-legislation is in the interest of the honey makers, and averse to the non-producers, consequently the supply of honey is secured, as long as flowers bloom, and honey dew falls. Suppose this policy be reversed, and the drones control the bee legislation. It would be nice for the drones as long as the stores of honey held out, but when the honey was exhausted, honey and bees alike would disappear before another winter. Were the producing element of our population encouraged and appreciated as their merits deserve, there need be no harsh measures resorted to, and all classes would be contented and happy up to the full measure of their capacity to enjoy the bounties lavished upon the American people.

Gov. Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, died at Atlanta November 30th. He was governor of Georgia during the the war, and after the war served eleven years in the United States Senate, retiring in 1891. He was one of the most wealthy men in the South. He is gratefully remembered by the Southern Baptists for his donation of fifty thousand dollars to the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky. This fund will be remembered and applauded long after all his other deeds as Senator and Governor shall have lost their interest.

Mr. Watterson has a noble Journalist and statesman as the Republican candidate for Vice President in 1896. He ought to run and Egypt. He ought always to run another winter at New York. His almost [illegible] consumption, and has probably [illegible]

Missions in India.

In the *Forum* for December is an article on the mission work in India, written by a native and a Brahman. He puts the case very plainly and claims that the missionaries by no means earn the $100 or $200 which they are paid. He claims that the work of the missionaries is more like proselyting than anything else. Probably the strongest argument which can attack the system of missions, is that the missionaries, as a rule, are not self-sacrificing. The good sister Rose, who went to the lepers to teach them to die, is a notable exception. On that very island more missionaries are needed, and yet the case of that beautiful woman stands alone. She is the only one that has illustrated in an unquestionable degree what the missionary professes to be. Certain death in its most loathesome form awaited her, but she went.

The Brahman writer claims that the missionaries in India do a deal of mischief, and that every conversion of a Brahman caused much sorrow and domestic trouble. To the tender-hearted American we may ask how does the following extract of that letter sound. You cannot say it is a lie, and if true does it not sound very realistic, much like heart-breaking business in America?

"When they opened these schools Brahman boys also attended, do to the present day, and a few Brahman boys have been converted to Christianity, not by convincing them of the superiority of the Christian religion, but by initiating them into meat-eating and wine-drinking. In one case a boy of sixteen the first step was to give him sweet wine, which was very palatable to him. The first day's glass made him pleasant; the next day's glass made him more pleasant; and the third day's gave him a strong taste for it. He was in ecstacy. But all this while his parents were kept in utter ignorance of his experience, for the Brahman is absolutely forbidden to taste wine; they thought that he was simply studying English, and after completing his studis they hoped he would be able to support them in their old age. After a time the boy became attached to the missionary, who had a magical influence over his young heart, and he was persuaded to become a Christian. The boy did not know much about his own religion, so that he could not compare it with Christianity, of which he had heard a great deal. Hence he was an easy victim to the great agony and grief of his parents. The boy ran away from home one day and went to a Christian church. The parents got information of him and went with tears to the missionary and implored him to give their boy back to them. The boy was married, his young wife would become a widow if he became a Christian. She could not live with him, and nobody, not even his father, could eat with him, for he had left caste. He could not enter the house of a Hindu [illegible] he was [illegible]. All his brothers [illegible] nice dishes to please [illegible] Christian [illegible]. The missionary said no, and yielded to the desire of the parents. He took a piece of meat and put it in the mouth of the boy in their presence, and in the presence of the people assembled, and gave him a glass of wine or [illegible] write about it. I know this family personally. It was wrecked. The old father, who was a revenue officer and the magistrate of the county, died of a broken heart in six months, and the mother followed him in a short period. The young man's wife dragged out her life for some years in sorrow, and when she found that there was no other alternative, she went to her husband, but did not accept his religion; and she died an untimely death. This is not a solitary instance."

The article is very long and cannot be reprinted here, but one cannot read it without being convinced that the missionaries in India must be very obnoxious to the *better class* of that country.

"Caves, Springs, and Many Other Funny Things."

Back Alleghany,
Pocahontas County, W. Va.,
December 7, 1894.

Thinking that a few lines from this section would be of interest to your numerous readers, I will attempt to give you a few jottings.

I have been five week up in this neck of woods, and am getting on pretty well. I find the people of this vicinity to be kind, generous, and hospitable. I have quite an interesting school at the Moore School-House. The school is not large, but for superior merit in spelling and reading, I do not hesitate to say that they are hard to beat. I think I have some of the best readers and spellers it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Several of them have considerable knowledge of Arithmetic and Geography.

Some days ago, the scholars procured some material suitable for torches, and all repaired to a cave about half a mile distant from the school-house. We all entered to explore the beauties of this underground cavern. With some difficulty we entered its mouth, and after penetrating some distance we found ourselves in a large room overhung with a beautiful canopy of gigantic rock lined with beautiful stalactites resembling icicles of all shapes and sizes. After traveling on further we came to a nice stream of crystal water, we then continued on further and got into another department where the walls began to contract, and we were attacked by innumerable spiders of the "Old Granddaddy Longlegs" variety, attracted by the torchlights. We thereupon retreated to the former apartment where each one procured the finest specimens of stalactites that could be found, and carried them to the school-house as momentoes of our explorations. This is the first cave I ever entered of such dimensions in which there were no stalagmites. There were no formations in the bottom of this cave that I could discover. The famous cave situated in Pendleton County, ten miles south of Franklin, is a model of natural beauty, in which both stalactites and stalagmites are found in innumerable numbers. There are formations reaching from top to bottom, and not larger in circumference than a walking staff. There is, also, a beautifully clear pool of pure water, and a formation in the shape of a writing table called the old ladies' writing desk. It is not difficult to enter being near the Monterey and Franklin Turnpike, of the farm belonging to Mr. Henry Simmons.

There have been a considerable number of deer killed in this neighborhood.

Well, Mr. Editor, I will bring my few items to a close. If you think they deserve a place in your valuable paper, you are welcome to them. Yours truly,

Teacher.

We Complain.

There is no part of our work causes more worry than our unhappy system of mails. Everything depends on the mails in our patrons getting the paper week by week. Occasionally some one's name is omitted in this office in copying the list, and the subscriber misses his copy of the paper. Never fail to notify us by a postcard, and we will do everything in our power to make up for the loss. In nine cases out of ten of those who fail in getting their paper, it is not our fault. Somebody has been careless with the mail. It may have been lost by a child sent for the mail. So let us rub along as gently as possible, and send word to this office.

A Bath County Drama.

(Bath News.)

Time, Friday; Place, Warm Springs, or thereabout.

Dramatis personæ:

Bruin, ——— The Terror.
His Exhibitors, Terrors, also.
J. H. G., ——— Deputy Sheriff.
J. F. L., Another Deputy.
Justice A., Magistrate of the Commonwealth.
et cum multis aliis.

Scene I. His Ursine Majesty on Public Highway delighting the crowd. Enter upon the scene Justice A. Exit Bruin and Attendants.

Scene II. "Shake Rag." H. U. M. again delighting crowd. Enter with warrant J. H. G. Order given: Return with me, thou craven. Bruin bows politely but speaks French only! Unperturbed as a day in June, and still delights the crowds. J. H. G., not parlez-vousing, begs pardon for the interruption, and waves adieu.

Scene III. Posse comitatus. J. H. G. and J. F. L. in van. Bruin, characteristically, has registered French departure with no cards of conge.

Scene IV. Posse returns. Thrilling Escape! "Daring Rescue!!" Column in New York Whirl!!! (paid for)

Sic Transit!

Problem.

Two men enter into a contract to do a piece of work $200. They decided that they could do the work in 50 days, which would be $2 a day for each man if both worked their number of days, and they agreed in the event that if one lost any time, the other was to have $2 a day for the time he worked more than the other man. One lost 10 days. How much more ought the one to get that worked on and did not lose any time, than the one that lost 10 days?

Send answer to next week's paper. Teacher.

Bridget (at the photographer's, looking at her new tintypes) shure, an' how big they we takin' th' mouths now. Puck.

A Liberal Offer.

The enterprise of the publishers of The Youth's Companion, Boston, Massachusetts, has steadily advanced the paper year by year, keeping it always in the front rank of the best periodicals. It is to-day as no other publication the reading demand for a practicable family paper, one that is equally valued and enjoyed by old and young and free from all objectionable features.

The best writers of all lands are engaged to write for its columns. Among the famous contributors for the volume for 1895 are two daughters of Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone, the most eminent living statesman, who has for the first time written an article expressly for The Companion, Matthew Arnold, W. Clark Russell, Charles Dickens, Frank R. Stockton, J. T. Trowbridge, Mark Twain, C. A. Warman, the famous locomotive engineer, and more than a hundred other writers who are known the world over.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 22. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1894. $1.00 IN ADVANCE

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. F. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. D. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court (C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, Elray; W. H. Gross, Huntersville; Wm. T. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Garry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will practice in the Courts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

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Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. SEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.
Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Some weeks since, a memorial sermon was preached at Driftwood in memory Mr. G. McGlaughlin a person who had spent most of his life in leasing and clearing land on the late Colonel Poage's estate Clover Lick and the Dysard property, and other properties in that vicinity. The following extract is reproduced for this paper: The services of that part of our community who clear the forests, and prepare the fields for culture, cannot be appreciated too highly, for without such labor our country would be hardly inhabitable. All characters and conditions of society owe a special debt of gratitude to the men who handle the ax, the maul, the wedge, the grubbing hoe, and the brush hook. Too much is not likely or can be said to honor their memory, when dead, or help and encourage them while living. Without such, there would be no farms, no society, no civilization. Labor is the source of wealth, and the Holy Writ declares, the laborer is worthy of his hire. The bee that makes the honey, ought to have his full share. This simple principle however seems in danger of being lost sight of in a practicable way. Nature teaches the working bee to know and maintain his rights, so the drones, having served their purpose have their sportive wings clipped and are expelled. Bee-legislation is in the interest of the honey makers, and averse to the non-producers, consequently the supply of honey is assured, as long as flowers bloom, and honey dew falls. Suppose this policy be reversed, and the drones control the bee legislation. It would be nice for the drones as long as the stores of honey held out, but when the honey was exhausted, honey and bees alike would disappear before another winter. Were the producing element of our population encouraged and appreciated as their merits deserve, there need be no harsh measures resorted to, and all classes would be contented and happy up to the full measure of their capacity to enjoy the bounties lavished upon the American people.

Gov. Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, died at Atlanta November 30th. He was governor of Georgia during the the war, and after the war served eleven years in the United States Senate, retiring in 1891. He was one of the most wealthy men in the South. He is gratefully remembered by the Southern Baptists for his donation of fifty thousand dollars to the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky. This deed will be remembered and applauded long after all his other deeds as Senator and Governor shall have lost their interest.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, a noted journalist and remembered as the Republican candidate for Vice President in 1892, recently sent the Pope of Rome a present of a pear-tree from the Garden of Gethsemane. He was assured by the pear-iarch that he could not give another winter in New York. His ailment is consumption, and has probably reached its final stages.

After a burglar entered her room and secured his vest he fractured that he had planned himself for flight.—Galveston News.

President Cleveland needn't worry about the Mexican Territory. Mexico is not a territory.

Missions in India.

In the *Forum* for December is an article on the mission work in India, written by a native and a Brahman. He puts the case very plainly and claims that the missionaries by no means earn the $100 or $200 which they are paid. He claims that the work of the missionaries is more like proselyting than anything else. Probably the strongest argument which can attack the system of missions, is that the missionaries, as a rule, are not self-sacrificing. The good sister Rose, who went to the lepers to teach them to die, is a notable exception. On that very island more missionaries are needed, and yet the case of that beautiful woman stands alone. She is the only one that has illustrated in an unquestionable degree what the missionary professes to be. Certain death in its most loathesome form awaited her, but she went.

The Brahman writer claims that the missionaries in India do a deal of mischief, and that every conversion of a Brahman caused much sorrow and domestic trouble. To the tender-hearted American we may ask how does the following extract of that letter sound. You cannot say it is a lie, and if true does it not sound very realistic, much like heart-breaking business in America?

"When they opened these schools Brahman boys also attended, do to the present day, and a few Brahman boys have been converted to Christianity, not by convincing them of the superiority of the Christian religion, but by initiating them into meat-eating and wine-drinking. In one case a boy of sixteen the first step was to give him sweet wine, which was very palatable to him. The first day's glass made him pleasant; the next day's glass made him more pleasant, and the third day's gave him a strong taste for it. He was in ecstacy. But all this while his parents were kept in utter ignorance of his experience, for the Brahman is absolutely forbidden to taste wine, they thought that he was simply studying English, and after completing his studis they hoped he would be able to support them in their old age. After a time the boy became attached to the missionary, who had a magical influence over his young heart, and he was persuaded to become a Christian. The boy did not know much about his own religion, so that he could not compare it with Christianity, of which he had heard a great deal. Hence he was an easy victim to the great agony and grief of his parents. The boy ran away from home on a certain day and went to a Christian church. The parents got information of him and went with tears to the missionary and implored him to give the boy back to them. The boy was married, his young wife would become a widow if he became a Christian. She could not live with him, and nobody, not even his father, could eat with him, for he had lost caste. He could not enter the house of a Hindu because he was defiled. All his mother's future hopes were dashed to pieces on the Christian Rock. The missionary did not yield to the tears of the parents. He took a piece of meat and put it in the mouth of the boy in their presence, and in the presence of the people assembled, and gave him a glass of wine to drink. It would be hard to imagine the sorrow of the parents, the father-in-law, the mother-in-law, and the young wife, to all of whom he now became morally and practically dead, because by his conversion he lost caste, and brought disgrace to both the families. This case was the talk of every village and tole from objectionable features.

The best writers of all lands are engaged to write for its columns. Among the famous contributors for the volume for 1895 are two daughters of Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone, the most eminent living statesman, who has for the third time written an article expressly for The Companion, Sir Edwin Arnold, W. Clark Russell, Charles Dickens, Frank R. Stockton, J. T. Trowbridge, Mark Twain, C. A. Warman, the famous locomotive engineer, and more than a hundred other writers who are known the world over.

The Companion appeals to all, whether in the home, in professional or business life, to the educator and laborer in every department of work. Its sound, practical editorials deal frankly, fairly and concisely with the questions of the day. Every utterance may be accepted without reserve. Full Prospectus and specimen copies sent free on application.

New subscribers will receive The Companion free to 1896 if they subscribe at once.

"Caves, Springs, and Many Other Funny Things."

Back Alleghany,
Pocahontas County, W. Va.,
December 7, 1894.

Thinking that a few lines from this section would be of interest to your numerous readers, I will attempt to give you a few jottings.

I have been five week up in this neck of woods, and am getting on pretty well. I find the people of this vicinity to be kind, generous, and hospitable. I have quite an interesting school at the Moore School-House. The school is not large, but for superior merit in spelling and reading, I do not hesitate to say that they are hard to beat. I think I have some of the best readers and spellers it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Several of them have considerable knowledge of Arithmetic and Geography.

Some days ago, the scholars procured some material suitable for torches, and all repaired to a cave about half a mile distant from the school-house. We all entered to explore the beauties of this underground cavern. With some difficulty we entered its mouth, and after penetrating some distance we found ourselves in a large room overhung with a beautiful canopy of gigantic rock lined with beautiful stalactites resembling icicles of all shapes and sizes. After traveling on further we came to a nice stream of crystal water, we then continued on further and got into another department where the walls began to contract, and we were attacked by innumerable spiders of the "Old Grandaddy Longlegs" variety, attracted by the torchlights. We thereupon retreated to the former apartment where each one procured the finest specimens of stalactites that could be found, and carried them to the school-house as momentoes of our explorations. This is the first cave I ever entered of such dimensions in which there were no stalagmites. There were no formations in the bottom of this cave that I could discover. The famous cave situated in Pendleton County, ten miles south of Franklin, is a model of natural beauty, in which both stalactites and stalagmites are found in innumerable numbers. There are formations reaching from top to bottom and not larger in circumference than a walking staff. There is also a beautifully clear pool of pure water, and a formation in the shape of a writing table and the old ladies' writing desk. It is not difficult to enter, being near the Monterey and Franklin Turnpike, on the farm belonging to Mr. Henry Simmons.

There have been a considerable number of deer killed in this neighborhood.

Well, Mr. Editer, I will bring my few items to a close. If you think they deserves a place in your good paper, print it; if not, plunge it into the waste basket.

Yours Respectfully,
J. F. Hively.

Job got his certificate for patience before he was obliged to go out and buy Christmas presents for all his relatives.

We Complain.

There is no part of our work causes more worry than our unhappy system of mails. Everything depends on the mails in our patrons getting the paper week by week. Occasionally some one's name is omitted in this office in copying the list, and the subscriber misses his copy of the paper. Never fail to notify us by a postcard, and we will do everything in our power to make up for the loss. In nine cases out of ten of those who fail in getting their paper, it is not our fault. Somebody has been careless with the mail. It may have been lost by a child sent for the mail. So let us rub along as gently as possible, and send word to this office.

A Bath County Drama.

(Bath News.)

Time, Friday; Place, Warm Springs, or thereabout.

Dramatis personæ:

Bruin, ——— The Terror.
His Exhibitors, Terrors, also.
J. H. G., ——— Deputy Sheriff.
J. F. L., Another Deputy.
Justice A., Magistrate of the Commonwealth.

et cum multis aliis.

Scene I. His Ursine Majesty on Public Highway delighting the crowd. Enter upon the scene Justice A. Exit Bruin and Attendants.

Scene II. "Shake Rag." H. U. M. again delighting crowd. Enter with warrant J. H. G. Order given: Return with me, thou craven. Bruin bows politely but speaks French only. Unperturbed as a day in June, and still delights the crowds. J. H. G., not parlez-vousing, begs pardon for the interruption, and waves adieu.

Scene III. Posse comitatus. J. H. G. and J. F. L. in van. Bruin, characteristically, has registered French departure with no cards of congé.

Scene IV. Posse returns. Thrilling Escape! Daring Rescue!!" Column in New York Whirl!!! (paid for)

Sic Transit.

Problem.

Two men enter into a contract to do a piece of work $200. They decided that they could do the work in 50 days, which would be $2 a day for each man if both worked their number of days, and they agreed in the event that if one lost any time, the other was to have $2 a day for the time he worked more than the other man. One lost 10 days. How much more ought the one to get that worked on and did not lose any time, than the one that lost 10 days?

Send answer to next week's paper. Teacher.

Bridget (at the photographer's, looking at her new tintypes) shure, an' how big they we takin' th' mouths now.—Puck.

A Liberal Offer.

The enterprise of the publishers of The Youth's Companion, Boston, Massachusetts, has steadily advanced the paper year by year, keeping it always in the front rank of the best periodicals. It fills to day as no other publication the popular demand for a practicable family paper, one that is equally valued in each department of old and young, and free from all objectionable features.

Tell me once again,
With tender, loving voice,
That cheers like sunshine after rain
And makes my soul rejoice;
Tell me once again,
When changing years have flown,
That in my heart a love will reign
Which I may call mine own,
Tell me, oh! tell me once again.

Tell me once again,
When time's relentless frown
Has chilled the current of my life
And changed my locks of brown,
That yet within thine eyes
Mine own may fondly gaze,
And see that still within them shines
The light of other days.
Tell me, oh! tell me once again.

Tell me once again,
If on my dying couch
You would be there to soothe my pain
With love's caressing touch,
And kneeling by me then
Would breathe a fervent prayer
That He who watches over men
Would take me to His care.
Tell me, oh! tell me once again.

Tell me once again,
If death's unyielding grasp
Should gather me into his fold
And to his bosom clasp,
That you would on my tomb
A loving tribute lay,
And memory's urn implant thereon
To mark my dying day.
Tell me, oh! tell me once again.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE MISSING SIGNET.

LL right. Show him up, George."

The scene was Mr. Hydenseke's well-known office in Long Acre, and the speaker was that estimable gentleman himself, addressing his confidential clerk, who had just brought in a caller's card to his chief.

George disappeared, and soon returned with the visitor, for whom he placed a chair and then discreetly retired.

"Mr. Hyndenseke?" he inquired, in a quavering voice.

"At your service, sir," replied the detective.

"You know me by name, Mr. Hydenseke?"

"Everybody knows Sir Jacob Truelove," answered our friend, with his suavest bow.

"I have come to consult you, Mr. Hydenseke, on a most private and important matter. I need hardly say that whatever I may tell you must be regarded as strictly and absolutely confidential."

"Quite so," nodded Mr. Hydenseke. "You may trust my discretion, I assure you."

"Thank you; I feel that I can. Now, Mr. Hydenseke, you know, perhaps, that I am a great collector of antique gems?"

"I have heard that you possess about the best private collection in England."

"Well, I think I do. At least, I am aware of none better, with the possible exception of that belonging to my friend, the Duke of X——, at B—— Castle. His father, you know, spent fabulous sums in acquiring rare specimens. He was a great connoisseur. But his son hardly appreciates or values his splendid collection sufficiently. However, that has nothing to do with the present case. What I have come to consult you about is this: I have just been robbed of the most valuable gem in my whole collection."

"Ah!" said Mr. Hydenseke, laconically, screwing up his eyes and waiting to hear more.

"The gem in question," continued the old man, in an excited voice, "is a signet ring of the Roman Emperor Vespasian, a rare sort of blood-stone, engraved with a miniature Colosseum, and round it the letters T. F. V. I. (Titus Flavius Vespásianus Imperator), in a setting of African gold. The workmanship of the ring is beautiful—beautiful. That alone would render it valuable. But what makes it almost priceless is its extreme rarity. There are only two others like it in England, or, I believe, in Europe."

"And these are—where?"

"The one at the British Museum; the other in the collection of which I was speaking just now—the Duke of X——'s, at B—— Castle."

"When did you first miss this ring, Sir Jacob?"

"Yesterday, when I opened my jewel safe to arrange and classify some new purchases."

"And when had you last opened it previously?"

"The day before that. I had a call from Janshikoff, the great dealer in antique gems, and I then opened my safe in his presence to ask his opinion

"Hem!" coughed Mr. Hydenseke, performing his favorite operation of scratching his chin. "You believe that, do you?"

"I am convinced of it."

"Have you communicated with the police?"

"No; I have expressly refrained from doing so. I must recover that ring, Mr. Hydenseke (dropping his voice and speaking very impressively) without either scandal or publicity. In fact (and I have heard of your doing such things), I wish it got away from Janshikoff without his knowledge. There is a secret connected with it which must never be divulged."

"A dangerous secret?" inquired Mr. Hydenseke.

"Yes; dangerous in a sense—that is, if it were known in certain quarters that I possessed the ring I might be obliged to hand it over to its original owners. You remember the big jewel scandal at the Vatican fifteen years ago?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, a ring closely resembling that which we are discussing disappeared from the Pope's collection at that time, and could never be traced. This one—I mean the one I have just lost—I picked up at a seedy second-hand shop in Paris two years back. I paid a good price for it, and I asked no questions. You take me?"

"I think so, Sir Jacob," answered Mr. Hydenseke, with his peculiar smile.

"You will understand, then," the other continued, "why I am anxious to have the matter kept strictly private."

"Of course. And, perhaps, Janshikoff took that into account—eh?"

"Most probably. He is a very sharp fellow. But now, Mr. Hydenseke (he spoke very excitedly, leaning over and placing his hand on the detective's sleeve), I must get that signet back without delay. For if Janshikoff once parts with it, good-bye to our chance of ever seeing it again. Will you undertake the job, Mr. Hydenseke?"

"What's the figure?" asked our friend, thoughtfully.

"A cool thousand and all expenses."

"Very well, Sir Jacob, I'm your man."

Mr. Hydenseke now produced his notebook, and put the Baronet through a lengthy catechism, jotting down his replies in shorthand. At the end of this process, which occupied about an hour, Sir Jacob rose to take his departure.

"You will lose no time—no time, Mr. Hydenseke, will you?" he said, in a voice of absolute entreaty. "If I fail to recover that signet it will almost kill me."

"Make your mind easy," was the brisk rejoinder. "I shall start my investigations at once. You shall hear from me shortly how I succeed. Good morning."

As soon as the Baronet was fairly off the premises Mr. Hydenseke sent for a cab and drove straight across to the British Museum. Upon entering that somber edifice he betook himself to the room where the old Roman gems are on show, and there, with the assistance of a catalogue and a civil attendant, he discovered the Vespasian signet. This he carefully inspected through the glass by which it was guarded, finding it answered exactly to the description which Sir Jacob had given him. He made a careful drawing of the ring, which he relegated to his notebook, and then returned to the office in Long Acre to consider his next step.

After half an hour spent in careful reflection he summoned the most trustworthy member of his staff, and instructed him to keep a watch on Janshikoff for the next twenty-four hours.

He did not, indeed, think it probable that the astute dealer in antiques would attempt to dispose of his spoil at present. Still it was better to be on the safe side, and to have him kept under close surveillance, while he (Mr. Hydenseke) conducted certain preliminary investigations in another direction.

"I heard nothing of a Vespasian signet at the time, I am sure," soliloquized Mr. Hydenseke, frowning perplexedly, "I will go and ask Pinkerton. Pinkerton is sure to know."

Acting on this resolve, he had no sooner given his employe the necessary instructions about watching Janshikoff, than he walked round to Mr. Pinkerton's shop in Wardour street. Jeremiah Pinkerton keeps an emporium for articles of virtu, which he knows more about than any other man in England. He is an old-fashioned man; old-fashioned in his appearance, his methods, and, more particularly, in his honesty. But he is very shrewd; gifted with a most capacious memory; and, as an expert in Greek and Roman gems, without an equal.

Mr. Hydenseke had often had occasion to consult him, and knew him intimately.

"How are you, Pinkerton?" said

"So I thought. But I have been informed to-day, Mr. Pinkerton, that there was a third specimen, which was stolen from the Vatican in that great jewel robbery fifteen years ago."

"I don't believe it," said the dealer, decidedly. "The principal gems missing were all mentioned—in fact, a list of them was printed and circulated by the police among all the chief dealers in Europe. I had one sent here, I recollect, and I am quite certain that a Vespasian signet—which would have been the most precious of the whole lot—was not included."

On leaving Pinkerton's emporium, our friend hailed a cab, drove to his private house, where he kept the vehicle waiting while he packed a Gladstone bag, and then ordered the driver to take him with all speed to Paddington. He was in time for the afternoon down mail, by which he proceeded to B——, reaching that quaint country town about 5 o'clock. Having ascertained at his hotel, the X—— Arms, that the Duke was in residence at the castle, he betook himself thither with as little delay as possible.

His Grace, for whom Mr. Hydenseke had more than once acted in confidential matters, readily saw the detective, and gave him permission to inspect his collection of rings, being himself present during the process. The result of this inspection and of a long conversation with the Duke, was that an urgent telegram was dispatched to Pinkerton asking him to come down to B—— as early as possible next morning.

It was two days later, and Mr. Hydenseke was standing before the fire in his office, with his hands, in true British fashion, behind his coat-tails. A rather odd smile, suggesting triumph and self-satisfaction, flickered about the corners of his mouth. He had sent a messenger about an hour previously to request Sir Jacob Truelove's attendance at the office as soon as convenient, and he was now awaiting that gentleman's arrival.

By and by the street bell rang, and a minute or two later the Baronet was ushered in.

"Good morning, Mr. Hydenseke," he began, with an eager, anxious look on his cunning face—"you have got the ring! You told me in your note you have got the ring!"

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Hydenseke, pursing up his lips and speaking incisively, "I have got the ring."

"Then, for the love of God, give it me at once," cried Sir Jacob, with strange excitement. "Here—here (pulling out his check book from his breast-pocket) I'll pay you your thousand pounds at once. The ring, Mr. Hydenseke—give me the ring."

"Wait a minute, Sir Jacob," said the detective, coldly, waving back the other's outstretched hand. "I have a word or two to say first. I always deal square with those who are square with me. I am not squeamish, not I. I take up almost any cases for those who pay me well, and I carry out my client's wishes to the best of my power, without raising any inconvenient questions of right and wrong, or anything of that sort. But I make one stipulation. My clients must be square with me; and they must tell me the truth!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Hydenseke?" muttered Sir Jacob, beginning to turn pale.

"It is nothing to me," the detective went on, without heeding the interruption, "that you have tried to steal that ring from the Duke of X——, or that, finding yourself forestalled, you laid a plot to steal it from the man who had anticipated you. But it is a great deal to me that, instead of telling me the truth, you tried to delude me into your service with a pack of silly falsehoods and a trumped-up story about a third Vespasian signet, stolen from the Vatican, which had never had any existence, either there or elsewhere."

"I—I—don't understand you. Do—do—you realize whom you're talking to?" stammered the Baronet, trembling, however, in every limb. "You must be mad, Mr. Hydenseke."

"I have tracked out the whole affair from first to last," continued the other. "You had better listen, and deny any of my statements if you can. You intended (taking advantage of your intimacy at B——, and of the Duke's comparative antiquarian ignorance) to steal the Vespasian signet from his collection and substitute a forged one in its place. You employed Janshikoff to make you the necessary imitation. He gained an inkling of your plan, and thinking the idea a good one made a second imitation for his own use, and paying a visit to B—— just one day before you forestalled you in filching the real signet. You went down and duly effected your theft, but when you came to examine your spoil you found it only a sham that you had got. Knowing that Janshikoff had been there the day before (for the Duke showed you some gems which Janshikoff had brought down for his inspection), you easily guessed

me, and to gain my help by false pretenses, you must accept the consequences. The ring has been restored to the Duke of X——, and is now back in its place at B——."

"It's a lie—the whole thing's a lie," persisted Sir Jacob. But his looks declared the guilt which his words denied in vain.

"I have forced a full confession from Janshikoff," Mr. Hydenseke said; "in the face of which, and of other convincing evidence, your denial or admission is perfectly immaterial. Now, Sir Jacob, you had better pay me my thousand pounds and let the affair be closed?"

"What?" the Baronet almost shrieked, pay you a thousand pounds for—for—playing me false and making a fool of me."

"Those are my terms," said Mr. Hydenseke, quietly; "you may accept them, or you may decline them and accept—the consequences."

"It is scandalous," protested Sir Jacob, furiously. "I'll not submit to be blackmailed in this infernal manner."

"Look here, Sir Jacob," said the detective, with his sternest and most determined air, "you have tried to fool me, and you must pay for it. Whether in money or exposure, decide yourself."

The Baronet raved, swore, protested, pleaded, was abject, insolent, pathetic, hectoring, but to no purpose. Mr. Hydenseke remained unmoved by all these demonstrations, and they ended (as our wily friend foresaw they would) in Sir Jacob drawing the required check.

When the latter had taken his departure—in a perfect storm of impotent oaths and curses—Mr. Hydenseke sat down at his writing table, and, with a very comfortable smile, worked out a short addition sum upon his blotting pad.

From the Duke of X——	£1,000
" Janshikoff	1,000
" Sir J. Truelove	1,000
	£3,000

"And all earned in three days," chuckled Mr. Hydenseke. "If Sir Jacob had been square with me I should have had to be square with him. But I'm glad he wasn't!"—London Truth.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The newest science is seismology, the study of earthquakes.

The bed of the ocean is supposed to be of mountainous formation.

The application of electricity to the smelting of iron is being experimented with in Sweden.

It is asserted that in ninety-nine out of 100 the left side of the face is the more perfect in outline.

The number of telephonic stations in Germany, which was 1504 in 1881, had increased at the beginning of the present year to 63,558.

A bullet from one of the new rifles in use in the Italian army will penetrate five inches of solid ash at a distance of three-quarters of a mile.

The German Government has decided to paint their topedo boats bluish-gray, this color being, they consider, the least visible under the electric light.

Annealed glass has not yet come in any practical form, but an advance has been made recently in making sheets of glass with fine wire threaded through them, so that in case of breakage the parts will hang together.

In Germany they have been analyzing and experimenting with dust swept from the floors, seats and walls of the railway coaches. One hundred and seventeen animals were inoculated with this dust; many died of various contagious diseases, three of marked tuberculosis.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds eight ounces; of a female, two pounds four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves with their branches and minute ramifications probably exceed 10,000,000 in number.

Dr. Bembo, of St. Petersburg, Russia, advocates cutting the large blood-vessels of the neck as the most humane mode of slaughtering animals. When this is done unconsciousness sets in in a few seconds, and the movements observed are due to cerebral anæmia. Moreover, the flesh of animals which have been bled to death keeps best.

Pasteur, the French scientist, has shown that all fruits and vegetables when undergoing even partial decay contain bacteria, which, if taken into the stomach, may cause disease. Fruit grown near to the ground may contain the bacteria of typhoid fever, tetanus, diphtheria or cholera, which may have found their way into the material used for fertilizing, or may have become incorporated with the dried dust. Hence one should never neglect to cleanse fruit. Especial care should

Those sage advisers that have lived and died,
And in their sterner moments put aside
The arch intruder from their way
"Love is not wise," they say.

They seek to frighten thee—
Thou who art far from their old, stupid world,
And on the airy wings of youth art whirled
Above all practicality;
They seek to frighten thee.

Decline their wisdom now;
And seek that only that our hearts perceive,
Only that grand, great bliss which I believe
Comes from our spirits' secret vow—
Decline their wisdom now!

—Edmond Picton, in Times-Democrat.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Money talks—in all languages.—Truth.

A receiving teller—The scandal-bearer.—Truth.

Fame is surely a bubble; for plenty of "soap" will make it.—Puck.

There is a little wolf and a little rabbit in every man.—Atchison Globe.

In the grammar of femininity two negatives make two affirmatives.—Puck.

Most men and their stomachs don't understand each other.—Atchison Globe.

Let us be frank, and admit that we are all somewhat gossipy.—Atchison Globe.

The fat man is an example of those who have greatness thrust upon them.—Truth.

The difficulty in chasing men lies in getting them started to run.—Atchison Globe.

Tolerance is the admission of the right of other people to hold wrong views.—Puck.

There is no success so sweet as the success achieved by acting against the advice of our friends.—Puck.

"And do you think Binks can fill the requirements of the place?" "M—m, well—if it requires Binks, he can."—Puck.

No man will ever amount to much who labors under the impression that somebody else is always in his way.—Dallas News.

"Does your wife put up all her can stuff herself?" "Certainly. Self-preservation is the first law of nature."—Boston Transcript.

Priscilla—"I want to get a gown to match my complexion." Perdita—"Why don't you get a hand-painted one?"—Brooklyn Life.

He who thinks that imagination is solely an attribute of youth should chat a while with one of our "oldest inhabitants."—Truth.

Caller—"Your son graduated from college this year, did he not?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Yes; he was valetudinarian of his class."—Puck.

There are times when the man who thinks he fills the public eye merely occupies the position of a speck of dust.—Milwaukee Journal.

Training will do much for a man; but it will not teach him never to neglect to look for the towel before he fills his eyes full of soap.—Puck.

According to Kipling, the elephant is a gentleman. Nonsense! Who ever heard of a gentleman carrying his trunk himself?—Boston Transcript.

The world no doubt owes a great many people a living; but the records do not show that it ever has assigned for the benefit of its creditors.—Puck.

Though woman, lovely woman
Sometimes fails to have her way
You can bet your bottom dollar
That she'll always have her say.
—Indianapolis Journal.

A ten-cent box of blacking, properly applied, will command more respect than a hundred dollar diamond and rusty footwear on a man who is seeking work.—Washington Star.

"There is more pleasure in giving than receiving," was the proverb that a mother was trying to instill into a youthful mind. "That's true about castor oil, mother," was the answer she got.—New York Advertiser.

It has been said that there is something not unpleasing to us in the misfortunes of our friends. While most likely this is true, yet pleasure, at the misfortunes of our enemies, is still doing business at the old stand.—Puck.

Haughty Lady (who has just purchased a stamp)—"Must I put it on myself?" Postoffice Assistant (very politely)—"Not necessarily, ma'am; it will probably accomplish more if you put it on the letter."—Newark Ledger.

He—"I had a queer dream about you last night, Miss Louise. I was about to give you a kiss, when suddenly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Rhine." She—"And was there no bridge or no boat?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

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"HERMIT KINGDOM."

FACTS ABOUT KOREA, ITS PEOPLE AND HISTORY.

Americans the First Westerners to Be Admitted to the Country—The King and His Subjects—A Palace Tragedy.

THE war between China and Japan over Korea, which, for centuries, to use a rather homely figure, has been a bone of contention between the two great Oriental countries, draws attention to a land which for various reasons is of interest to Americans. The United States was the first Western

NATIVE KOREANS.

Power to conclude a treaty with Korea, and for this reason and by this act gained in a certain sense the ascendancy over the representatives of other Governments at Seoul.

But there are other reasons, too, to excite the interest of Americans in Korea. Americans are treated with especial respect in that country; American professors teach Koreans in the royal school founded, as the name indicates, by the King, and American officers hold responsible places in the Korean army, having been summoned there to place it on a fighting footing. Another reason there is, too, rather frivolous in a way, but with the possibilities of great advantages to certain American manufacturers and tradesmen—the Queen of Korea is, like most people of her race, an inveterate smoker, and she prefers American cigarettes.

Korea has well earned its name of the "Hermit Kingdom." Although it is only two days' sail from Japan and less than a day's travel from the harbor of Chefoo, in China, and almost in the track of the lines of steamships which trade with Tientsin, it has shut itself off from all other countries for centuries. To keep out the hordes from North China and Siberia, a strip of territory sixty miles wide was devastated, and is to-day without settlers. The lands which lie nearest the coast seldom feel the effects of the Korean peasants' plow or ax, as there has been, and is to-day, a general desire to give foreigners the impression that the country is a barren spot. Koreans in conversation, too, like to speak of their poverty and the poverty of their country.

Korea is often spoken of as a peninsula, though its narrowest part, between Gensan and Korea Bay, is nearly two degrees south of its northernmost point. It juts out from the coastline much as does Florida. Its area is estimated to be about 90,000 square miles, or a little more than that of England, Scotland and Wales, and, like them, it stretches over rather more than eight degrees of latitude, lying between the thirty-fourth and forty-third parallels. On the east side is the Sea of Japan; on the west, the Yellow Sea, and on the south, the Channel of Korea, separating it from the Japanese Archipelago. The eastern coastline is well defined; but it is almost indistinguishable on the west, owing to the numberless islets which adjoin the mainland and toward which there stretch miles of mud, of which a large tract is left bare at low tide. The numerous inlets are hardly available except for native boats, owing to the violence of the tides and the narrowness of the channels. Few good harbors are to be found.

The climate in winter is unusually severe, and on the west coast the rivers are frozen for months. On the east coast the ports are open throughout the winter. The advantage which Korea has in her open ports on this coast has been the cause of the frequent reports that Russia intends to seize one of them, from which base her fleet in that ocean could be utilized. As it is, the fleet is frozen up for months in her Siberian port of Vladivostock.

In the interior the whole of the north down to the neck between Gensan and the Yellow Sea is almost a mass of mountains. Further toward the south the mountains follow the east coast in an almost continuous line, and throw out feelers to the west, breaking up the country into a series of valleys, debouching on the sea. The chief rivers of Korea empty themselves into the sea on the north and west.

These are a few of the features of Korea, whose population is estimated to be about 10,000,000, of whom the men are in the majority. The preponderance of the male sex is said to be due to better treatment in early

Korea is one of the oldest Eastern nations. Although Japan has far outstripped it in progress, Korean art was the father, so to speak, of Japanese art; and those Yankees of the East received many other valuable suggestions from the land of "the Ten Thousand Isles." The present King of Korea belongs to a family which ruled the country as far back as 1392—a century before America was even discovered—and can, therefore, compare favorably with some of "our oldest families," so far as blue blood is concerned. He is a rather stalwart looking man, considering the little exercise which he takes and the impure air which he breathes, for he seldom leaves his palace, and when he does so it is on the back of a royal donkey or in a great sedan chair of state. He has about 2000 servants to wait upon him, and these prevent his taking the least exertion. In going up hill, even, some of them put their hands to his back so that he may not lose for a moment his erect bearing. His Majesty is now about thirty-seven years old. He is a clever, intelligent man, considering his advantages, and he is in favor of the introduction, so far as possible, of American methods into Korea. He is practically an absolute monarch, choses his Ministers and expels them at will, and he is not bothered with a Congress which holds different views from himself. He is treated with the greatest consideration and respect by his subjects; even his Ministers dare not look upon his face. When they are admitted to an audi-

SEOUL, CAPITAL AND CHIEF CITY OF KOREA.

ence, they approach the King, bow and keep their heads in that position until they are allowed to retire. Only foreigners dare raise their eyes to his. A story is told of the joy of a high official who was permitted to look at a photograph of the King in the possession of a foreigner. It was the first time he had ever seen his face.

The Queen of Korea is an unusually clever woman, and although, in accordance with Korean customs, no man has ever looked upon her face save her brothers, sons and husband, she has had great influence over the destinies of her country. She often attends conferences between His Majesty and the Ministers, it is said, although, of course, she does not appear in the room. But she has had several holes cut through the thin paper-like partition separating her apartment from the audience chamber, and through these she makes her comments. Some who pretend to know say that she is the real ruler of Korea.

It was to overthrow her great influence, at least, that the tragic palace revolution of 1884 was instituted. To celebrate the opening of the new post-office in the capital, Seoul, a dinner was given by the Postmaster-General, Hong Yong Sik, at which several of the leading statesmen were present and most of the foreign diplomats. About the close of the dinner an alarm of fire was sounded, and Min Yong Ik, general in command of the right battalion of the palace guard, had to leave the table to go to the fire. There he was pounced upon by conspirators and almost instantly killed.

The Postmaster-General and two of his guests, Kim Ok Kiun and Pak Yong Hio, who, as it turned out, had planned the assassination of the general, hastened to the palace and persuaded the King to remove to a smaller building, where he would be, they deftly said, in greater safety. Meanwhile, the three generals who, with Min Yong Ik, commanded the troops were summoned to the palace and there murdered in cold blood. With them also died Min Thai Ho, a brother of the Queen by adoption. The King fortunately began to mistrust his apparent protectors, and departed, rather unceremoniously for a person of majestic rank, by a back door and saved his life. The Queen was also fortunate, but at the expense of the life of one of the fairest daughters of Korea.

One of the Korean noblemen attached to the palace had a daughter whose figure was almost a counterpart of that of Her Majesty. When the rebels were making for the Queen's apartments as rapidly as possible, this nobleman and his daughter cut off their approach long enough to give the Queen time to exchange garments with the nobleman's daughter, and in this guise leave the palace. The brave young woman who had put on the robes of the Queen sat in the chair of state and calmly awaited the approach of the conspirators. They came soon and a moment later she was lying dead at the foot of the throne, with a dagger in her heart.

There are few more sublime instances of self-sacrifice for another than this in recorded history, and it is a commentary which needs no enlargement on the kind of women bred in Korea.

The revolution was a failure, but not until over three hundred of the best men and women in the country had lost their lives. The King and Queen returned to the palace, and one of the first persons to be rewarded with a high office was the nobleman whose daughter had died to save the life of her Queen. He is to-day one of the most trusted officers at the court. Almost the only official of importance left to the country after the revolution was Kim Hong Jip, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The others had been killed.

Korea is a poor country despite its fertile lands and gold, copper and silver mines. The fortunes of the people are estimated in "cash," a copper coin, about 1600 of which make an American gold dollar; 25,000,000 cash, therefore, represents about $17,300.

Korea is the ideal place for noblemen and boys. The noblemen dress in beautiful gowns, not unlike the wealthy Chinese, and are as picturesque looking men as you can find anywhere. They are tall, and from an Oriental point of view, good looking. They never work—they never carry anything—it would be beneath them. Noblemen would lose caste if they did a stroke of real manual work. When they start for the capital, they are attended by a large retinue of servants. One even carries the pipe of his master, and another his fan. A noble pupil will not carry a book or a pencil. These Yangbangs usally ride when they go out of the house, and several servants attend them. It will sufficiently characterize them when it is

KOREAN SOLDIERS.

said that a large stomach in Korea is the sign of prosperity. The noblemen are the officers of the country, and the King chooses from them the 322 Governors who reign each for three years in the 322 districts into which the country is divided. At the capital alone, there are 3000 nobles.

Korea is one country in which boys are supposed to smoke, and there is no such thing as an "Anti-Cigarette League" or "Anti-Pipe League" to interfere with his enjoyment. He learns to smoke as soon as he can walk, and he spends hours in the occupation until the end of his days. And in Korea a boy is a boy until he is forty years old.

Seoul, the capital of this interesting country, has about 300,000 inhabitants, and from a Korean point of view is a handsome city. It has no street lights of any kinds, and there is practically no life in the thoroughfares after sundown, when the city gates are closed. Women and citizens—the King and his retainers—are forbidden, in fact, to leave their houses after nightfall. His Majesty does most of his work, however, at night time, beginning his day at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Korea is a country with an interesting future.

A Marvelous Little Linguist.

Not until January will little Fannie Erdofy reach the mature age of four years, and yet she is perhaps the most accomplished young lady of her age in New York. Fannie illustrates in

LITTLE FANNIE ERDOFY.

her charming little personality the irresistible law of heredity. She speaks fluently four languages, and when it is explained that her mother speaks and writes six languages and that her father has a glib acquaintance with ten, besides numerous allied dialects, this extraordinary infant is accounted for.

Arthur Erdofy, who is a registry clerk and interpreter at Ellis Island, was born, thirty-two years ago, in Buda-Pesth, Hungary. His wife is also a native of the same ancient city on the Danube. He has the characteristic Magyar features as well as that special linguistic aptitude which distinguishes his race. He speaks English with great purity, and has the further polyglot accomplishment of speaking Hungarian, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Greek (Romanic), Turkish, Finnish and that most turgid and difficult of all tongues, Basque. Mrs. Erdofy speaks fluently English, Hungarian, German, French and Slavonian, and so little Fannie has lived all her life in a philological atmosphere, where the air was thick with prepositions, adverbs and conjunctions. She speaks German like a Berlinese, French like a Parisienne, Hungarian as would the daughter of a Boyar, and English with a Harlem accent. She is very fond of Central Park, and as she lives within two blocks she is a frequent visitor to its attractions. Her mother has observed that after even a short visit to the park Fannie cannot be induced to talk any language but English for some hours, but when her father returns from his duties at Ellis Island his little daughter always greets him in French.

Mr. Erdofy intends that Fannie shall acquire Italian and Spanish by the time she is five years old. The difficulty is not in teaching her a new language, but in preventing this marvelous child from acquiring one.

The Popularity of Custard.

Very few of those who habitually eat at the cheap restaurants in the vicinity of the City Hall can have failed to notice the large amounts of custard pies and custard puddings which are consumed by men, and mostly middle-aged men, at that. Custard in one of its various forms and a glass of milk constitute a very large part of the luncheons that are eaten. When the manager of one of these eating houses was asked for an explanation of the phenomena recently, he said:

"We undoubtedly sell a big lot of custard, especially in pies. Most men seem to like it, and there is a heavy demand for it in summer. But there is another reason for its popularity. It is quick lunch. A man can eat custard about as fast as he can drink a glass of water, and with many of our customers that appears to be the thing desired. They want something that will not keep them long, and custard being pleasant enough in itself, is hit upon. We have our regular custard customers, and I tell you they can eat their favorite dish in record time. It's wonderful, even to me, and I see a good many varieties of gourmands."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Disastrous Rain.

A pedlar did start out one morning his stock of old sponges to sell;

But the rain began falling in torrents, and oh! how those sponges did swell.—Life.

STRONGEST AT THE BOTTOM.

When you are pouring tea that is made properly—by pouring boiling water on the leaves in the heated teapot—remember that the strongest liquid is at the bottom of the pot and govern yourself accordingly. It is best, if you have half a dozen cups to fill, to pour just a little in each one, filling the last one quite full, then returning fill the next one and so on; you will then serve all alike. If you pour each one full as you go the first one served will get slop and the last one lye. Neither is palatable. The Japanese understand this better than we do, and both they and the Chinese serve tea by putting a few grains in each cup and pouring the boiling water on that. Then each guest gets a cup of good tea.—New York Journal.

WASHING AND CLEANING GLOVES.

The so-called washing gloves are an excellent choice for utility purposes all summer, as they can be cleaned once and again by washing them in water that is more than warm, but not scalding hot, using a piece of pure white soap in the process. It is best to wash them upon the hands, as the chamois is less likely to shrink in drying. Wash and then rinse in clear water and dry by rubbing with a Turkish or other soft, rough towel. For kid gloves of light color that are but slightly soiled, but not stained, there is no better mode of freshening than to wind a bit of oiled silk around the finger, rubbing vigorously to remove all traces of the mark. Any woman who tests this easy way of cleaning kid gloves will be sure to keep thereafter a strip of silk in her possession. A quarter or even an eighth of a yard is enough to purchase at once, as in fancy drygoods houses, where it is sold, it is kept moist in a large roll and is thus very pliable. Moisten the silk, however, when using.—Brooklyn Citizen.

QUICK DRYING FOR SILKS.

Quick drying is the best method for silk garments. An authority on this subject says: "Keep on hand a dozen bits of steel an inch and a quarter square and eighteen inches long. Exactly midway screw in a good-sized hook. In use, hang a shirt or pair of drawers over a strip, and button the neck or waistband, then catch the hook over your line. Pull the garment in shape, and leave it to dry. The hooks need not be more than six inches apart on the line, thus enabling you to dry half a dozen garments in less space than is otherwise required for one. Also, by the use of these strips and hooks, it is possible to dry each garment in shape and to avoid the wrinkles that it is next to impossible to iron out of wool or silk without injury to the fabric. White silk underwear needs just the same treatment, with the addition of bluing and a little liquid gum arabic to the last rinsing water."—New York World.

PROTECTION AGAINST MOTHS.

The fumes of burning camphor gum or sulphur will suffocate moth millers. It is a very disagreeable operation, but is so effective that any room where they are known to be should be fumigated at once. To do this with entire success remove the contents of trunks and wardrobes and hang on the backs of chairs; close doors and windows; set a pailful of water in the middle of the room at a safe distance from all the hangings and furniture; in this place a small iron pot half filled with ashes and camphor; for a room fifteen by eighteen use a piece as large as a walnut; saturate with alcohol and set the camphor on fire. It will burn fiercely at first, but if proper precautions are observed there is no danger; leave the room as soon as you are satisfied that your furniture is in no danger of taking fire; allow the mass to burn itself out, which it will do in half an hour; open the windows and doors for an hour. Moths prefer soiled to clean garments. The first step toward the safety of garments before putting them away is to turn the pockets inside out, beat all dust, saturate and clean with benzine if necessary. Allow the clothes to hang in the sunlight for several hours. Moths hate the light. They work in the dark. Bags of various sizes made of seersucker and stitched with double seams are safer receptacles of clothing than trunks, and are fully equal to expensive cedar chests.—Philadelphia Record.

RECIPES.

Turnip Slaw—Pare and slice two medium turnips. Leave them standing in cold water over night. Drain and chop very fine. Dress with salt, pepper and vinegar, adding oil, if it is liked.

Cherry Cups—Stir together and sift a pint of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, making it into a soft dough with water. Having buttered some large cups, drop into each a little dough for a foundation, then a tablespoonful of stoned cherries, covering with dough to half fill the cups. Place them in a pan of hot water. Set that in the oven, cover it and steam for half an hour. Cherry sauce or sweet cream may be used as a dressing.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Dec. 21, 1894

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at, Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

THE name of a good many New York police officials is Dennis.

IT is not known for certain that Congress is in session. When last we heard of it it was and it could hardly have disappeared.

SHELBY, the defaulting bookkeeper of New York, went to Chicago, got drunk, trusted the secret of his identity to a chance acquaintance, and is safe in the hands of the law. Moral: when you have stolen $850,000.00, don't get drunk.

AN effort is to be made to have a bill passed by the Legislature giving newspapers more freedom in exposing criminal actions, from which they are now restrained for fear of libel. Under the present maxim of the law "The greater the truth, the greater the libel," that useful agency, the newspaper, is greatly hampered.

WHAT a time they are having because the department changed the name of Appomattox C. H. to Surrender. The department, after all that has been done and said, have consented to change it to Appomattox. It is a similar case to the changing the name of the post-office of Marlin's Bottom to Marlinton. The objecting that was done by the old settlers was fervent and deep, but was unavailing.

NEXT Thursday is Christmas, and a good many of our citizens will be a little worse, or better as the case may be, for drinking. We have decided to say that while it is none of our business, yet we cannot help but be sorry to see the immense amount of "Xmas Whiskey" that is annually brought into this county. It represents a lot of money, and it is to be feared that helpless women and children suffer very often from the simple fact that whiskey comes high.

River News.

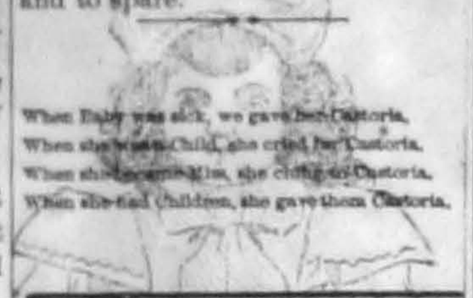
Captain Smith was enabled to drive about fifteen miles on the water of last week, and the rear of the drive is pretty well down to the splash dam. The gates of the dam could not be lifted entirely by the men who came for the purpose, and remained half up. Report comes that a lumber raft was sunk at the dam by being turned up on edge. Pilot John Roake ran a raft partly down, but tied up before the dam was reached. The information received is that about four million feet of timber floated into the boom at Boneverte, and and the mill has started up. The rain seems to have been heaviest about Marlinton.

An Appeal Taken.

Mr. J. H. Patterson, Circuit Clerk, is copying the record in the case of Hugh P. McGlaughlin vs. Hugh McGlaughlin's Executor, as an appeal has been taken. This is a suit that has been pending in the Circuit Court for a great many years, and the stack of papers is about a foot high. It is a very voluminous record. The executor, Uriah Hevener appeals through his attorney, H. S. Rucker. Col. R. S. Turk represents the plaintiff. The decree entered by Judge Campbell at the last term of the Court was one prepared by Judge Holt some seven or eight years ago. An effort was made to find how long this suit has been pending, and, without going to the record, the Clerk said seventeen or eighteen years, he supposed.

"The mills of a chancery court grind slowly,
And they take a good deal of

It is really marvelous to see the amount of poultry that has been brought to this place from sections far to near. Never in all her history has Pocahontas been more bountifull supplied with eatables of all kinds than the present. The capacity for self-support being demonstrated, our people should take heart and maintain their position as a people having bread enough and to spare.



Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but It Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Administrator's Sale.

As Administrator of Richard Williams, deceased, I will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder on the

20th day of December, 1894,

in front of the Court-House of Pocahontas County, all of the personal property of the said Richard Williams, deceased, consisting of Horses, Bonds, Notes, Accounts, and other personal property.

Terms made known on day of sale.

N. C. McNEIL,
Ad'mr. of Richard Williams, dec'd.

☞ All persons owing this estate are requested to settle immediately.

December 17th, 1894.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 1 mile from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address URIAH BIRD,
Marlinton, W. Va.

M. O'FERRELL,

Has bought a large stock of Whiskey, Apple Brandy, Wine, and Gin for Xmas. He invites one and all to call and examine his WET GOODS.

Get the News at the Lowest Price.

The DAILY GAZETTE, Charleston W. Va., will give all the Legislative proceedings and all other important happenings besides. Price only twenty-five cents per month. The WEEKLY GAZETTE only fifty cents a year. Cash with order is the way to get it. Address, THE GAZETTE, Charleston, W. Va.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we aim to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following fiduciary accounts are before the undersigned Commissioner for settlement, viz:

J. C. and E. N. Warwick, Ex'ors. Carrie E. Warwick, deceased.

S. P. Moore, Guardian of John A. and J. P. Moore.

Dr. John Ligon, Ex'or. of R. D. McCutcheon, deceased.

J. C. Arbogast, Sheriff, and as such Ad'mr. of John McCluskey, deceased.

A. J. Smith, Ad'mr. of Dr. P. Smith, deceased.

M. J. McNeel, Adm'r. of C. M. Lewis, deceased.

C. J. Hill, Adm'r. of Aaron Hill, deceased.

J. H. PATTERSON,
Commissioner of Accounts.

Administrator's Sale.

ON Saturday, the 22d, day of December, 1894, at the late residence of Andrew C. Wooddell, deceased, I will offer for sale at public auction, the following personal property, viz:

2 horses, 2 cows, 1 calf, 5 sheep, 1 spring wagon, 1 set double harness, farming utensils, household and kitchen furniture. Terms made known on day of sale.

LEVI GAY, Administrator of ANDREW C. WOODDELL, deceased.

Marlinton, W. Va., Dec. 10, 1894.

Notice.

I have been employed by several German families to purchase farms for them in Pocahontas county. Any one having real estate of any character to dispose of, will please write to me at Marlinton West Virginia.

N. C. McNEIL.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.

Mending neatly done.

Give me a call.

FEED, LIVERY —AND— SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broke to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia,	Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia,	Troubles,
Constipation,	Bad Blood
Malaria,	Nervous ailments

Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

WANTED.

$15 A WEEK. ANY LADY, employed or unemployed

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

New Goods New Prices!

—IT IS HARD TO KEEP—

A Stock of Goods fully up in the town of Marlinton, as goods do not lie on our shelves long, but we have taken a fresh, stroug, start and have put in the

BEST AND FRESHEST STOCK

Brought into this county this year, and the most complete stock I have ever handled in my merchantile experience.

I GUARANTEE MY PRICES AS LOW OR LOWER THAN ANY IN THE COUNTY.

—EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN—

Dry Goods, Groceries,

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES,
GEN L MERCHANDISE.

A Suit of Clothes and a beaver hat at less than you ever purchased them.

A FINE LINE OF CHRISTMAS GOODS.
Here or Coming.

Remember the place—the big store of Marlinton.

S. W. HOLT.

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM
LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.
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FAT FOLKS Reduced 15 to 35 pounds per month. No starving. No Dangerous drugs. No inconvenience. Harmless. Reliable. Permanent. Cheap. Book sent sealed, with testimonials and 10 days' FREE TRIAL. A package of our treatment for weakness and decay, nervous debility

for a radius of twenty miles do business. We have an idea that it is partly because they advertise. Another reason, that we have the greatest number of first class stores of any town between Lewisburg and Beverly, and the people know that if they fail to find what they want at one store, they have others to deal with. Mr. E. H. Smith's drug-store is the only one in the County, and he does a thriving business. J. A. Sharp & Co. have the only first class saddlery and harness store, along with their shop and undertaking department and supplies. Other saddlers and undertakers should remember that they can get supplies here of which they happen to be out. J. D. Pullin & Co. aim to keep in stock all those very needful necessaries that are looked for in a grocery store. To the many housewives in the county who have had to send away for certain table delicacies, his store will be a convenience. As for our all-around merchants, Mr. S. W. Holt and Mr. P. Golden, they will sell or order for you anything that is grown, manufactured, or made and you can depend on loading your wagon up to the bows when you come to them. Toward Marlinton the traders wend their way.

—Boyd Bartlett met with a very distressing accident last Wednesday. He was working in the rain, nailing shingles on Hevner's new blacksmith shop. It was an awful day to be exposed, as the wind and rain, and sleet was enough to give a man a death chill, and had it not been that one half of the roof of the incomplete building was in danger of being blown away, the workmen would have never been on the roof in such weather. Mr. Bartlett, who is a plasterer, was carrying the nails in his mouth. Suddenly Mr. Hevner appeared with a small sized consoler, and in his haste to take a heaping tablespoonful of the medicine, Boyd Bartlet failed to empty all the nails from his mouth, and, unfortunately, washed down a good sized shingle nail. Everything was done for the victim of misplaced confidence that could be done, but the nail was a hopeless loss and has never been recovered. At this writing, Mr. Bartlett and the nail are both doing well.

—Mr. Allan Adkinson, living on Mr. W. T. Beard's lower place, threshed 218 bushels of wheat the other day, which he raised on seven acres of ground, a little more than 31 bushels to the acre.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Pocahontas County, W. Va., December 12th, 1894, by Rev. A. C. Hamill, Mr. George Alex. McNeel and Miss Rachel Cameron Beard, all of Pocahontas County, W. Va.

—We have a few subscribers so long delinquent that they even run when they see a dun horse.—*Philippi Republican.*

Church Notes

I will preach at Marlinton, Sunday January 6th, 1895, at 7, p. m. My appointment for Sunday December 23rd, is withdrawn.

W. H. HART.

Rev. John A. Taylor of the Methodist Church, South, whose home is at Dunmore in this county, has during the past few months been means of calling many sinners to repentance. He is proving to be one of the greatest evangelical workers of this Conference, and the great revivals at Clifton Forge and Covington, were due in a great measure to his fervent exhortation.

Rev. Dr. W. S. Plummer Bryan of Cincinnati, has received a call to the Church of the Covenant at Chicago.

The *Highland Recorder* in commenting on the game of football at Marlinton on Thanksgiving winds up by informing its readers that no lives were lost.

paper man. Also Mr. R. V. Perkins, of the same place, made his call at this office pleasant.

Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, was in town Tuesday, on his return from Driscol.

Mr. Manly came last Monday to meet the County Court.

Mr. B. M. Yeager has visited a number of counties in the last few weeks, judging from the locals in half a dozen different newspapers. Real estate and railroads must be looking up a little.

Mr. W. J. Snedegar, who taught the school at Stoney Point, has gone to Greenbrier county where he will teach this winter. Mr. Snedegar expects to teach a private school at Buckeye next summer.

Mrs. Mary McClintic has been quite ill for a week or more, but all will be glad to hear that she is much improved, and hopeful for speedy restoration to her usual health.

Miss Martha Shelton has been an invalid for several months, and a great sufferer from nervous prostration.

James Rogers is critically sick from a consuming cancerous trouble and general debility.

Mr. George Overhot is a student at the Bridgewater College, Virginia. From reports he is successfully pursuing a literary and musical course.

Mrs. E. D. King has been quite unwell for a week or more, but at present something better.

Mr. S. S. Varner and family, of Linwood, spent some time in Marlinton this week.

We acknowledge a call from Mr. S. P. Moore, of Knap's creek, who is a bout to seek health in the dry land of Colorado or New Mexico.

W. A. Bratton, attorney, is out of town on legal business.

Lawyer McNeil is able to be out again at work.

Miss Georgia Dever was in town on Tuesday.

Did any body smile when the gallant Charley Steinmeyer, of Ronceverte, came to Pocahontas last week?

A Fall of Forty-Two Feet.

Every building of any considerable size has had its erection marked with accidents. The first to occur in the building of the Pocahontas County court-house, was on last Saturday morning, about sunrise when a painter and tinner named A. C. Williams, whose home is in Dalton, Georgia, fell forty-two feet and escaped without serious injury. Mr. Williams is a short, slightly built man, and was working under the eaves of the court-house assisting a tinner named Teasly. Both men were on a scaffold. Williams used both hands to hand some material to Teasly, and the scaffold tipped letting Williams down, and throwing Teasly up. Teasly caught hold of the gutter and held until he was released. He owes his safety to his great coolness. Williams fell broadside on a pile of rubbish composed of short bits of planks and was bruised about the hips and had a wrist dislocated. He recovered consciousness before the other men reached him. Dr. Cunningham was on the spot in a few minutes, and the patient is rapidly recovering. The pile of rubbish evidently saved the man's life, for the ground was hard frozen.

Obituary.

Little Maggie Malcomb the infant daughter of Mr. John and Mrs. Fannie Malcomb, died of pneumonia fever, at the home of her parents, near Frankford, Greenbrier county, W. Va., Dec. 12th, 1894. Aged six months and fifteen days. She was a sweet babe, and was much loved, and greatly missed by all who knew her, and although earth has lost one of its brightest flowers, but we rejoice to know that Heaven has one more jewel.

"One sweet flower has drooped and

of all our holidays. There is more meaning in it than in any other we celebrate. It is the cheeriest, and has the most reason to be so. It is by emphasis, a day of the heart and home, motherhood and babe hood, and home and hope. The babe of Bethlehem, artists have painted this Christ child as the perfection of all babe loveliness. Where also on our green earth is there a spot more worthy to be the birthplace of such a babe than Bethlehem in Judea. Christmas is well celebrated with gifts, when Heaven gives so royally to men, men may well give to each other.

Miss Ona Grimes and Mr. E. S. Grimes were visiting near Green Bank last week.

Mr. B. Golden, the Jew peddler, is not murdered, as reported, and is with us again with a fine lot of goods. Peddlers in this county are weighed down with an enormous tax. Mr. Golden says he traveled five hundred miles to vote. Sure his tax will be lessened.

Rev. C. M. Sarver preached at Bethel last Sunday.

Singing at Mt. Zion, Sunday, 23d by Professor G. E. Moore. Come, and let us celebrate Christmas with song. Music is the language of joy. Heart joy speaks in the soft murmering music of the soul when no ear is near; home joy finds expression in the chorus of mingled voices around the hearth stone.

"ANONYMOUS."

Locust Siftings.

The people about Locust were astonished one day near the first of the month by a succession of loud reports in the air about them followed by a distressing calmness. They are now conjecturing the cause. By one extreme it is thought to have been the death knell of the Democratic party; by the other it is supposed to have been symbolic of the Democrat victory in 1896. Some occupy middle ground, supposieg it to have been a meteoric disturbance or "*another blast from Droop.*" If it does not prove to be the latter the political aspirants and meteorologists may establish their headquarters in our vicinity.

The two schools in our neighborhood will close soon and the young folks return again to their pastimes as in days of yore. Although taught by perhaps the youngest teachers in the county, they have been successful so far as the writer can ascertain.

Dunmore.

Slightly frosty these fine mornings.

Revs. John A. Taylor and C. Forest Moore are among their friends at home. They have been preaching for several days and nights at Green Bank, and getting in some good work.

Squire George R. Curry was up to see his father, who has been sick, but we are glad to say is improving.

Hon. John A. Moore spent part of Sunday night in town, and in the seventh trial he will not forsake us.

Auctioneer Swecker was on Knapps Creek Saturday and made a very successful sale for Mr. S. P. Moore. Sheep brought from $3.50 to $4.00 per head, an average of $3.75. Horses brought from $50 to $60. Other things sold well. He will close out for Mr. W. H. Hull at Green Bank, Saturday, the 22d, $1000.00 worth of goods at auction.

Messrs. Ed. Kline and William Smith attended a wedding in Crab Bottom, Va. last week.

Mr. Big Bill came home from camp with a combunction on his neck.

The time for the Christmas tree has been fixed for 3 o'clock, p. m.

Mr. Fred Beard was in town Tuesday.

For a full assortment of sewing machine needles, send 40 cents to C. B. Swecker, by mail anywhere.

A merry Christmas and a full New Year. CROSS CUT.

Green Bank.

moons while holding quarterly meeting here last week, which meeting is protracted with promise of good results. One conversion to date.

Revs. C. F. Moore, of Clifton Forge, Va., and J. A. Taylor were in attendance at the protracted meeting Sunday, the latter singing the gospel and preaching also.

Mr. G. H. Beverage, of near this place, is ill with diphtheria Dr. Little attending physician.

If you have a good young horse to trade for a good buggy, call on J. H. Curry who may give you a trade.

Mr. John G. Sutton is suffering from a cancer on his face. He is quite feeble.

Mr. Harvey Curry, who has had an attack of grippe, is getting better at this time. C.

The Droop Blast.

MR. EDITOR—I will now attempt to state a few facts which may be of interest to some.

Winter seems to have really set in, and it makes one sit close to the fire when he is cracking his jokes and chestnuts back-back. If there is any thing in this world to make one cuss and squirm, it is to be eating chestnuts in the dark, and bite in on a worm. Chestnuts and teaberries, seem to be the chief article of food among our school children.

The Droop Top school came to a close last Friday night, after four months of pleasant labor enjoyed by the teacher among the bright-eyed mischiefs of the said school.

There were several compositions in addition to the many other pieces said by the school children, and the following composition received the mark of excellence:

WHISKEY.

Whiskey is made of corn, rye, barley, and some other things of like nature. I don't know how it is made exactly, but I suppose they stir up some kind of a mess and distill it, they then draw it out and put it into jugs so nicely that they can then sell it for a big price. I said they put it into jugs, but I think I had better say that they put it into kegs or barrels.

Whiskey is worse than poison. Oh, just think of it; how many nice young men are led to death and destruction by the nasty stuff! Now all young men take warning, and beware of the first drink. Never, no never touch one drop of anything that intoxicates. I know that you do not want to be lost forever and eternally, I know you would rather have a home in heaven than to go to that place of everlasting torment.

Some people use it for medicine, but they do not go to extremes.

Some men go to saloons, and they do not know when to stop, but I suppose they have to stop when they spend all their money. Some boys will work hard in a log camp in order to get a little money to buy whiskey; then they get drunk and wallow in the mud like hogs and come home away in the night, a spectacle fit for no one to look upon. Boys, beware of the first drink, and it will never get you into trouble. If you appreciate your mother, leave it alone. I think this is enough about whiskey. You know it is bad.

MABEL O. WHITING.

The writer of the above composition is only fourteen years old.

Yours truly, MYX.

Linwood.

We are having beautiful spring-like weather, and every one seems to be busy making good use of it.

We had three very able and impressive sermons at this place last week, two by the Rev. Melvin Smith, of Highland county, Virginia, and one by the Rev. Mr. Alexander, of Green Bank.

Miss Jessie M. Renick's school at this place closed on Friday the 14th inst. with a very pleasant entertainment at night, consisting of speeches, dialogues, etc. The pupils acquited themselves with a great deal of credit. The music on the organ was excellent and was enjoyed very much by the audience.

[illegible] the brown clay about the trodden brink,
[illegible] pensive afterthought of sundown's chat
[illegible] the patient acres given to peace,
The homely crow and farmstead noises
[illegible] route,
[illegible] the work day relaxes link by link.

[illegible] that the open heart may read
[illegible] fearless in this mild benignity of air,
Those dear familiar savours of the soil—
[illegible] of the calm of human creed,
The simple dignity of common toil,
And the plain wisdom of unspoken prayer.
—C. G. D. Roberts, in Youth's Companion.

ON THE BRINK.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

YEARS ago there was a grand brick house standing in the midst of a sweet old garden on one of the pleasantest sites of Richmond Hill. It had once been the residence of a noble family, but it was at that time only a celebrated school for young ladies. The house itself was a plain, substantial brick one, and there were plenty in the vicinity that in every point excelled it; but nowhere was there a garden of greater loveliness than that its high brick walls shut in.

This was especially so in the mornings and evenings, when the pleached alleys and the hazel walks and the woodbine arbors were full of groups of beautiful young English girls—girls with flowing brown hair and eyes as blue and clear as heaven, and faces innocent and fresh as if each face had been made out of a rose. But even where all are beautiful, some one will be found loveliest of all, and Laura Falconer was the acknowledged belle of the upper class.

She was nineteen years of age, but she still lingered at Madame Mere's school, partly because it had been her only home for five years and partly because her guardian considered it to be the best place for her until she was twenty-one, when she would receive her fortune and become her own mistress. So Laura remained at madame's, studying a little, but still having a much larger amount of liberty than that granted to the other pupils. This liberty permitted her to shop with a proper escort and also to pay frequent visits to acquaintances resident in Richmond and London.

On one of these excursions she had met Mr. Ernest Trelawny, and it is of this gentleman she is so confidentially talking to her chief friend, as they walk in the loneliest part of the garden together.

"I am so glad, Clara, that we met him this afternoon; I wanted you so much to see Ernest. Is he not handsome?"

"I never saw such eyes, Laura! And his figure! And his stylish dress! Oh, I think he is so grand and so—well, so mysterious-looking, as if he was a poet or something."

"And then his conversation, Clara! He talks as I never heard any one else talk—so romantic, dear!"

"Oh, I think you must be a very happy girl, Laura! I often wish I had some one to love me as Ernest loves you."

Laura sighed and looked up sentimentally:

"You have a father and mother, Clara. I am quite alone. Ernest says that is one reason he at first felt as if he must love me."

"What would Madame Mere say?"

"Madame must not know for the world, Clara. She would write to my guardian. Oh, Clara, I am going to tell you a great, great secret! Ernest and I have determined to run away to Gretna Green and get married."

"Oh-h-h-h! Laura, how dare you? Madame will be sure to find it out. She never looks as if she knew things, but she always does. When are you going?"

"To-night. Ernest will be waiting with a carriage at the end of the garden wall. I have bribed cook to leave the kitchen door unlocked, and I shall go through her room and down the back stairs."

Thus, until the nine o'clock bell rang, the two girls talked over and over the same subject and never found it wearisome, and when they bade each other good night in the long corridor, it was a very meaning one. They were both greatly impressed with the romance of the situation, and timid little Clara envied and admired her friend, and could not sleep for listening for the roll of a carriage and the parting signal which Laura had agreed to make gliding in more like a spirit than a woman, and putting the light down, said:

"Laura, I have had a dream, dear girl—a dreadful dream—and I am afraid. Let me stay here with you."

So she sat down and began in a low, trembling voice to talk of Laura's dead mother; of her pure, lofty womanhood, and of her love for her child. Laura scarcely heard her; the time was going fast; it was close upon midnight; she must make an effort at once. So during a moment's pause, she said:

"Will madame try to sleep now?"

"Yes, I will put out the light, and we will both try."

"First, will madame permit me to go to Clara's room? I have left my things there. I shall not disturb any one."

In a moment madame's attitude changed; her eyes scintillated with light; all the caressing tenderness and sorrow of her voice and manner were gone. She was like an accusing spirit.

"Down on your knees, false girl, whom no memory of mother's love could soften! Down on your knees, and let your prayers strengthen the hands of those good angels who are fighting your evil genius this very moment! Pray as those should pray, whose very life and salvation hang upon a villain's word!" And, drawing the girl down beside her, she watched out with her those dangerous midnight hours.

At two o'clock Laura was left to weep out alone her shame and her disappointment. Madame had kissed and forgiven and comforted her with such comfort as was possible; but youth takes hardly the breaking of its idols, and it was bitter and humiliating to hear that this handsome Ernest was better known to the police courts than to the noble houses he talked about, and yet she had chosen his society and had been willing to become his wife. Madame had not spared her; she had spoken very plainly of a gambler's wife and of a thief's home—of shames and horrors Laura trembled to recall—adding:

"I had willingly kept you ignorant of such things, for the knowledge of them takes the first bloom of purity from a good girl's heart; but, alas, Laura, if you will go forbidden roads, you must at least be warned of the sin and the sorrows that haunt them."

Laura was ill many days afterward. Madame had indeed forgiven her, but it was hard to forgive herself; and for a long time even a passing memory of her first lover brought a tingling blush of shame to her cheeks and a sickening sense of disgrace and fright to her heart.

It was ten years after this event, and Laura, with her two daughters, was driving slowly across Cannock Chase. The pretty children sat on either side of her, and she drove the ponies slowly, often stopping to let the little girls alight and pull a bluebell or a handful of buttercups. During one of these stoppages, as she sat, with a smile on her handsome face, watching the happy little ones, some one, coming from behind, touched her rudely on the arm. She turned and saw a man in grimy leather clothing, with an evil, cruel face, at her side.

Supposing him to be one of the men employed in her husband's iron works, who had been discharged or who wanted help, she said:

"Well, what is it, sir?"

The man answered curtly:

"Laura!"

Then Laura looked steadily into the dirty, imbruted face. And in spite of soot and scars and bruises, she knew it.

"Mr. Trelawny, why do—"

"Bosh! My name is Bill Yates. You fooled me once my lady, but you will pay me for it now. I've been lagged since then—sent across for seven years—only got back six months since. Glad I have found you, for I won't work any more now. Come, I want a fiver to start with."

"A 'fiver?'"

"Yes; a five-pound note."

"I shall not give you a penny."

"Then I shall take one of them little girls—the youngest is the prettiest—"

"For God's sake, don't go near my children! I will give you the money."

"I prefer the money, it will save me the trouble of selling the child to the gypsies."

Laura hastily counted out the sum; there was seven shillings more in her purse, and the villain said:

"I'll take the change, too. Shall I lift the children into the phaeton?"

"Don't touch them. Don't look at them! Oh, go away! Go away!"

"Go away, indeed! You were glad enough once to come to me. I have your letters yet. It would be a sweet

rapidly over the once happy, handsome woman that her husband was exceedingly anxious, both for her health and her reason. What did she do with the unusually large sums of money she asked him for? Why did she go out riding alone? Why did she not suffer her children to leave their own grounds? Why did she not sleep at night? Why was her once even, sunny temper become so irritable? Why did she search his face so eagerly every night? These and twenty other anxious, suspicious questions passed through his mind continually, but he hoped that by ignoring the change it would disappear.

Alas! Things got worse and worse, and one day, after ten miserable months, he was sent for from the works in haste. Laura was raving and shrieking in the wildest paroxysm of brain-fever:

"Where are the children? Save them from that man! Henry, please take him five pounds—no, he wants ten pounds now, and I can't get it!"

In such piteous, moaning ejaculations she revealed the secret terror that was killing her.

But perfect love casts out fear and jealousy, and Laura's husband did her no injustice. Tenderly he nursed the poor, shattered wife and mother back to life again, though it was an almost hopeless task with that nameless horror ever beside her. One night, when she was a little stronger, he led her on to talk of the past, and he was so loving and so pitiful that in a flood of life-giving tears she poured out to him the whole miserable story. Then the burden fell from her life, and she dropped happily into the first sweet, healthy sleep she had had for nearly a year. She never asked again for her tormentor; she only knew that he had disappeared from South Staffordshire, and joy and peace came back to her heart and home.

But one day, after the lapse of four years, she received a dirty, anonymous letter full of threats and insolent demands for money. This time she went at once to her husband with the trouble.

"Don't be frightened, Laura," he answered. "I know the fellow. He is one of a gang of four who have just come to Sackett Village. He will be in jail before to-morrow night. This time he shall not escape my vengeance."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a couple of men ran up to the house, crying:

"Measter! Measter! Here be Dimmitt's height slewered away and there's 'a crowning in!'"

The iron-master leaped to his feet and was soon following the evil messengers to the village. He knew that Sackett was all undermined with pits and workings, and it was possible the whole village was in danger. The disaster was right in the center of it, and he was not long in reaching the great yawning chasm, where the earth had given way and down which two cottages, with their inhabitants, had gone.

As soon as the master appeared, the pitmen and ironmen gathered round him, though all knew that succor or help was perfectly hopeless.

"Where is Bumby?"

"Here I be, measter."

"What mine was under this?"

"Dimmit's, measter, worked out."

"Is it deep?"

"Six hundred feet."

"Dry or wet?"

"Deep water."

The master looked blankly at the black abyss.

"It's the third 'crowning in,' i' my time. T'last were in to Cavill's mine. Six decent families whent down at midnight; they were dashed to bits on t' rocks at the bottom."

"Do you know who lived in these cottages?"

"One were empty, thank God. Four strange lads that worked i' Sackett's mine had t' other; they nobbut worked there a week, they wor glad to get shut on them at end of it."

"I know, measter," said Michael Raine, the publican, "for they owe me for a week's beer and 'bacca—the score is set ag'n' John Todd, Tim Black and Bill Yates."

"'Bill Yates?' are you sure?"

"Sure to certain of that name, measter, for he said he wor come special to get upsides wi' you."

The ironmaster turned thoughtfully home, and as he kissed his wife, said:

"Bill Yates is dead, Laura. My vengeance has been taken from me by Him to whom vengeance belongeth. You may rest safely now, darling."

"But oh, Henry, what a destiny might have been mine!"

"Don't say 'destiny', Laura. Our choices are our destiny. Nothing is ours that our choices have not made ours."

Coin at the Government's Big Mints—Pawnshop Secrets.

"LOOKS funny, doesn't it? All the same there are a dozen of those machines going at least once a week in this city that the public never heard about before. When you understand it you will be able to tell your friends what becomes of the gold and silver they leave with their 'uncle' and never redeem. 'On the dead,' now; don't give me away and I'll tell you some of the secrets of the pawnbrokers' trade."

The remark was made in a little dark room in the rear of one of the big loan offices of Chicago to a reporter for the Tribune of that city. The proprietor went on to say the reports show that ten to fifteen per cent. of all articles placed in "hock" is never called for. Then often gold and silver is purchased outright by the pennyweight or ounce, and in one way ar another a large amount of the precious metals is accumulated. To turn old-style goods into ready cash is the problem that confronts the loan broker. Bankrupt stocks of new designs and fresh goods fill the cases in the counters and show windows, and the old material goes into new golden eagles with Uncle Sam's stamps upon them.

On the floor of the back room, reached after setting half a dozen electric alarms going and the pressing of numerous buttons, was a peculiar contrivance looking like a six-inch tile stood on end with a brass barrel covered with pipes by its side. A copper pan, some iron tools and some bowls that looked like common flower pots lay on the floor.

"This copper barrel," said the proprietor, "is filled with naphtha; these pipes lead to this tile or furnace; this handle here is for the forcing of air behind the naptha so it will make a strong blast; these pots are crucibles. Into the furnace we place the crucible, into the crucible goes the gold. Hot, isn't it? So hot that we are compelled to wear colored glasses to see what's going on. But that's nothing to the way the thing is done in Uncle Sam's furnaces. Now here goes to fill the crucible."

Into the stone jar went gold watch cases and chains with family histories, crests, and initials, souvenir spoons and breastpins of forgotten dates, rings that could have spoken of wedding bells and birthdays in the long ago, golden charms, scarf pins with the jewels removed, and odds and ends collected in a week's trade. The estimated value of the hatful of stock was $1000 in pure gold. Into the melting collection went a handful of borax. That was to make the gold flow when sufficiently melted. There was no smoke, nothing but a sickly smell of naphtha, the noise of the blast, and the glittering whiteness of the crucible.

To get a closer look at the melting gold a pair of green glasses was furnished. As the broker stirred the contents of the crucible with an iron poker, black bubbles would come to the top, pieces of coarser metal would be seen struggle to the surface, only to sink back into the yellow gold, now turned to fluid. The broker lifted the crucible out of the furnace and poured its white hot contents into an iron mold. The mold rested in a pan of water. All the gold settled into the mold and the borax, turning black as it hit the water, stayed on top. In a few minutes the borax was knocked off and out fell a bar of gold weighing several pounds, eight inches long and probably three-fourths of an inch square. After cleaning, the bar was laid aside for shipment to the Treasury.

"We do this once a week," said the proprietor, as he shut off the valve to the naphtha barrel. "From here the bars go to Washington by express. Before its value is returned we will pay out nearly $4 on $1000. At Uncle Sam's works the bar will be remelted by a fiercer heat. Then the melted mass will be poured into water, where it will form into shots or pellets of gold and silver and copper. These pellets are then placed in acid and the different metals separated. No, you can't fool the Government for a minute. Science does the work in good shape. After this process the Treasury ships gold eagles for the gold and silver coin for the silver metal contained in the bar. So you see the old battered watch case, the broken chain, or out of date ornament comes back in new coin of the realm. Over $200,000 worth of gold bars is annually sent from Chicago brokers in just this way, and not one person in 10,000 ever sees how the melting is done. Of course many gold coins are made into jewelry, and in course of time are sent back through our crucibles once more. This is on account

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The musk rose is Italian.

The average weight of a lion is 500 pounds.

Lettuce was eaten by the ancients at the close of meals.

The frigate bird, it is asserted, can fly 200 miles in an hour.

The most densely settled State is Rhode Island, the second is Massachusetts.

In Stuttgart, Germany, there is a rosebush which covers a space of 230 square feet.

South American monkeys are the only lower animals than can recognize the meaning of a picture.

The immensity of the great pyramid is shown by the fact that it contains 89,028,000 cubic feet of stone.

Turner's pictures were admitted to the British Royal Academy before the young artist was twelve years old.

Michael Angelo devoted twelve years of his life to study of anatomy before he began to paint the human figure.

It has been discovered that the art of engraving gems flourished among the Chaldeans as early as B. C. 4000.

A larch tree, 140 feet high, the tallest in the Inverary forest, Scotland, was blown down in one of the recent gales.

The tallest man on the Pacific Coast is Samuel Hutchinson, of Prescott, Wash. His height is seven feet 2½ inches.

The first oil well in America was on a small farm in the mountains of Wayne County, Kentucky. It was discovered in 1829.

A man named Button, of Fort Scott, Kan., has named his daughter Pearl, and a Mr. White, of the same State, has named his daughter Snow.

The remains of an elephant and numerous parts of lions, camels and other beasts have been discovered near Castle Rock, in Kansas, by Professor W. F. Howard.

Berlin claims the record for quickness in turning out a fire brigade. At a local test a company was in readiness in twenty-two seconds after the alarm was sounded.

Three of the American diamond cutting establishments are engaged in shaping black diamonds for mechanical purposes, for glass cutters and engravers, or for use in the manufacture of watch jewels.

The largest walnut tree ever known in this country was felled in Leavenworth County, Kan., and taken to the World's Fair. It was seventy-five feet high, and two carloads of lumber were taken from its limbs alone.

Dr. Karl Blind informs the students of Oxford that their annual custom of bringing in a boar's head to their Christmas banquet is a survival of the sacrificial banquet the old Vikings used to hold in honor of Freye, the Norse sun god.

Some of the Arab tribes have queer notions about a future state. They tie a camel to a man's tomb and leave it without food. If the camel gets away, the man is lost forever; but if not, he would find it there at the day of judgment and would mount on it to Paradise.

The Oldest Mathematical Book.

The oldest mathematical book in the world, which dates some 4000 years back, and was written in Egypt, contains a rule for squaring the circle, says the Engineers' Gazette. The rule given is to shorten the diameter by a ninth, and on the line so obtained to construct a square; and this, though far from being exact, is near enough for most practical purposes. Since then the amateur squarer of the circle has been a thorn in the side of the professional mathematician. Learned societies at last, in pure self-defense, made a rule that all solutions of the problem sent to them should, without examination, be consigned to the flames. In the last century a Frenchman named Mathulus was so sure he had succeeded in squaring the circle that he offered a reward of $1000 to any one who proved his solution erroneous. It was shown to be erroneous if not to his own satisfaction, at least to that of the court's, and he had to pay the money. Mathematicians have long been convinced that the solution was impossible; but it is only a few years since they were able to demonstrate this. A German professor named Landmann published in 1882 a demonstration, which was accepted by the scientific world as satisfactory; so that would-be squarers of the circle may now rest from their labors, seeing that it has been mathematically proved that the thing cannot be done.

factorers.

CHICAGO, August 11—[Special.]—It was reported to-day that a large sum of money has been offered the proprietors of the cure for the tobacco habit called "No-To-Bac," which is famous all over the country for its wonderful effect. This offer, it was said, was made by parties who desire to take it off the market and stop its sale, because of its injury to the tobacco business. Mr. H. L. Kramer, general manager of the No-To-Bac business, was interviewed at his office, 45 Randolph street, and when questioned promptly said:

"No, sir: No-To-Bac is not for sale to the tobacco trust. We just refused a half million from other parties for our business. Certainly No-To-Bac affects the tobacco business. It will cure over a half million people in 1894, at an average saving of $50, which each would otherwise expend for tobacco, amounting in round figures to $25,000,000. Of course, tobacco manufacturers' and dealers' loss is the gain of the party taking No-To-Bac. Does No-To-Bac benefit physically? Yes, sir. The majority of our patients report an immediate gain in flesh, and their nicotine saturated systems are cleansed and made vigorous. How is No-To-Bac sold? Principally through our traveling agents. We employ over a thousand. It is also sold by druggists, wholesale and retail, throughout the United States and Canada. How are patients assured that No-To-Bac will affect a cure in their case? We absolutely guarantee three boxes, costing $2.50, to cure any case. Failure to cure means the money back. Of course there are failures, but they are few, and we can better afford to have the good will of an occasional failure than his money. We publish a little book called 'Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away,' that tells all about No-To-Bac, which will be mailed free to any one desiring it by addressing the Sterling Remedy Co., 45-49 Randolph street, Chicago."

Misnaming a Child.

Not long ago a child was brought to me for baptism, and when I asked the father for the desired name, he replied that it was Bathsheba, writes the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., in "When Things are Against Us" in the Ladies Home Journal. Now, why any parent should wish to give to a child the name of that infamous creature of Scripture times, passes beyond my understanding. I have often felt at the baptismal altar, when names were announced to me, like saying, as did the Rev. Dr. Richards of Morristown, New Jersey, when a child was presented him for sprinkling and the name given, "Hadn't you better call it something else?" There is no excuse for any assault and battery on the cradle when our language is opulent with names musical in sound and suggestive in meaning, such as John, meaning "the gracious gift of God"; or Henry, meaning "the chief of a household"; or Alfred, meaning "God our salvation"; or Nicholas, meaning "victory of the people"; or Ambrose, meaning "immortal"; or Andrew, meaning "manly"; or Esther, meaning "a star"; or Abigail, meaning "my father's joy"; or Anna, meaning "grace"; or Victoria, meaning "victory"; or Rosalie, meaning "beautiful as a rose"; or Margaret, meaning "a pearl"; or Ida, "Goodlike"; or Clara, meaning "illustrious"; or Amelia, meaning "busy"; or Bertha, meaning "beautiful"; and hundreds of other names just as good that are a help rather than a hindrance.

Aluminum.

Experiments are being conducted at the armory in Springfield, Mass., in the use of aluminum for the bayonet scabbards for the new rifle. While the metal works well in bending and is about fifty per cent. lighter than the steel scabbards, no satisfactory method has been devised for soldering the edges together.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Labratory Binghampton, N.Y.

There are 13,000,000 men of military age in the United States.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

In 1889 Chinese subjects paid $24,000,000 taxes on land. 33

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Weak All Over

Hot weather always has a weakening, debilitating effect, especially when the blood is thin and impure and the system poorly nourished. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's *Sarsaparilla* **Cures**

strength will be imparted and the whole body invigorated. People who take Hood's Sarsaparilla are almost always surprised at the wonderful beneficial effects.

Hood's Pills are safe, harmless, sure.

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID

How the Lives of Many Babies Have Been Saved in New York Hospitals—A Clever Device.

"HE was incubated," the proud mother of some great man of the future will say of her son. For the baby incubator is a success and has come to stay. The doctors declare that incubators have already been the means of saving the lives of 100 infants in New York, says correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Despatch. In fact, the new born baby, who, under the old-fashioned methods, has no chance of living, now, if put in an incubator, stands about an even chance of becoming a healthy, crowing youngster. Baby incubators are now in use in two hospitals in the city, the Post Graduate Hospital and the Maternity Hospital of the Women's Medical College.

A bright young woman, with a sweet face and modest ways, is in charge of the babies at the Maternity Hospital. There is a room in the third story there, a room with a great window which lets in plenty of light and overlooks the tops of the trees in Stuyvesant Park. Around the walls are four cribs of from ten to twelve feet in length. In two of these there were three little lumps.

You discover that these lumps are alive and breathing. They are very small and delicate, and dainty and pink. They are babies sure enough—any man could tell that, but nobody would ever think they are incubator raised.

The incubator is used only for the prematurely born babies and for babies which are so weak that the wise young women doctors are pretty sure that they will die if left in the open air. Strangely enough, the incubator is shaped something like a coffin, while its particular aim is to keep babies out of coffins. There are two kinds of baby incubators and they differ somewhat in construction.

The moment a baby for the incubator arrives at the Maternity Hospital the white capped nurses and the doctors gather about the little wooden box, which rests upon a stand some three or four feet high. Baby is swathed very carefully in warm clothes, and is then weighed, clothes and all, before he is laid inside, and the glass cover is placed over him.

Underneath the board upon which the little mite rests are three bottles that are kept constantly full of hot water. The air passing in from below flows over these and through an opening in the board into the chamber where the infant is. A thermometer keeps the attendant continually informed as to the temperature, and a little aluminum anemometer in the small chimney through which the air escapes and which furnishes the draught that keeps the baby supplied with fresh air, always indicates whether or not the circulation of air is good.

The weight is a very important matter. Our baby in the incubator is weighed every day. A healthy baby should show a slight diurnal increase in weight, and if the doctors find that the diminutive patient is not growing heavier, they seek remedies for his indisposition.

The incubator which will be in the babies' ward of the new building of the Post Graduate Hospital is a great improvement on that at the Maternity Hospital, although it lacks the sentimental surroundings of the one in charge of the young women doctors. In this improved affair the patient will not have to be once lifted from his snug nest from the time he is placed inside until he becomes strong enough to be removed with safety.

The incubator is set upon bicycle wheels, so it may be moved about whenever desired. The fresh air is heated by passing between two stratas of hot water, rises up both at the head and the feet of the mattress, and is kept in motion by an aluminum fan run by clockwork, thus preventing the possibility of the little patient's suffering for want of air. There is also a tube for the supply of oxygen, liberal quantities of which are good for babies who are hanging on to life by the merest thread, and it is believed this improvement will save a great many lives that would have been lost in the old incubator.

By means of a clever mechanical device, the weight of the body is always registered, so that the physician may discover the slightest variation at any time. Of course the incubator must be opened to feed the baby its artificial food, but by means of a deft sliding of the covers the entrance of any cold air from the outside is prevented. The temperature of the inside of the incubator is kept as near ninety-eight degrees as possible.

In the navies of the world are enlisted 191,000 men; the commercial

Passenger conductor knows just how whimsical and cranky the traveling public really is, says the Pittsburg Post. A traveler may have some peculiar fad or notion when he is on the road, but he never dreams that there are thousands of others just like him, or perhaps worse. In years of experience the conductor rubs elbows with all sorts of people, and in spite of himself becomes a mind and face reader, who takes a back seat from no one except the professional.

"Yes, travelers are superstitious and cranky," said a veteran knight of the punch yesterday in response to a query. "I think the average passenger conductor deals with more oddities daily than the curio collector of a freak show. As to superstition, I think there is more of it crops out on trains than anywhere else. Last week, just as the train was ready to pull out for Chicago, a well-dressed man came out of the coach on the platform and in an agitated manner asked me what day it was.

"I told him it was Friday, and without another word he re-entered the coach, and in a moment returned with his luggage, and by way of explanation stated that he never began a journey Friday and would wait until the next morning. That is only a sample. The much-mooted unlucky thirteen is perhaps the cause of more worry and inconvenience to tourists than any other sign which they deem of ill omen. I have known passengers to begin at the head of the train to see if they could find No. 13 anywhere.

"If the engine happened to be thirteen they would resignedly wait for the next train, and if they succeeded in finding number thirteen on any of the coaches they would hold up their hands in holy horror. I have seen passengers refuse to ride in a coach that held thirteen passengers, and if you will ask any ticket man he will tell you that of all sections in a sleeper thirteen is the most difficult to dispose of.

"Then aside from the superstition which prevails among the traveling public there are countless passengers who are cranky, and if they lose a chance to kick are in bad humor for a week afterward. They kick for a seat in the center of the coach; kick because the train goes too slow or too fast; kick because they are in a draught or because it is too hot. And the worst of it all is that when they kick I am the individual who is called up to hear them, as if I were responsible for the whole business.

"About the only time when some fellows don't kick is when they are on their honeymoon. Everything goes on as smoothly as if it had been ordered so, but let the same men ride on the same train five years later and the chances are they'll kick themselves into exhaustion."

Cannibalism of To-Day.

The Belgian explorer, M. de Meuse, who has recently returned from a tour of three and a half years in the interior of Africa, says that all through the upper Congo region the most terrible cannibalism is still common and customary. In every village human beings, both men and women, were exposed for sale in the purpose of being killed and eaten. The individuals, who were slaves, appeared indifferent as to their fate. This practice prevailed in every village, and "tom-toms" were sounded to tell people of an approaching slaughter.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

A Marvellous Showing.

The U. S. Government, through the Agricultural Department, has been investigating the baking powders for the purpose of informing the public which was the purest, most economical and wholesome.

The published report shows the Royal Baking Powder to be a pure, healthful preparation, absolutely free from alum or any adulterant, and that it is greatly stronger in leavening power than any other brand.

Consumers should not let this valuable information, official and unprejudiced, go unheeded.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Didn't Believe It.

Proportionately to population, Indiana has more money to spend on schools than any state in the Union. It was in Indiana not so very long ago, that the daughter of an old White River farmer was reading the county paper to him. She had got to the "Personals," and red this:

"Mrs. Willie Morritts, nee Black, has returned from a visit to her parents in Indianapolis."

"I don't quite understand that," said the old gentleman.

"What don't you understand?" inquired the daughter.

"That part about 'Mrs. Willie Morrits nav Black.' What does that 'nav black' mean?"

"Oh, that's French and means she was born Black."

"Born black!" exclaimed the father, excitedly.

"Yes; nee is French for born."

"Well, it ain't so," ejaculated the old man, jumping up and shaking his fist; I knowed her parrents and they was as white as anybody that ever lived in Indianny, and I'll see that editor about it," but before he could get away, the daughter explained matters and the old gentleman cooled down."—Free Press.

GOOD biography should not be all praise.

SAVE DOCTOR'S BILLS

by paying attention to properly regulating the bowels thereby preventing a thousand and one derangements of the system which follow neglect of this precaution. Once used for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are always in favor. They're purely vegetable and far better, as a liver pill, than blue pills or calomel. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular—not to constipate.

MISS MARY ANGUISH, of *Glen Easton, Marshall Co., W. Va.*, writes: "Two years ago I was pale and emaciated, food fermented in my stomach. A physician pronounced my case 'Catarrh of the Stomach,' but he could not help me. I lived a month without solid food and when I tried to eat I would vomit. At this time I began taking Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and in two weeks I was decidedly better. I am now in good health, and never felt better in my life. I have a better color, eat more, and have no distress after eating—having gained thirteen pounds since I began taking them.

MISS ANGUISH.

$1000 in money; besides other valuable premiums to good guessers. Baseball Rooters, catch on. See offer in HOME AND COUNTRY MAGAZINE. Price, 25 cents. Sample Magazine can be seen and full particulars obtained at this office. All Newsdealers, or 33 East 10th Street, New York City.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS. Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for Inventors Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

COLLEGE, Normal, Business, Music, Art Dep'ts Typewriter free to grad's. Low rates. E. H. Webster, Pres., W. Farmington, O.

1000 Stickers, your name and address, only 10c. THE HERALD, No 148A Lum St., Phila., Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. $2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES $3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

PNU 33 '94

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE, New Athens, Ohio. Board, room and books $2 per week. Cat. free.

TRADE "LINENE" MARK

COLLARS and CUFFS.

The best and most economical Collars and Cuffs worn. Reversible. Look well. Fit well. Wear well. A box of Ten collars or Five pairs of cuffs 25 cts. Sample collar and pair of cuffs by mail for 4 cents. Name the size and style desired and address the Reversible Collar Co., 27 Kilby st., Boston or 77 Franklin st., New York.

Makes hard water soft

—Pearline. Every woman knows just what that means to her. Washing in hard water is so difficult, and the results so poor! Pearline reduces the labor, whether you use soft water or hard. But use Pearline, and it's just as easy to wash with hard water as with soft water—and the results are just as good. Pearline saves more things than your labor, though. We'll tell you of these savings from time to time. Keep your eye on Pearline "ads."

Send it Back "Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 444 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Etban Allen's Sword.

The sword of Ethan Allen, preserved in the National Museum at Washington, is an old-fashioned blade about twenty-seven inches in length and slightly curved. The handle is made of horn or bone, and is some seven inches long. The mounting is of silver, marked with gold, but the latter is partially worn off. A dog's head of silver forms the end of the handle, and from this to the guard runs a silver chain. On one of the silver bands of the venerable leathern scabbard is the name "Ethan Allen" engrossed in large letters; on another band, "E. Brasher, maker, N. York;" while on a third band appears the name "Martin Vosburg, 1775."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Balloonists.

The first aerial voyage was made Sept. 18, 1783, by a sheep, a cock and a duck to a height of 1,500 feet. The first human traveler through the air was M. Francois Pilatre de Rozier, who mounted the following month in a balloon.

It's All Fol-de-rol.

The popular belief that May is an unlucky month for marriage dates from Roman times.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms:

per day 1.00
per meal ... 25
lodging - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

Public Sale of Stock.

On Saturday, 15th day of December, 1894, the following property:

80 head of Ewes.

1 six year old horse, good driving or saddle horse.

1 Single Buggy, been run only a short time, also, 1 set Buggy Harness.

2 head of Horses, 3 years old, well broken.

2 head of Horses, 2 years old next spring.

1 New Saddle.

12,000 shingles.

Terms of sale.—Purchaser to give bond, with approved security payable October 1, 1895.

Respectfully,

S. P. MOORE, Trust W. Va.

C. Swecker, Auctioneer.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a First-class—

Harness and Sadder y —Store and Shop,—

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

is fully up with a complete stock of Metal and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on short notice.

Successors of G. F. Cramblet who is employed by the firm.

THE BEST

I carry in stock the best Driving Shoe now made.

ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

A shoe made in the state of Michigan, by a maker who knows what is required to stand water and hold calks. You need not fear to give them a trial.

PRICE TOPS ONLY $5.00.

P. GOLDEN.

WEEKLY REGISTER.

Published at

WHEELING, W. VA.

The Farmer's Friend,

A Home Companion,

The Best Story Paper.

Has already the largest circulation of any Newspaper in the Two Virginias, Eastern Ohio, or western Pensylvania.

The Great Twelve-Page Weekly.

Its women's and children's columns are of unusual interest.

Its Special Features cost more money than is paid by ANY TEN other papers in the same territory.

Its news columns cover the world. Bill Nye writes for it; Dr. Talmage preaches for it; Wallace P. Reed and Rudyard Kipling, Richard, Malcolm Johnson, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Julian Hawthorne, K. R. Wilson, Rider Haggard, Olive Harper, Nora Crinkle, and the best literary genius of the world contribute to its columns. It is a magazine. And every issue an educator.

Only $1.00 a Year! Agents wanted in every locality. Money for agents in working for it. Send for sample copies. Send six names giving the address of yourself and five neighbors who want free copies, write for agents terms. Clubs of six for Five Dollars.

Address, THE REGISTER,

Wheeling, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent.

Has charge of the construction of the new Court House.

Office in Court House.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION

DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc. etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

☞ At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

EVERY PERSON

Looks to his own interest, and how to make hard times easy. The way to do this is to go to

A. D. BARLOW'S

Wholesale and Retail Store at

BEVERLY, W. VA.

where he is selling flour at cost and carriage. Note the following prices:

XX @	$2.60
Nickle Plate (good family)	3.00
Old Dominion Extra	3.00
Old Dominion Best	3.50
Gold Medal (patent)	3.50

While getting your flour you can get feed, salt, fertilizer, and farming implements of all kinds at correspondingly low prices.

L. C. BARTLETT,

PAINTER,

PAPER HANGING,

FRESCO WORK.

SIGN PAINTER.

GREEN BANK, WEST VIRGINIA.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869

Cash Capital $100,000.00

N. G. McNEIL, Marlinton W. Va.

BLACKSMITHING AND Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Davis Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

WANTED: AT ONCE.

A First Class Miller.

To take charge of a good burr mill; mineral or flagle belt furnished; must come well recommended. Apply to

Marlinton, W. Va. G. H. McLAUGHLIN.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer and Real Estate Agent.

Tech Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands, Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., Alexander, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer ... Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

Garfield Tea

The Fate of Three Soldiers.

Hunters who have been camping in the mountains of Clay county, West Virginia, made a ghastly find a few days ago. Two of the campers were hunting about two miles from their camp on Big Sycamore creek when they came across a big landslide that occurred some time ago. The men climbed over a cliff to a flat place below, and were astonished to find themselves standing in front of a deep hollow or cave which extended under the cliff quite a distance.

On the shingle floor of the cave they found three skeletons, enwrapped in what must have been at one time uniforms, but which at that time were so rotten that they crumbled into pieces when touched. Two more guns and several pistols of the old style muzzle loading variety were also found, all of which were covered with thick coatings of rust. Several corroded brass buttons were picked up, some marked with the letters "U. S." while the others had "C. S. A." stamped on their faces.

It is believed that some time during the war Confederate soldiers with a Federal prisoner had taken possession of the cave as a place of shelter, and that—while asleep, perhaps—the surface earth above had slipped down and covered up the mouth of the cave, completely burying them. This was probably the case, as the ground showed indications of an old land slide. Nothing was found on or about any of the skeletons to identify any of the bodies, which were taken out of the cave and buried.—St. Lewis Globe-Democrat.

The Covington Revival.

The great religious wave that is sweeping along in this country is doing its work in Covington. The greatest concern is manifested in spiritual matters, the interest reaching all professions and ages. Among those, whose names have been mentioned as professing conversion are John W. Wyatt, Esq., the ex-mayor of the town; Samuel C. Burger and Geo. T. McClintic. Rev. John A. Taylor, who did such good work in Clifton Forge, and Rev. D. F. Eutsler, pastor of the Covington Methodist church, are leading the work. They have been supplemented in their efforts by Rev. Mr. Markwood, Rev. Vincent W. Wheeler, Judge Moore, and others. Up to this writing the good work still goes on with over one hundred and fifty conversions reported. It would seem as though the dominions of Satan were tottering to their fall! So mote it be!—*Clifton Forge Review.*

When the host pressed her to have another piece of turkey, the sweet Boston maid politely declined, but added that she would be thankful for a little more of the padding.

The Mamma—At what age do you consider children most interesting?

The Bachelor Friend—Any time after thirty.—Truth.

At Christmas Suggestion:

KODAKS $6.00 to $100.00.

KODAKS from $6.00 to $100.00 for the children, so simple that any boy or girl can handle them, yet capable of making fine chalk pictures.

KODAKS AND BROWNIES from $1.00 to $50.00 for grown people. All sizes and styles.

KODAKS loaded in daylight—with double swing back, interchangeable lenses, Iris diaphragm shutter and the thousand and one improvements that increase their value so highly.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Send for Catalogue. Rochester, N. Y.

RODFING

The Iron Steel Felt Roofing with its fittings; and tools to lay or apply it. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT

red and black for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work that shortens or lengthens life for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

LADDERS

PAPER

heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICES low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, Trustee, dated on the 20th day of October, 1892, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 39, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina E. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1887, said deed or patent numbered 13081.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber.

LEVI GAY, Trustee.

A. Drew Price, Attorney.

Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

THE ADVERTISERS FOR 1895.

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Aggressive Republican Journals of the Highest Class.

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All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the INTELLIGENCER'S telegraphic columns.

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SHAKESPEARE

Wrote

"No profit grows
Where is no pleasure ta'en."

Probably the immortal bard had no direct reference to my business when he penned these simple lines but it applies nevertheless, as our experience has proven that there is only profit in trade when our customers are pleased. We take a personal pleasure in our business and derive a profit therefrom, but we also take a real pleasure in suiting our customers and thereby contributing to their profit.

Every body advertises

"The Cheapest Goods ever Sold in the County."

And people are so accustomed to this old and time honored phrase, that it does not raise much excitement now but it applies to the line of goods that I am now handling with as much force as ever.

I am Literally Crowded with Bargains!

Would I dare to advertise the following prices if they were not low—

Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs. for one silver dollar.

Men's all wool cassimere suits, $7.50, value $15.00.

Men's all wool Kersey suits, $5 value $8.75.

Good Heavy Blankets $1.15 pr.

Arbuckle Coffee 25c.

Calicoes 5c per yd.

Cassimeres, Henriettas, Flannels etc., 18c up.

Cloaks! Ladies Cloaks!

In endless variety; all latest styles, $3.00 to $17.00.

Capes! Ladies' Capes!

A beautiful assortment in fur trimmed, all shades in latest styles.

Clothing! Overcoats!

A most complete line in Youth's and Children's clothing and overcoats.

Remember these goods were bought for cash very low and we are satisfied with a small margin of profit.

EVERYTHING IN QUEENSWARE AND TINWARE. JAPAN AND GRANITE-WARE.

Just received a beautiful line of

Ladies Trimmed Hats

Also felt hats, frames and trimming.

I will make it to your advantage to trade with me.

To all purchasers of $10 worth of goods at one time, for cash, I will make a present of a fine framed picture, worth $2.00

I have some very special bargains and presents for first customers on Monday mornings.

I have a very large line of boots in every style, suitable for this trade, which I will sell at cost and carriage on Wednesdays of each week.

Week on Week

These bars in on Wednesdays for these bargains in boots.

Just think of it, a pair of heavy winter boots FOR $1 50

Don't forget the place West End of Bridge.

yours for business

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 23. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1894. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,.....J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,.....R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court,.....S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court,.....J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,.....C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court {C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor.....George Baxter.
Coroner,.....George P. Moore
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, Edray; W. H. Gross, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Labelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McLAUGHLIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. BUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

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LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

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Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office!

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,

MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

WHY do men smoke? Answer that by asking the question, why do men commit suicide? The answer to both is that Life becomes unbearable to men that are not born of mental high. There are a few desperate cases where men have made an end of themselves, and myriads of cases where men have wished they had never been born. There are also many tobacco smokers. A short life and a smoky one! Then, too, tobacco is abused—we mean all the ills the smoker may suffer he occasionally lays on his best friend, his pipe. The puzzled doctor hides his ignorance and advises the poor man to smoke less, knowing that this will stump his poor victim completely. If you place any confidence in the many contented, comfortable looking smokers don't listen to the chance grumbler who complains of tobacco. We think that women ought not to smoke, because they are so formed that they take a hopeful view of life without it said. Then, too, the presumption is that they have no business to be engaged in any especially that takes deep thinking, like the head of the house, who must meet the world with its own weapons. As to the old grandmother who sits peacefully in her easy chair comfortably writing, she should smoke for the sake of appearances, for then the picture is harmonious. When have you experienced keener satisfaction than when you gave such an old lady your tobacco box, filled up yourself, the pipes having been lighted from the same match, and you smoke away by the fireside as the stormy night sets in on the outside? Would it have been as nice if the lady were fifty years younger? We think not. We like to see business men smoking. Boys make themselves sick and every body else. When they come to the time that they have to do some "hell raising," then they will have the right. A good rule for all men is that when they are tempted to say a bad or harsh word or fight a fellow creature is just to sit down and smoke a pipe before he begins. Don't count one hundred or do any other mathematical absurdity. He may save a year's tobacco by this wise means. How can you know when you are old enough to begin to begin to smoke? Why when you lose your taste for sweet things, you are emancipated from babyhood and can begin. No more, my friends, on tobacco now, for the pipe is filled and the match is lighted:

Then a health (we must drink it in whispers),
To our wholly unauthorized code,
To the line of our smoky fore-runners,
Who've gone to a smoky abode.
Yes, a health to our health e'er we scatter
The joy of our lives and the pain,
And the legion that never was listed,
Goes back to tobacco again,
'Regards!
The smoke that preserves us for rye!
Here's how!
Here's life for the lonely dear boys,
Hurrah!
To the nicotine goddess again,
Salue!
The pipe and tobacco again.

THE subject of public education seems soon to become one absorbing interest to our people in West Virginia. Teachers are calling for better pay; the public is demanding better teachers; some demand higher levy and longer sessions; and the sentiment is becoming more widly diffused that the compulsory feature is indispensable to real success. The friends of education have recently sprung a fresh argument in favor of the system, because of the influence of education in diminishing crime. Some figures recently presented to the Sociological Congress in Paris, show that since the compulsory feature was introduced into English schools, 1870, the number of pupils had increased from a million and a half to five millions, and the number of persons imprisoned for crime had fallen from twelve thousand to five thousand. In the meantime too the yearly average of persons sentenced to penal servitude for the worst offences declined from three thousand to eight hundred, while juvenile offenders have fallen from fourteen thousand to five thousand. Sir John Lubbock sees in such figures something that gives emphasis to a famous remark made by Victor Hugo, one of the brightest thinkers of the century, that "he who opens a school closes a prison."

Hillsboro Academy.

The first half session of the Hillsboro Male and Female Academy will close January 18th, 1895. This has been a prosperous session, with an enrollment of over seventy pupils; and the attention of the public is called to the second half session, which will open January 21st, 1895, closing June 7th. This institution has long had the confidence of the people of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and this year it has taked on new life and interest. Many of its students are now taking full College courses in the languages and sciences, and during the last half-session in addition to this work special attention will be given to normal training. This department is recommended to teachers who desire to fit themselves more fully for the work. During the coming half session three gold medals will be given to the students; the first and most important is the scholarship medal to the student making the highest average in daily recitations and examinations. Also medals for elocution will be given to the young gentleman and young lady who, in the opinion of competent judges, excel in Declamation. Tuition fees, according to studies pursued, are $1.50 and $2.00 in Primary Departments $2.75 and $3.25 in advanced Departments. Music $3.000.

For further information apply to
J. E. WAMSLEY,
Principal.

The longevity of the negro as a slave is shown by the following copy from the death register of Bath county, furnished by the correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch. The register extended only from 1853: "I find that in 1853, John Pwim, the slave of Lewis Payne, died aged eighty years; in 1856, Tony Frog, the slave of Mrs. Ann Mustoe, died aged 105; in the same year, Molly the slave of James W. Warwick died aged ninety years, and George, the slave of James R. Erwin, aged eighty years. In 1858, Nancy, the slave of Mrs. Ann McClintic, died at the age of ninety years, and in 1859, Isaac the slave of A. H. McClintic, died at the age of eighty-

This is Poetry.

THE JOY OF THE RURAL PRESS.

"I like to read in papers that are published out of town
Of how Amanda Pilkins is engaged to Silas Brown;
Of how the Squire Magufly, with his wonted enterprise,
Has put new shingles on his barn, and added to its size.
I love to read of straw rides of the Punkinville elite;
Of how the sarsaparilla at Pilimakers is a treat;
O! how Miss Susan Willow is to spend the holidays
With Hattie Jorkins Underwood—"at least so rumor says."
"I love to read the notice the country papers print
About the marked ability of Junius Brutus Squint,
The "Eminent Tragedian, who shortly will appear
At Music Hall in his great roles of Grimesey and of Lear."
I dote upon the fashion notes these papers all contain—
Of how the sleeve is wider and he bustle on the wane;
Of how "Miss Wilks, of Main Street, makes the finest clothes on earth,
Which cannot even be surpassed by Felix or by Worth."
"It pleases me to note therein that "Farmer Jones has raised
A pumpkin seven feet around that every one has praised."
'Tis pleasing too to read the good advice these journals give
To people who're uncertain what is proper where they live.
But best of all the things they print, in all the rural press,
Are Christmas hints that tell us how to turn an old silk dress
Into a mantel cover for a Christmas gift for ma,
And how to make a beaver hat into a flower-jar;
"Which tells the husband how to take a shingle and a knife,
And sculp a handsome bracket for the boudoir of his wife;
Which show how cast-off boxes may be fashioned into things
Which on the merry Christmas morn seem presents fit for kings.
I love this column most of all because, it seems to me,
It shows the old-time spirit of the Christmas-tide to be
Still in existence somewhere, not, as some think, wholly lost,
Because some judge the value of a present by its cost."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

WE CONTINUE.

We had loved to run a paper that was published out of town,
Such a sheet of local issues as the gentleman runs down,
And we're the "india rubber" idiot, and the poor misguided man
Who has run a county journal on a good old-fashioned plan:
For the transfer of a dollar helped the things that honor feared.
And directly on the transfer, the subscriber's name appeared.
In running such a paper we had reached the highest goal,
Been a roaring, soaring editor, a-pouring out his soul:
When the ink was in our nostrils and the form was on the press,
We had reached the very acme of mistaken happiness.
Now we see we have been guilty of a weakness, glaring, great,
Following up our inclinations, realizing not our state,
But the bard has undeceived us, he our past has made a wreck,
And his effervescent satire gives it to us in the neck.
We have read the knotted, twisted, rympthic ravings of the bard,
We have read and ruminated. oh! my ami! oh! so hard!
He has shown us, oh! so plainly! we were running it all wrong,
So we'll sell this famous weekly to some idler for a song;
We'll delude some sanguine half-wit into shining as a star,
Such as country editors ever *ex officio* are;
And when the whole caboodle over on to him we fork,
We will go and run a daily in the City of New York.

With her sweet, pensive face, she came and sat beside her father. "Papa," she whispered, "Alfred and I are two souls with but a single thought." The old man stroked her nut-brown hair. "My child" he said reassuringly, "don't be discouraged. That's one more than your mother and I had when we were married." Then he gave her his blessing.—Puck.

Andrew Beck of Augusta county and Cary Nickell of Monroe county, have shipped since August this

Judiciary Evils.

MR. EDITOR:—Some of the verdicts returned at our last term of Circuit Court for this County, are causing considerable comment, and very properly. With the same propriety some of the verdicts returned in Justices' courts, under the the Justice's instruction, may be criticised. Few jurors realize the sanctity of the oath they take, and another class of jurors are too ignorant to appreciate the position they fill, while another class get on juries for the purpose of favoring particular friends, or of trying to procure certain results for money or other consideration. These three classes of men should never be sworn on a jury. A pure Judiciary, and a strict adherence to the law, are the only safe-guards of our liberty. Just before an election, each political party begins to discuss candidates for Justice of the Peace. The propriety of running this or that man is never determined because he is a man of intelligence, honesty, and loves justice too well to be swayed by money or other consideration, but because he can be elected. No matter what the character of the individual; no matter what the character of the voters who vote for him, just so he can defeat the other side he is agreed upon, and every effort made to elect him. This is why we have so many Justices who are worse than "yahoos."

There are frequently cases tried by courts and juries where the conclusion reached (the verdict) is not from the law and evidence, but from favoritism, or political feeling, or church membership, or because money has been paid or promised. This state of affairs must shortly bring anarchy. The poor are not able to buy juries and must object to the custom. The poor are greatly in the majority and objecty by concerted action can and will make times very warm for the briber and the bribed.

I have actually known jurors who have taken the oath to render "*a true verdict*," go to sleep, or get indifferent when lawyers were arguing the case. Such individuals cannot have any sense of honor, or they would certainly stay awake to listen well that they might consider not only what was said, but the manner in which it was said; they cannot have much sense of honor, or they would not think they could not be instructed by listening to argument. Such jurors are usually corrupt.

Law arises from a given state of facts, and when a court instructs a jury as to the law on a certain point, you may rest assured the the facts warrant it or the instruction would not be given; and yet, I have seen juries instructed, who were sworn to "render a true verdict," and go out and bring in a verdict contrary to the law and the evidence. Now how is this state of affairs brought about?

Is it a reckless disregard of the oath "*a true verdict render*"? If so, such men should never have the right to fritter away recklessly the liberty or property of others. Is it ignorance of the effect of facts upon law, or *vice versa*, or the weight of both? If so, such imbeciles should not be placed upon juries. The law provides that idiots are exempt from all such responsibility.

Is it prejudice, or feeling against one of the litigants? It cannot be, for the man who becomes a juror swears he *is not biased or prejudiced*, and also swears to *render a true verdict*, and if it is feeling that has caused his verdict, he swears falsely twice on the same verdict. Is it money used? Who can tell? "The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." It may not be

In the opinion of an expert the substitution of the Italian for the Irish- and the German in laboring circles is the prime cause of the falling off in sunstroke.

There are about 68,000 postoffices in the United States. About 67,000 of them do not pay their running expenses. The profit of the New York postoffice is $4,000,000 a year.

The national guardsmen of New York will hereafter be presented by the State with a handsome medal for long service. These medals are to be presented for service of thirty, twenty-five, twenty, fifteen and ten years, and are designed to be manufactured of eighteen karat solid gold, gold and silver, silver and bronze, and bronze, according to the increased years of service. There is no difference in the design, except that the medal for thirty years is set with brilliants.

Heat holidays have now been established by law in the public schools of Switzerland, and, in the opinion of the New York Tribune, our educational authorities might do worse than take a hint from this enterprising and progressive little republic, which for centuries has been famed for its enlightenment and common-sense. Recognizing the well known fact that the brain cannot work properly when the heat is excessive, the children are dismissed from their tasks whenever the thermometer goes above a certain point. Were this sensible regulation to be adopted in this country steps would have to be taken to safeguard the thermometers from being nefariously doctored by the enterprising American schoolboy.

Dr. Erwin F. Smith, of the department of agriculture, described to the American Association for the Advancement of Science the other day an important discovery that he has made of a pest which has been giving great and increasing trouble to the watermelon raisers of the South. It is a fungus growth, which attacks the vines under the ground, speedily stopping up the minute water ducts of the plant, and causing it to wither away. He asserts that this year the South has lost many thousands of dollars' worth of melons through the ravages of this disease. Dr. Smith does not suggest any remedy for the disease, but he thinks that a good deal might be done for its extermination by burning the old vines. He thinks that many farmers are responsible for its spread, as they are accustomed to gather up the old vines, and allow them to rot on their compost heaps for manure.

The Russian thistle, that has created so much disturbance in the Dakotas as to cause a bill to be introduced in Congress appropriating money for its eradication, has made its appearance in Illinois, states the Chicago Record, and the farmers are called upon to do their utmost to eradicate the imported pest. The worst feature of the weed is the great rapidity with which it spreads over vast areas of territory, the seed being easily scattered by the wind. It is not a hard weed to deal with if taken in time, for it is an annual plant, and if cut before seeding—the last half of August—it is effectually destroyed. It is not so difficult a weed to deal with as the Canada thistle, which seems to thrive by repeated cutting. If the Russian thistle has secured a foothold in this State, it is very likely to spread fast and far. Once established in the highways and along railroad tracks, all attempts to dislodge it will be of little avail. The country highway seems to be devoted to the propagation of noxious weeds, while the right of way of a railroad company is not kept with much idea of killing weeds. The Russian thistle is eagerly eaten by sheep, and, if cut when young, is liked by

Hearts will be happier, souls will be whiter
Some of these days,
Some of these days!

Some of these days in the desert upspringing
Fountains shall flash while the joy-bells are ringing,
And the world with its sweetest of birds shall go singing
Some of these days,
Some of these days!

Some of these days! let us bear with our sorrow;
Faith in the future, its light we may borrow;
There will be joy in the golden to-morrow
Some of these days,
Some of these days!

—Frank L. Stanton.

THE SECOND SIGNATURE.

SCENE—A private piazza on the third story of a seaside hotel.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Morley Lapham, Miss Hardy's guardian—30 summers
Colonel Robert Burgoyne, with cavalry—33 (unincumbered) summers
Mrs. Alice Mordaunt, a widow—30 (confessed) summers.
Eunice Hardy, an orphan—20 summers.

The Colonel (seated alone and looking down the beach)—"Yes! It is Mrs. Mordaunt. What a handsome woman! What a dashing woman!"

(Lapham enters, mopping his rubicund countenance with his handkerchief.)

Lapham—"Whew-ew! My! But it's hot! Hello! Hello, Bob! (Looks down the beach.) What is it? A fire?"

The Colonel—"Oh! N-n—nun—no-oh! Why, it's you, Morley! This is an unexpected delight."

(Rises, shakes Lapham's hand and sits down again.)

Lapham—"Where are all the folks?"

The Colonel (looking down the beach again)—"Down boating, or bathing, or somewhere. (Aside.) He's caught up to her. Confound his gray hairs and presumption. I believe the old fool is serious. (To Morley)—Ahem! Got too hot in town for you, did it? No wonder! I have campaigned it in Arizona in August, but it's nothing to Broadway on a day like this."

Lapham—"Hot? Simply seething, sizzling hot! But you slim fellows shouldn't complain. Wait until you weigh a hundred and seventy-five."

The Colonel (pushing an electric button)—"You make me thirsty. Will you have a lemon and seltzer?"

Lapham—"Very apropos! The quicker the better, Bob. I simply made time in order to get down here. Hotter it is, busier I am. I sail for London to-morrow at 11 for the Atlas Company. Capital ten million and they've made me their attorney, Bob."

The Colonel (endeavoring to be enthusiastic)—"Lucky dog! Everything comes your way. We poor chaps in the army never get any such chances."

Lapham—"Where did you say Eunice was?"

The Colonel—"Out with young Bradsleigh."

Lapham (tugging at his mustache)—"Oh, the son of the millionaire!"

The Colonel—"Yes. His head's as empty as his pocket is full."

Lapham—"Bob!"

The Colonel—"Well?"

Lapham—"Bob, I came down here to see Eunice—to—ah—settle a little matter. Eunice will be twenty-one before I return."

The Colonel—"And you are in a trap?"

Lapham—"Yes—yes—that's it—that's it, Bob."

The Colonel—"When her father's estate was settled there was nothing left and you have educated her and cared for her practically out of your own pocket because of your love for her dead brother—dear old Tom. I can see him now rushing in at the head of his men, and I can hear him saying as he lay there in the dust with that red imp's bullet in his breast: 'Go on! Go on! Run the dogs down! Don't bother about me!'"

(Both use their handkerchiefs freely, principally about the eyes).

Lapham—"No, not that. You didn't understand me. I made a very lucky investment for Eunice—very lucky investment—very, Bob. Whew-ew! But it's hot!"

The Colonel—"Yes."

Lapham (suddenly and anxiously)—Don't you ever let Eunice know a word—"

The Colonel (rising in his chair and with emotion)—"Lapham, after knowing me all these years, do you think I am that sort of a man?"

Lapham—"No, no, dear old fellow. I spoke before I thought. You see, Eunice is—every fine woman, Bob. Whew! but it's hot!"

The Colonel—"Er-er—yes."

Lapham—"Superb chaperon!"

The Colonel—"Unrivaled! Er—er—you wouldn't be lonesome with Mrs. Mordaunt, you mean?"

Lapham (aside)—"Oh, I see! (To the Colonel)—No, no, no. I had never thought of her in that respect. Besides, I can see that your military bearing has won her already."

The Colonel—"Oh, no! Won't you have another lemon and seltzer, Morley?—if that waiter ever comes. That Atlas Company affair is the stroke of your life. (Jumps up and vigorously shakes Lapham's hand.) I am as happy about it as you are. It's great—simply great, and you deserve it. Deserve it all and more."

Lapham—"Bob, it's Eunice of whom I wish to speak to you. Let me say it frankly: I came down here to ask her to be my wife. I do not want her unless she wants me, and if she should accept me because of what I have done for her and not because she loves me, when I found it out I should be miserable. You have seen us together, Bob. I am much older. You know I have never cared for society, and I'm a sort of back number in the art of courtship, I dare say. But, Bob, old fellow, do you think—she cares for me?"

The Colonel—"You want the truth?"

Lapham (with emotion)—"Nothing else—and all of it."

The Colonel—"She is with young Bradsleigh constantly. People say they are engaged."

Lapham—"I don't believe it! To him! I—but if she loves him, it's, right. Why, Bob, I was actually sulking."

(Eunice enters—a beautiful picture in a boating costume.)

Eunice (in surprise)—"Mr. Lapham!"

Lapham—"You didn't get my telegram!"

Eunice—"It may be in my room. I have been out all day, I am so glad to see you."

Lapham—"It is very warm."

Eunice—"Very. You must cool off with a dip. The water is perfect."

The Colonel—"If you will excuse me, Miss Hardy, I'll go down and see why that lemon and selzer doesn't come. The waiters are the awkwardest squad I ever saw. (Stops on the doorsill.) Ah—Miss Hardy, have you—ah—seen Mrs. Mordaunt?"

Eunice—"Yes; she will be here soon. (Exit the Colonel.) Oh, there's my purse. The Colonel's honesty is unquestioned." (Picks up her purse from the chair in which the Colonel was seated.)

Lapham (aside)—"I may have another opportunity to be alone with her. Possibly this gossip is untrue. I can't leave her without a word. (To Eunice)—Eunice, I must sail for Europe to-morrow, to be gone for a month."

Eunice—"And you'll not be here for my birthday?"

Lapham—"No. Eunice, I'll try to say it so you'll understand. It is something very serious. I have had it in my heart for a long time—"

Eunice—"You look so warm and tired! Take your dip first and you will be cooler, and you can tell me in better fashion. After dinner I will listen to the advice of my guardian—(shaking her parasol at him)—my irreproachable guardian. I just run up to get my purse, you know. The key to the boathouse is in it. I promised Mr. Bradsleigh I would hurry. So you will forgive until dinner?"

Lapham—(Taking the gloved hand held out to him)—"Yes; enjoy yourself."

(Exit Eunice. As Lapham sits down he sees the paper at his feet and picks it up.)

Lapham—"Yes, yes. Bob is right. (Opens the paper.) But it will be hard to give her up."

(He reads: "Dear Eunice—"I love you with all my heart. My love will never fail. I love you more to-day than yesterday, and I shall love you more to-morrow than to-day.

(Signed) "EDWARD BRADSLEIGH.")

(Enter the Colonel.)

The Colonel—"Officers and men ought to be in the guardhouse. I gave them a shaking up and a waiter will be here directly. Morley! Your face is as white as your shirt front! (Lapham tries to smile.) Don't try to smile! You can't fool me! Old man, you are suffering. You spoke to her?"

Lapham—"I picked this up on the floor."

(Lapham passes the note to the Colonel, who reads it and passes it back.)

The Colonel—"By George, sir, this is infamous. Such a girl as she attached to that spendthrift fool! Never! I'll speak to Mrs. Mordaunt."

Lapham (going over to the Colonel and laying his hand on his shoulder)—"Bob, old fellow, you are my friend. Eunice is my ward. Mrs. Mordaunt is a woman of the world. Let me manage this affair. Will you?"

The Colonel—"Yes, I will. Mrs. Mordaunt is a woman of the world. Let her manage it. Will you?"

Lapham—"Yes, I will."

The Colonel—"I wish you would stay, but it is not becoming to urge. I know how I should feel if—puh-puh—ah! You will be out at sea to-morrow, and that will brace you up."

Lapham—"Ye-es. (Looks at his watch.) I can just catch the next train." (Picks up his hat.)

The Colonel—"But the note? What are you going to do with it!"

Lapham—"I have thought that out. I will bribe a servant to put it on Bradleigh's table. We can keep the secret, and neither of them will be disturbed. Explain to Eunice that I was suddenly called away. I'll get her the best present in London, I can afford."

(Lapham starts toward the door and meets Eunice coming in.)

Eunice—"The key wasn't in my purse. It must have dropped upon the floor—. Mr. Lapham! Are you ill?"

Lapham (trying to smile)—"No—just getting cooled off."

The Colonel—"Excuse me, Miss Hardy, but I will go down and bring up that lemon and seltzer myself."

(Exit the Colonel.)

Eunice—"Carrying that baby made you ill! It was Mrs. Miller's baby. I met her on the walk and she told me all about it. She keeps the little stand down at the beach. I buy candies from her for my youngsters there, and we gossip between bargainings. The train was suffocatingly hot; she was tired and the baby cried. You took it on your lap and winked at it—that wonderful wink of yours—and it went to sleep—twenty pounds of it in your lap twenty miles."

Lapham (uneasily)—"Please—ah!—don't talk about it."

Eunice (assuming defianace)—"But I will! Mrs. Miller is going to send you up some of her wonderful lemon drops. (Laughs.) You see one never gets into these things that one doesn't get in deeply."

Lapham—"I didn't intend to give you this note, but now—that—that you are here—I will." (He passes her the note, which she reads.)

Eunice (blushing)—"It's Mr. Bradsleigh's!"

Lapham (choking a little)—"Yes—I found it under the chair. I could not help opening it. I wish you joy!"

Eunice—"Joy? Joy? Mr. Bradsleigh! (Laughs.) I'm not the Eunice. It's his Eunice, who is out in California. He made me his confessor and told me how she had put him on probation. He says I keep him from doing reckless things which he promised her he would not do."

Lapham—"Eunice—Eunice—I want to say, Eunice—to ask you, Eunice—please do not let our relations in any way influence you in your answer. It may seem great presumption—"

Eunice—"What do you mean?"

Lapham—"I mean—I mean—"

(He takes the note from her hand, and, sitting down at the little table on the piazza, crosses out Bradsleigh's name and writes his own in its place. Then he passes it to her.)

Eunice—"I understand!"

(The Colonel and Mrs. Mordaunt enter and pass to the other end of the piazza. Eunice sits down at the table and writes on the back of the letter.)

Mrs. Mordaunt—"You are an old campaigner, Colonel; and naval officers tell me that one must take what army officers say with a grain of salt."

The Colonel—"I protest, my dear Mrs. Mordaunt, that it is the most serious moment of my life. Your answer?"

Mrs. Mordaunt—"Maybe, Colonel—"

The Colonel—"Alice!"

Mrs. Mordaunt—"Maybe not. I will think about it."

The Colonel—"But that is not 'No!' or 'Yes!'"

Mrs. Mordaunt—"Then, Colonel, I will."

(The Colonel kisses Mrs. Mordaunt just as the waiter having the lemon and seltzer elbows him.)

The Colonel (to the waiter)—"What in thunder are you doing here, man?"

(Eunice, having finished writing, passes the note to Lapham.)

Lapham (reading)—"'I hereby appoint Morley Lapham my guardian for life, because he is the best man in the world and because I love him. (Signed) EUNICE HARDY.'"

Eunice (placing her arms around his neck)—"I could have told you that long ago—if you had asked me."—New York Press.

An Aluminum Violin.

Before the members of the American Science Association, in Brooklyn, Dr. Alfred Springer, of Cincinnati, produced an aluminum violin, which was played by M. Scheele. It produced an enormous volume of tone, fully five times that of an ordinary wooden instrument. There were a variety of opinions as to the quality of the tone.

Idaho has a woman horse dealer.

Black bengaline silks are the latest.

New York buys more lace than any other city in the world.

There is $7,000,000 invested in corset factories in this fair land.

The size of a woman's shoe should be just half that of her glove.

Anatomists say that the tongue of woman is smaller than that of man.

Bristling bows of thin material, accordion plaited, are seen in all colors.

A photographer claims he has "taken" Sarah Bernhardt in 1007 different attitudes.

The Dowager Empress Frederick, of Germany, has a chain of thirty-two pearls valued at $175,000.

To Mrs. Strauss, a Washington lady, belongs the honor of having the largest rose farm in the world.

Helen Blackburn is one of the most popular advocates of woman suffrage in Great Britain. She is an Irish woman.

Extremely pretty costumes for girls are made with kilt-plated skirts. The plaits are about four inches wide and pressed flat.

White woolen "sweaters," they say, with soft black silk sashes, will be the thing to wear for bicycle riding on cool mornings.

Russian newspapers are not permitted to make any reference to the dresses worn by the Empress on state or public occasions.

Dr. Margaret Abigail Cleaves, of New York, is the second woman in the world to occupy the position of physician in a public insane asylum.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt sometimes wears what irreverent young men call a "hawser of solitaries," which, fastened on one shoulder, is bound round and round the bodice of her gown.

The woman who gets a tobacco-brown cheviot dress for fall will be in good style. And if she trims the bodice with black soutache braid and olives she will be right up to the top notch.

A court in Toledo, Ohio, has appointed three women to act as appraisers of a decedent's estate, probably the first time women have been thus officially recognized. The estate is that of a woman.

William Cullen Bryant's mother, it is said, kept a diary for fifty-three years without missing a day. This is the entry for November 3, 1794: "Storming, wind N. E.; churned; seven in the evening son born."

Some of the brotherhood insurance societies are giving women the benefit of the insurance privileges. The Knights of the Golden Eagle has amended its rules to admit the women members to the insurance branch.

At present there are 155 women studying medicine in Paris, of whom only sixteen are natives of France, the largest number being Russians. On the other hand, of 164 women attending the faculty of belles lettres 141 are French women.

These lace-covered bodices, by the way, are very fashionable either in black or white lace, and are exceedingly becoming to a pretty shape, as they are made very close-fitting, without folds, giving a very smart, trim look to the figure.

"Glycine" is the name of the new blue, for which there has been "quite a rage" in Paris, and which will probably be one of the features of the coming season. It is a tone between bright blue and mauve, and is rather startling at first sight.

Different observers have commented upon the increase of women riders in England, who ride on the off side of their horses. The Englishwoman has been taken as a model in horsewomanship, and her departure in this respect will certainly have its influence.

Mme. Pherore Langrana, an East Indian lady, is attracting much attention in London as a singer. She is a pupil of Sims Reeves, and her specialty is the performance of Persian melodies. So far as known she is the first Indian woman to attain distinction as a public singer.

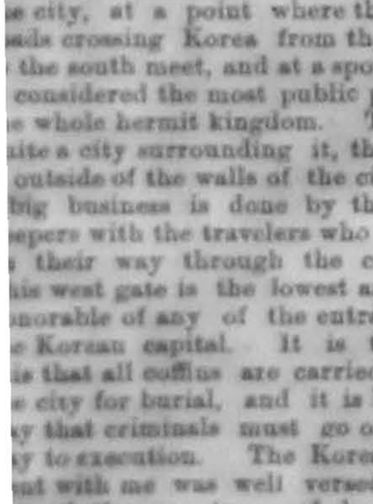
"People lift their eyebrows," says William Morris, the English poet, "over women mastering the higher mathematics; why, it is infinitely more difficult to learn the details of good housekeeping. Anybody can learn mathematics, but it takes a lot of skill to manage a house well."

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in refusing an invitation to dinner from a club of "woman writers," said she condemned sex distinction in literature. She did not wish to see sex emphasized in literature, but rather she desired to see "the neutrality of the

Torture of Witnesses and Other Cruel Practices—Some Inhuman Devices.

TREASON is nowhere so terribly rewarded as in Korea, writes Frank G. Carpenter, in the Washington Star. My blood runs cold when I think of the punishment which will be meted out to those who have rebelled against the king, should the Chinese become victorious and His Majesty's corrupt officials be allowed to carry out the laws which now exist. I have told how the body of the dead rebel, Kim Ok Kiun, was brought to Korea, how it was cut to six pieces, and how the bloody head, the hands, the feet and the trunk were carried over the country and hung above the gates of the cities as a warning to rebels. Not only this man himself was killed, but his whole family and all of his relatives have been terribly punished. His father did all he could to prevent his boy from rising against the King ten years ago, and after his rebellion he went into retirement. He was old and blind, but after Kim's death he was dragged out and his head was cut off. The men of the family even of the third and fourth generation were executed, and the women, including Kim's seventeen-year-old daughter, were given over to be the slaves of the officials. After this rebellion, the mothers, the wives and the daughters of all who have taken up arms against the King will become the common property of the Government and of the magistrates of the provinces in which they live. They will be dragged from their homes to be slaves. They will have no rights that anybody will be bound to respect, and their only chance of happiness will be in death.

I went out, one morning during my stay in Seoul, with a Korean noble to the execution grounds. They are situated just outside of the west gate of the city, at a point where the main roads crossing Korea from the north to the south meet, and at a spot which is considered the most public place in the whole hermit kingdom. There is quite a city surrounding it, though it is outside of the walls of the city, and a big business is done by the shopkeepers with the travelers who cross it on their way through the country. This west gate is the lowest and least honorable of any of the entrances to the Korean capital. It is through this that all coffins are carried out of the city for burial, and it is by this way that criminals must go on their way to execution. The Korean who went with me was well versed in the ways of the country, and he showed me just how traitors are executed. They are brought from the prisons in wide carts drawn by bullocks, and their last days are filled with the refinements of torture. The carts have no springs, and the street through which they are carried is so full of stones that it compares with the corduroy roads of the Black Swamp of Ohio. The criminal is not allowed to stand or sit in the cart. He is tied to



and great rocks. At the west gate the

KOREAN SOLDIERS.

block is knocked out from under the prisoner, and he hangs by his arms and his neck. The bullock is then whipped by the driver, and the cart bounces up and down over the rocky way to the execution grounds. Here the criminal is taken down from the cross. He is stripped of his clothes and laid upon his back in the dust of the road. The executioner is always a murderer, and his weapon is a sword, which is so blunt that it mashes rather than cuts the head from the shoulders. There is one sword which has been used for years for this purpose. It is said, indeed, to be five hundred years old, and it has hashed up thousands of necks. The worst of the rebels are cut in six parts, as was Kim Ok Kiun. Men of less prominence and of less serious offenses are simply decapitated. But the bodies of all must lie out in the sun for three days before they can be carried away.

All sorts of crimes are terribly punished in Korea. The truth about such matters is kept, as far as possible, from the foreigners, and you will find little information about prisons and punishments in any of the books on Korea. There is, in fact, but little published on the country, and the information which I give you was only accessible to me on account of the letters of introduction which I carried and the risks which I took in going right in among the people and persisting in my questions and investigations, notwithstanding the objections of the officials. I am, I believe, the first American who has ever visited the Korean prisons. I can't reconcile the cruelties I saw with the many noble qualities which I find among the Koreans. They are in some ways the most polite and most refined people. They are lovers of poetry and flowers. They are particular as to etiquette, and their souls in most ways are as refined as ours. Still, these punishments are such that they would be a disgrace to the most ignorant and savage nations of the African wilds.

Korea is practically a feudal nation to-day, and it is in fact in the same state that China was about four hundred years back. Korean thieves are decapitated for their crimes. They are only cut into two pieces, however, and the law provides that their bodies need not lie on the execution grounds longer than two days before their relatives can take them away and bury them. The thief, when he is first taken, is flogged by the officers. He is then asked as to his crime, and after this is taken to the house of the Judge. The Judge demands what he has done with the property, and if the thief replies that it has been sold and gives the name of the party who has it, it is confiscated. He is then taken to jail and kept there for 100 days. At the end of this time the police give him the option of life or death. If he accepts life he becomes a servant of the jail for the rest of his existence; if death, he is strangled.

The strangling is done in a curious way. There is a hole in the door of

WHIPPING A PRISONER'S SHINS IN KOREA.

Strangling is much the more respectable way of dying. Sometimes this is brought about by hanging. The thief's neck and hands are tied to a post, so that his feet are some distance above the ground. About his ankles a stout rope is then fastened, and to the end of this a stone, several times as heavy as his body, is hung. Of course the man dies.

Another method of execution is by suffocation, and this, strange to say, is done with paper. The man is laid flat upon his back, and a sheet of Korean paper is spread over his face. This has been soaked in water and fits over the man's face, being pressed down so that it makes a veritable death mask, shutting out every bit of air, and the man dies. Any one who has seen the paper of Korea will appreciate how easily this form of death could be carried out. It is made by hand. It is as thick as a sheet of blotting paper and almost as strong as

ON THE RACK.

leather. When moisture is applied to it it becomes exceedingly soft, but does not loose its strength, and it would make an excellent molding material.

I was told of a curious custom as to policemen who make false arrests. They are terribly punished, and if something similar was adopted as to our American Sheriffs there would be fewer mistakes made. The Korean policeman who arrests a man as a thief when he knows him to be innocent is liable to be caught by the man's family, and his eyes may be burned out by them with red hot pokers or iron chop sticks which have been heated in the coals. His eyes have not seen truly in arresting the wrong man, and it is thought to be just that they be put out. Another way of performing this punishment is by laying the policeman on the ground with his face upward. A tube of bamboo, just about one inch in thickness and as long as a pencil, is fitted over the eye, and the other end of it is pounded with a mallet until the eyes are squeezed up into the bamboo tubes. Such cases are not common, but a policeman who intentionally arrests an innocent man is liable to this treatment.

Among the most terrible of Korean crimes are those against your parents or ancestors. There is a prison in Seoul that is devoted entirely to prisoners who commit crimes against their parents. If a rich son refuses to support his father he can be sent to jail, and the boy who strikes his father can be whipped to death. The parricide is burned to death, and it is in Korea much the same as in China, where the killing of one's parents subjects the child to be sliced into thirty odd pieces or carved up by inches.

The torturing of prisoners to make them confess is common in Korea, and it is wonderful what inventions of torture are sometimes in use. Think of tying a man's bare feet to a stake in the ground and burning his toes with powder. Think of all sorts of flogging and pinching and cutting, and you can get some idea of the powers of a Korean magistrate. In the prisons you will find iron chains, stocks and all sorts of manacles. These Koreans know how to whip so that the flesh is raveled off of the bones, and I have a photograph of a man tied in a chair, with his knees bare, and a jailer whipping his bare shins. In one of the prisons which I visited I saw three men fastened in stocks. The stocks consisted of a log of wood about fifteen feet long and at least a foot in diameter. This had been split in two, and holes had been bored through it just large enough to hold the bare ankle of a man. The three criminals each had one foot fastened in this log, and the jailers, when I appeared with my soldiers and photographer, tried to move them out into the sun so that I might get a good photograph of them. As they pulled them along I heard one of them utter a cry of pain, and I saw that the features of all were contorted with agony. It made me sick, and I desisted. I told the jailers to let the men be, and that I would not take their pictures. I took a photograph, however, of one of the prisoners, who was wearing the Korean cangue. This is different from the articles used in China, and I have never heard it described. It is a plank about two feet square and four feet long, with a hole in the middle of it. When a man wishes to move about he must hold up this plank with his hands, and when he sits down its heavy weight rests upon his neck. I found it in the jails of many of the magistrates which I visited in the country districts, and it is by no means a mild instrument of torture.

Paddling and flogging are the most common punishment. This prevails everywhere, and the official is very low indeed who cannot order the common man down to be paddled. Every magistrate has his professional paddlers, and many officials, when they go about, have officers who go with them, carrying these instruments of torture. In passing the front gate of the palace one afternoon I saw a number of these kesos, as they are called, with their paddles beside them. Their master had probably gone in to see the King, and they were waiting outside. These paddles are about six feet long, five inches wide, and perhaps an inch thick in the centre, tapering down to a thickness of perhaps three-eighths of an inch at the end. They have small handles, and they are made of a white, hard wood, which is very flexible and elastic. These paddling kesos have a regular guild of their own, and the business often descends from father to son. They are wonderfully expert in the use of the paddle, and the officers carry from two to a hundred of them with them, according to their rank. I had one or two with me during a large part of my tours, but I, of course, did not use them.

Often a half dozen men are paddled at the same time. If there are no planks handy, they are laid flat on the ground on their faces, and their feet are sometimes fastened in this position in wooden stocks, so that they cannot move. They are laid out in rows, and each man has his paddler beside him. Each paddler's arms are bare to the shoulder, and they work in unison. They have their paddles raised back over their heads as far as their arms can reach, when they are ready for action, and they bring them down at the cry of the under officials, who, with swords at their sides, stand at the head of the line of half naked men and yell out a sort of a chant, which sounds something like this: La-hoo-aa-hoo-oo. The paddles are raised at the first la, and as the final oo-oo is uttered they are brought down with a crack like a pistol on the bare skin of the men, and the executioners grunt with the exertion. They have a way of pressing the paddle down on the quivering flesh, and of pulling it off with a rub before they raise it.

THE CANGUE.

The first strike usually makes a blister, and at the close of the second the paddle it wet with water or blood. As these executioners drag it off, they rub it into the sand, pressing it there until the kesos again cry La-hoo-aa-hoo-oo. Then the paddles are raised again, and as they are brought down this time, they are covered with sand. They pound the particles into the flesh, and as the men drag them off they take away the skin as though it were sandpapered. I can give you no conception of the punishment, and when you remember that any official has the right to paddle any man below him, and almost any one of prominence can paddle those of lower rank, you can get some idea of the condition of affairs in this country. I believe the people must be naturally kind, or life here would be a hell to the masses. As it is, sometimes men are killed by paddling. Fifty blows would surely do it, and the ordinary dose is about twelve strokes. Much paddling will reduce the flesh to a jelly, and even after slight punishment men have to be lifted up and carried away. They cannot rise of themselves. This paddling goes on in the army, and a general or a colonel can paddle a private, and the privates paddle the citizens, and so it goes. There is such a thing as bribing the paddlers, so that they pretend to kill the man, but moderate the stroke as it comes down and only punish him slightly. In fact, bribery is possible from the top to the bottom of Korean official life, and there will have to be an entire reorganization of the whole system of government here before the people can have prosperity or peace.

The total value of farm animals in

When trade is poor don't close the door;
The rule is still the same·
"You'll find it wise to advertise,"
And thereby win fresh fame.

Indeed 'tis true whate'er you do,
This is the safest plan,
"You'll find it wise to advertise"
For then you lead the van.

—Henry Morrill Warren.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

High society is often simply low society in fine raiment.—Albany Argus.

St. Louis now having a depot, trains will probably stop there for way passengers.—Chicago Mail.

Teacher—"What is discretion?" Bad Boy—"Gittin' over th' fence first when ye call 'nother feller names."—Puck.

A soldier in summer camp making love to a pretty girl shows the pleasanter side of a courtmartial.—Philadelphia Times.

The Opposite: Jones (facetiously) "Got a wife at last, eh?" Smith (solemnly)—"No, my wife got a husband at last!"—Vogue.

Amy—"How can I influence Charlie to propose?" Mable—"Get some one to tell him you'd be sure to reject him."—Detroit Free Press.

Little drops of water
Sprinkled into stocks
Leave the gentle lambiet
Quite bereft of rocks.
—Philadelphia Life.

The reason why people who see what they think are ghosts never grapple with them is that they know it is dangerous to hug a delusion.—Boston Transcript.

Love for the sea is felt when one leans over the rail of a ship, looking out over the deep blue ocean, feeling ready to give up everything for it.—Texas Siftings.

I rather think I'm getting old—
I feel it in my bones
And girls who called me Uncle Bob
Now call me Mister Jones'
—Harper's Bazar.

A girl is perfectly justified in looking with suspicion on a young man who tries to convince her that diamond rings are no longer fashionable for engagement purposes.—Merchant Traveler.

Judge—"You say your boy was kept in the house nights and read books. What books?" Father (of the youthful accused)—"'The Boy Bandits of Bombay' series."—Boston Transcript.

"Conductor," said the weary commuter, "I wish you would open this window for me." "Oh, you do, do you?" returned the conductor. "Do you take me for a 'strong man?'"—Harper's Bazar.

Maude—"Oh, he wrote me a lovely poem. It began, 'When you would know why men go mad, go gaze into your mirror'" Bertha—"What bosh! You're not so ugly as all that."—Pearson's Weekly.

Wife—"The doctor says I will gain ten or fifteen pounds if I go away for a month. Can't I go, dear?" Husband—"Not much! Why, not one of your gowns would fit you then."—New York Herald.

Wylie (talking over college days)—"And whatever became of Duller, the only fellow in the class who was always at the foot?" De Biggs—"Professional chiropodist, the last I heard."—Buffalo Courier.

Second Husband—"You needn't growl because I don't work. All your first husband did was to whittle." Weary Wife—"Yes; but I always found enough shavings after he got through to build the fire in the morning."—Syracuse Post.

"And what's your reason for increasing the servant's wages, pray?" her friend asked. "Because my husband complained that my dress and millinery bills equaled the household expenses, and I want to show they do not."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Did you divide your apples with Freddie?" Robbie—"No; I give 'em all to him." "Did mama's generous little boy enjoy seeing his friend eat them more than having them himself?" Robbie—"Yes; mebbe he'll get sick an' then I can borrow his bicycle."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Record Breaking Turtle.

A turtle weighing between 800 and 1000 pounds, seven feet long, six feet wide and two feet thick, was recently caught near Baltimore. The head was two feet in circumference, and a man could get his head in the turtle's mouth. Its fins were as long as a man's arm and a foot wide. It was caught in a net, and had to be raised out of the net and on the shore with a block and tackle. It required fif-

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Dec. 28, 1894

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

A. M. C. A. A. H. N. Y.

We were presented with several pipes this Christmas. Do our friends take us for a sucker?

We should not object if Elkins were to become the capitol of the State. The town is of a very central location, and brings it near us. We would get the railroad then. It is a new idea. Elkins has always wished to become the county-seat of Randolph County, but in trying for the capitol she is flying at higher game.

ELKINS is a great man every way we take him, and just now we ought to be much concerned whether he is a good man or not, for there never was a man in any State who had such power over it. It is true that he will have a hard fight for the United States Senatorship, but that is because of a little indiscretion after a scene of festivity in Wheeling. But everything else, he can get done, and a measure would be very queer indeed which failed to become a law if Mr. Elkins wished it. We feel like saying of him, as was said of another character, in exquisite nonsense:

"He was a mighty man, God wot,
With whiskers on his hands."

"WHAT not at Christmas time? Have a small one for the season's sake!" is about what greets the average citizen this week, and Christmas covers a multitude of sins. This is the week of the great holiday of the year, but it has wonderfully degenerated. When the writer was half-past six, then Christmas was duly observed and the day amounted to something. Now-a-days the feeble attempts to be merry amount to very little. If we could only have an old-time Christmas once more! Santa Claus has become a myth, where he was a reality. You are not especially excited whether the cannon cracker goes off or not. You hope feebly that it will not. A sky rocket no more stirs your blood than ordinary, everyday spectacles. Well, we have lost by it. Somehow or other nothing gives us the pleasurable excitement that the time once afforded us.

IT is hard to imagine what the newspapers would have done for copy since the election had it not been for the subject of football. They universally condemn it as a game which is rapidly becoming brutal. They do not consider one of the primative games. In the olden times of England the game was to place the ball in the center of the town and one half of the inhabitants to try to take it out of the town and the other half to keep it in the town. The players participated in drinks and fights during the game. As now, the football was an excuse for a personal encounter. Even the prize-ring is protesting against the brutality of the game. Well, the football will have to go until next year that's certain, but it will come up as lively as ever then, and the editors armed with pens, will give it to the slaughter. We are not indi-

be brought before the Legislature again this term. It provides for improved public roads to be built by the State and turned over to the Counties in which they lie, to be worked and kept in order by the convicts confined in the penitentiary or in jails. The main objection to this law is that the roads which would be made under it would not be general throughout the State, and so would not be of general benefit.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Peri

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Administrator's Sale.

As administrator of Josiah Barlow, deceased, I will proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the decedent's late residence,

on the 8th day of January, 1895,

the following personal property, to wit:

Three horses, one cow, one calf, one bull, twenty head of sheep, six hogs, one wagon, one set of blacksmith tools, carpenter tools, cooper's tools, twenty stands of bees, farming utensils, household and kitchen furniture, etc.

Terms made known on day of sale. JOHN E. BARLOW,
Dec. 26, 1894. Administrator.
2t.

Administrator's Sale.

As Administrator of Richard Williams, deceased, I will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder on the

29th day of December, 1894,

in front of the Court-House of Pocahontas County, all of the personal property of the said Richard Williams, deceased, consisting of Horses, Bonds, Notes, Accounts, and other personal property.

Terms made known on day of sale. N. C. MCNEIL,
Ad'mr. of Richard Williams, dec'd.
☞ All persons owing this estate are requested to settle immediately.
2t December 17th, 1894.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3½ miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address URIAH BIRD,
Marlinton, W. Va.

J. D. PULLIN & CO
—RETAIL—
Marlinton Grocery
—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a dis

The . . Folding KODET Junior. .

A practical camera with which a mere novice can readily learn to make the best photographs. Fully equipped for hand or tripod work. Adapted to roll film and glass plates; reversible finder with focusing plate; ground glass for fine focusing; improved shutter; tripod sockets for vertical or horizontal views. Self contained when closed; handsomely finished and covered with leather.

Price, with double plate holder, $10.00
Developing and Printing Outfit, 1.50
Roll Holder for film (not loaded), 10.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Send for Catalogue. Rochester, N. Y.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following fiduciary accounts are before the undersigned Commissioner for settlement, viz:

J. C. and E. N. Warwick, Ex'ors. Carrie E. Warwick, deceased.

S. P. Moore, Guardian of John A. and J. P. Moore.

Dr. John Ligon, Ex'or. of R. D. McCutcheon, deceased.

J. C. Arbogast, Sheriff, and as such Ad'mr. of John McCluskey, deceased.

A. J. Smith, Ad'mr. of Dr. P. Smith, deceased.

M. J. McNeel, Adm'r. of C. M. Lewis, deceased.

C. J. Hill, Adm'r. of Aaron Hill, deceased. J. H. PATTERSON,
Commissioner of Accounts.

Notice.

I have been employed by several German families to purchase farms for them in Pocahontas county. Any one having real estate of any character to dispose of, will please write to me at Marlinton West Virginia. N. C. MCNEIL.

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, W. VA.
All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

FEED, LIVERY
—AND—
ALE STABLES.
First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.
☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜
SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.
A limited number of Horses boarde.
All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broke to ride or work.
J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va

In Poor Health
means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.
Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.
Brown's Iron Bitters
If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—it never stains your teeth, and it's a pleasure to take.
It Cures
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood

What is
CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

New Goods New Prices!
—IT IS HARD TO KEEP—
A Stock of Goods fully up in the town of Marlinton, as goods do not lie on our shelves long, but we have taken a fresh, strong, start and have put in the
BEST AND FRESHEST STOCK
Brought into this county this year, and the most complete stock I have ever handled in my mercantile experience.
I GUARANTEE MY PRICES AS LOW OR LOWER THAN ANY IN THE COUNTY.
—EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN—
Dry Goods, Groceries,
CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES,
GEN L MERCHANDISE.
A Suit of Clothes and a beaver hat at less than you ever purchased them.
A FINE LINE OF CHRISTMAS GOODS.
Here or Coming.
Remember the place—the big store of Marlinton.
S. W. HOLT.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS
CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc.
Tastes Good. Smells Good.
BREAKS UP A COLD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.
HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

HOME NEWS

—Christmas day was wet, green, muddy, soft, and rotten.

—William A. Bradshaw was appointed postmaster at Frost the other day.

—An appeal was refused in the case of O'Connell vs. Dixon from the Circuit Court of Greenbrier County.

—A little boy, so the story runs, set a steel trap for Santa Claus, and was very much surprised to receive a spanking from his papa the next morning.

—The mails are very interesting about Christmas time, and whether they yielded any spoil or not, there was quite a lot of pleasurable excitement in waiting for mail-time.

—Bacteria, about which so much is said by scientific investigators, are so small that it would take one hundred thousand to make a line one inch long, though placed lengthwise.

—At Millboro Depot, Va., recently, a traveler asked for a ticket to Winnipeg. After a vain search, the clerk in the ticket office asked wildly, "Whereabouts in West Virginia is Winnipeg?"

—The two cases O'Connell vs. the Cumberland Lumber Company, and the Cumberland Lumber Company vs. O'Connell and others were submitted to Judge Campbell in vacation at Ronceverte last week. The Judge took the papers and reserved his decision.

—Charles E. Sutton, artist. Ornamental and landscape painting taught at reasonable terms. Instructions will be given ladies at their homes, if desired, without extra charge. Landscape will be 50 cents per lesson, and a term of seven lessons for $3.00 in flower painting. A full line of painting material at Marlinton Drug Store.

—Mr. James B. Waugh and Miss Emma Jane Duncan were quietly married at the residence of Rev. W. T. Price, Monday evening, December 24th. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Duncan, near West Union on Stoney Creek. Though a young man, this is Mr. Waugh's third marriage.

—DIED: at Huttonsville, J. A. Cox, of typhoid fever. Mr. Cox is remembered here as being a builder who did some of the first building in Marlinton. He was postmaster at Huttonsville under the last administration. He was a man of middle age. There has been another death or two lately in that neighborhood from the epidemic that is raging there.

—The Christmas tree at this place was a very great success. The trees were set up in the courthouse and on Monday evening about three o'clock a large crowd assembled to watch the distribution of presents. The presents were hung on three trees, and the whole presented a very beautiful effect. The actual value of the collection must have been many hundred dollars. Miss Mollie Smith was the originator and promoter of the affair, and the burden of the work fell on her and a few assistants.

—Hon. Levi Gay, of Marlinton, tells the following anecdote on us every time he gets us into a crowd where we are particularly anxious to cut a good figure. The conversation is led up to newspapers, and he says that sometimes when he gets the POCAHONTAS TIMES he is reminded of what an old lady of this county said when her daughter got a letter which had been opened: "Cynthia got a letter but some body had stole all the readin' out of it." We have to put up with a good many things in this life.

—The writer of this paragraph remembers seeing one of the first boxes of matches ever used in Pocahontas. It contained about twenty matches and cost twenty-five cents. A piece of sand-paper went with each box, folded like a thumb-paper. The match was inserted, the paper pressed by the

—Judge McLaughlin granted Goodman a new trial on the grounds that the presiding judge had allowed evidence prejudicial to the prisoner to be admitted, and had excluded evidence which the defendant was entitled to introduce. The new trial is likely to be held in some other County than Alleghany, as the present judge of the County Court defended Goodman. Goodman is held for killing H. C. Parsons, owner of the Natural Bridge, at Gladys Inn, Clifton Forge, last summer. The grounds sustained and the new trial granted, were: For the erroneous admission of the Staples evidence; for excluding evidence of Goodman's habit of carrying firearms; for the refusal to give proper instructions asked by Goodman, and for giving unproper instuctions asked by the commonwealth.

—Mr. C. Z. Hevner has erected a most convenient blacksmith shop at the West end of the bridge, and is ready for all calls. He has been with us for many years and is known far and wide as a skillful workman. When attending his shop you also stand a good chance to hear some marvelous and entertaining story without extra charge.

Personal.

E. L. Day, formerly a druggist at Buckhannon, is the new pharmacist at W. G. Hyer's drug store. Mr. Day comes highly recommended as a first-class druggist.—*Braxton Democrat.*

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Yeager had a good many of their friends in to dinner on Christmas day.

Miss Lucy Kinkaid is at her home in Frankford for the holidays.

Capt. Smith is down the River on lumber business.

Mr. Harry Patterson and sisters, Misses Maggie and Anna Mary, of Huntersville, visited our town last Monday.

Mr. R. C. Shrader, of Dilley's Mill, was in town this week on business.

Some of our young society people went to Academy on Christmas day to a dinner reception given by the Misses Renick.

The Season's Greeting.

The compliments of the season are most cordially extended to our friends at this auspicious season, and they are most sincerely wished the most happy Christmas of their lives. It is hoped that prosperity may attend our esteemed readers, and that all may be with them just as we would have it be, pertaining to their best interests in the two lives that all of us are destined to lead.

History teaches a significant lesson that is well to recall. Our remote ancestors in Northern Europe deified the sun and gave him the highest homage as the source of all things. His movements were observed with close attention. It was noticed that at a certain period the cold began to be felt, leaves faded and fell, plants ceased to grow, and the impression was that the sun was seriously threatened with mortal sickness, or as some thought, he was displeased at something the people had done and was about to leave all to darkness, frost, and ruin. The people were very miserable and prayer and supplications were the order of the day, that he might get better or not leave as he seemed to be threatening to do. He paused and then turned back; there was less of darkness, and more of light, and when it was found that he was better and was turning back, the anxious people were thrilled with joyful emotions, and there was gladness of heart and festal joys at the prospect of living another year.

When these people became adherents of the Christian faith, this season was utilized to commemorate the birth of our Lord, as the rising of the sun of righteousness bringing in the hopes of an eternal season of joy and happiness for all mankind. May this sentiment find a place in every heart, "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace and good will to men." The better it may be with all, the better it will be with each person, so identified is our personal well-

The Splash Dam.

Last summer the St. Lawrence Company built a splash dam in the Greenbrier River near Falling Springs. The men who were lying idle at Ronceverte contributed the work free in order that the dam might be built and that the mill at Ronceverte be started up sooner than it otherwise would be. However, the cost of feeding and clothing these men, the work of teams, cost of material, etc., made the work a costly one to the company which built it. The dam is eleven feet high and built to stand any flood. The chute to empty the dam is thirty-four feet wide. The water during a flood is dammed back about three miles.

The first rafting tide in eighteen months came in this month, and four rafts from this county were started from Ronceverte. The water was hardly sufficient, but the dam was what prevented them from going through. The raftsmen all agree that a raft will never be run on the river until very material changes are made in the dam.

The first raft belonged to Lawyer Gilmor, of Lewisburg. They drifted down the sluggish eddy towards the chute. Just as the suck of the water caught the raft, the crew launched a row-boat, and the raft went over the dam, and tilted up until it drove one end into the bottom of the river. In a moment the planks formed a pile of float-debris. The raft was composed of walnut lumber and the loss is considerable. Two other rafts were stopped by the Company, and another did not get so far down the river.

The reason that the chute did not serve as a passage way is that the force of the water has thrown up a great heap of stones, forming a sort of island, and immediately below the chute the water is in a continual swirl. The rapid passage of a raft through the chute when the gates are up would cause it to dive and break itself to pieces. A log going through stands upright in the water and then floats around some time before it escapes from the whirlpool.

The remedy will be to affix an "apron" that will be a continuation of the chute which will carry the water so far below the dam that its current will be inconsiderable, and give it a chance to spread. As the dam was built on the bottom of the river, this was considered unnecessary at the time of construction.

Accident in the Woods.

Last Tuesday, week, Mr. John Cleek, near Mill Point, was chopping trees for fuel. Two or three trees became lodged, and while in the effort to dislodge them, he was struck by one of the trees in such a manner as nearly stripped him of his clothing and fractured his leg in three places between the knee and ankle joint. It was a considerable while before he was found by his wife who finally heard his call. With a piece of bark he had partially straightened his fractured limb. Wrapping her husband in blankets, Mrs. Cleek went in quest of help, and after considerable delay he was carried home and medical aid summoned. It is reported that he is doing well and it is hoped amputation may be avoided. Much sympathy is is felt for him, being an esteemed and industrious citizen.

Problem Department.

Answer to problem in POCAHONTAS TIMES, Thursday December 20th, 1894, submitted by "Teacher."

1st man $100.00 plus $20.00 equals $120.00.

2nd man $100.00 minus $20.00 equals $80.00.

$120.00 plus $80.00 equals $200.00.

E. H. SMITH.

Here is a hard nut to crack if you please:

I would be pleased to receive the correct solution to the following example by any one, but most especially by the teachers of the county.

A man who rows four miles an hour in still water takes one and one fifth hours to row four miles up a river, how many minutes will it

Green Bank.

We are having nice weather. Christmas is here and no snow and not much sign of any as yet, and but little rain or sleet.

Mr Lee Moore was up from Mill Point with a load of roller flour for N. J. Brown and J. H. Curry's customers.

Mr Jesse Curry was up from Academy with a load of flour for W. H. Hull.

Mr. Earl Arbogast made a trip to Monterey, Va., last Friday, to meet his brother, W. H. Arbogast, coming from school at Front Royal, Va., to take Christmas among his many friends at home.

Mrs W. H. Hull is on the sick list but is better to-day (Monday.)

The people of our village and vicinity gathered at Mr J. H. Ralston's about dusk on last Monday evening, and when it was dark went over to the parsonage and gave Rev. C. L. Potter and family a severe pounding, but fortunately, no bones were broken, and the services of no physician required as yet.

The village of Green Bank was serenaded on Monday night by the young band equipped with horse-fiddle, konkshells, cow bells, tin-horns, etc., a reminder that Christmas was about here, and it is here to-day, and raining, and everything quiet except an occasional fire cracker.

Capt. G. W. Siple, who has been on the sick list, was in our village last Saturday, very much improved we are glad to say.

The auction sale at W. H. Hull's store last Saturday was not very largely attended, and the sales were small. Capt. Swecker was not in good trim for the work as usual, he being unwell.

The protracted meeting is still in progress at this place. Rev. Potter is assisted by Revs. C. F. Moore and J. A. Taylor, who are full of the religion of Christ, and are doing good work. There have been seven conversions, and the church has been much revived.

LATER.—The meeting closed last night (Monday.) C.

Lobelia.

Raining to day, Christmas.

Rev. C. M. Anderson, of Frost, preached a very able sermon at Mt. Lebanon, Sunday, text the 11th verse of the 6th chapter of Ephesians.

Mr. A. L. Anderson is home for Christmas.

Mr. Thomas McCarty's school closed Friday. Also Miss Maggie Eagle's school on Boggs' Run, closed Saturday.

Mr. George Boggs died last week on Boggs' Run, of typhoid fever, aged about 20 years.

Mr. G. P. Hill is not well at this time.

Mrs Lizzie Hill is improving from her sickness.

Mr Lanty McNeel, of Mill Point, was on the Creek buying calves last week.

Mr Barnett Grimes tried his revolver on some sheep-killing hounds

Mr William Morgan is buying furs in this section.

Mr McCoy, of William's River, is on the Creek.

There will be watch meeting at Mt. Lebanon church Monday night.

OBSERVER.

The Droop Blast.

All who love to read and most especially those who like to hear a blast occasionally may now prepare to look solemnly and read earnestly.

During the session of the Droop Top school the teacher became very anxious to know what kind of a teacher he should be, in order to get his pupils to think as well of him as possible, and the result was that he asked his pupils to write a composition, each taking for their subject "The kind of a teacher I like." There was several good ones written, but the following was supposed to be the best.

I like the teacher good and kind,
Who also makes his pupil mind;
I like teacher with smiling eye,
Rewarding the efforts of those who try.

I like a teacher with red brown hair,
With a way so bright and *debonair*,
I like a teacher who does his best,
To smooth our way to a grand success.

The teacher I like to have command,
Must be true and kind, brave and grand,
The one who never wears a frown,
Nor has harsh words to call us down.

I like a teacher who can win,
Our steps away from the paths of sin;

A Boom Concern.

The trustees failed to make a sale of the Plumber's Supply Works of Sheudun, which were advertised to be sold on Friday last the 14th inst. Only one bid was made. W. H. Overholt, of West Virginia, bid $6,700. The trustees announced publicly any bid over $7,000 would be accepted, but Mr. Overholt's bid was the only one made. The property was withdrawn, and will be offered again January 17th, 1895. This is a ridiculous price for these works. Forty thousand dollars would not replace them. It is said the machinery alone cost over $15,000. We are sorry Mr. Overholt failed to get this property, as we understand it was his intention to open the works and put them in full running order. As he is a man of large property, and a "hustler" besides, he would undoubtedly have made a success of the business. He loses a large amount by the failure of this company, as did nearly every one else who had dealings with them. The gods forbid we should have any more of that class of cattle "to make this section rich!"—*Rockingham Register.*

The West Virginia & Pittsburg management is again branching out in the same general direction their enterprise was taken two years ago. One scheme is to secure a better coal outlet to tidewater, and another is to cut down through Randolph, Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties to the Chesapeake & Ohio, developing the remarkable natural resources of those counties as it goes. Engineers have been working to the east the past month, and another corps is at work on the southern extension. The latter are said to have found a pass through the mountains never before known, which greatly shortens the route and removes the necessity for heavy grading and tunnelling. It is not likely anything tangible will be done by these people this winter, but many people will be deceived if they are not at work in the spring on both branches.—*Manufacturer's Record.*

TO PROTECT SKUNKS.—A number of our farmers, interested in the raising of cattle, have spoken to us in regard to the advisability of urging the Legislature to enact a law to prohibit the killing of skunks for their pelts. They tell us that many acres of the finest blue grass fields in the county have been literally destroyed by the grub-worm. On these lands the sod has been so killed out by the worms as to render it well nigh valueless for grazing purposes. The skunk is known to subsist largely on worms and in hunting them they do the grass no injury. In thus protecting his grass from the ravages of the grub worm, the skunk repays the farmer many times for an occasional raid upon his chicken coop.—*Greenbrier Independent.*

ABOUT this time of year many a young man of economical tenderness is trying to work a scheme to keep from giving his best girl a Christmas present. The popular method is to work up a lover's quarrel, and to keep mad until after the holidays. This has been worked successfully for several generations, but we hope none of our Fairmont girls will be fooled by it this year. Keep an eye on your young man, girls, and if he tries the scheme, and he doubtless will, don't give him any chance to succeed—be as sweet to him as possible—but as soon as you have your Christmas present safe, give him the grand bounce at once.—*Fairmont Index.*

Mr. Elkins' influence in the State Legislature is very powerful and bids fair to continue so, and Charleston stands an excellent chance of losing the honor which she succeeded in wresting some years ago from Wheeling.

It is a fact not generally known that the town of Elkins has great hopes that it will become the capital of the State in a few years. A vacant square has been left in the heart of the town to receive a public building whenever circumstances make a change from Charleston possible.—*Cincinnatti Post.*

"Tom Lewis," who was committed to jail by Justice Harper, of Elkins, for fighting, was arrested last week by Detective Portwood for a murder committed in Minnesota in

...n turn home with the homing sun
... and away in the morning).

...he heart a hope, long as the day
... and away in the morning).
...th its will and hand hath its way
...rould rolls over and ends the day
... and away in the morning).

... that we toil for all day long
... and away in the morning).
... the line and heart in the song,
...e of love will not seem long
... and away in the morning).

...ome, home in the evening.

...e crows fly in from sea
...ome, home in the evening).
...in his boat comes back to me,
... tumbling leagues of sea
...ome, home in the evening).

...n the sun drops over the hill
...ome, home in the evening),
...y eyes they take their fill
...ting my love as he climbs the hill
...ome, home in the evening).

...n the dew falls over the land
...ome, home in the evening),
... my hand his dearest hand,
...purest woman in all the land
...ome, home in the evening).

* * * *

...he sang by the cottage door
...ome, home in the evening);
...wn came his boat to the shore—
... the heartbalm comes no more,
... home in the evening.

...on G. D. Roberts, in the Century.

TTY'S ADVENTURE.

OOD-BY, dear."

"A safe journey, and a pleasant one."

The train began to move. Miss Kitty Belwhistle distributed a farewell series of nods and smiles.

She felt quite fond of the Cholmondeleys, now that she was leaving them. They were sorry to lose their guest un-

...lly.

... brother sorrowed also, but not ... without hope. Business of a ... nature was likely to take him ...ondon in the course of a week

..., experienced hand that she ...d not spent three weeks at ...tch Grange for nothing. The ...anding between herself and ... of the Northwich acres was ...definite, that young gentleman ...d himself. They were almost, ...xactly, engaged.

... had made the usual stipula-

...within the space of twelve ...from date, she met somebody ... liked better than dear Chub-..., all that had passed between ...s henceforth to be regarded as ...dream. If on the other hand, ...not, then—

... pulled up the window and ...k into her comfortable corner ...The first-class compartment ...ed no other passenger than the ...g young lady in the sealskin ...d crimson-feathered toque who ...ed her complexion in the strip ...ing glass before she fell to ...ling her bags and packages.

...journey was tedious, and would ...in to be a cold one upon this ...ostly January day.

...Kitty, who always was distin-...by admirable forethought in ...where her own well-being was ...ed, had got all her little com-...round her.

...de cologne? Yes, the house-...d it in. How stupid of Parker ...bronchitis! Of course, I was ...to leave her behind. If I had ...on her traveling she would ...n sure to incur a fresh chill ...on me out of spite.

...ything in the shape of an ad-...could possibly present itself ...ourse of the humdrum seven ...ailway journey between Nor-...d Liverpool, I should be in-...welcome it, unless it came in ...of a railway smash. Ugh! ...idea makes one shudder.

...me just peep at the luncheon ... Tongue and turkey sand-...hard-boiled eggs and anchovy ...bottle of cold tea, half a pine ...ng of macaroons. Perhaps ... superintended the arrange-...Poor Chubby!"

...ed, smiled a heartless little ...ugh, and settled herself in ...where her own well-being was ...ed, had got all her little com-...round her.

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...ed, smiled a heartless little ...ugh, and settled herself in ...

Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

...'s apple crop is the worst in 20

...'s Clover Root, the great blood purifier, ...freshens and clearness to the complexion ...ural cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

...ured with wife ever since Dr. Isaac Thomp...'s-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

When Nature

...sometimes it may be best to render it ...ally, but one should remember to use even ...ost perfect remedies only when needed. ...ost and most simple and gentle remedy is ...up of Figs manufactured by the Cali... Fig Syrup Co.

$100 Reward, $100.

...reader of this paper will be pleased to ...learn that there is at least one dreaded disease ...science has been able to cure in all its ...stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh ...is the only positive cure known to the ...medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional ...disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, ...acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the ...foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution ...and assisting nature to do its work. The ...proprietors have so much faith in its curative ...powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars ...for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list ...of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

...Sold by Druggists, 75c.

ALL MEDICINE

...ly as important and as beneficial as ...Medicine, for at this season there is ...danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, and ...prevalence of fevers and other serious ...ses. All these may be avoided if the ...is kept pure, the digestion good, and ...edily health vigorous, by taking Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

...parilla. "My little ...fourteen years ...had a terrible ...on his ...A friend of mine said Hood's Sarsa... cured his little boy, so I procured a ...of the medicine, and the result has ...that the bunch has left his neck. It ...so near the throat, that he could not ...stood it much longer without relief." ...Mrs. Hood, 224 Thorndike St., Lowell, ...Be sure to get only Hood's.

...Pills are prompt and efficient. 25 cents.

PNU 40

Valued Indorsement

Scott's ...nulsion contain... ...in let... ...s from ...e medi... ...profes...

...n speaking of its gratify... ...results in their practice.

Scott's Emulsion

...cod-liver oil with Hypo...sphites can be adminis...ed when plain oil is out of ...question. It is almost ...palatable as milk—easier ...digest than milk.

...pared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES On this Continent, have received SPECIAL AND HIGHEST AWARDS on all their Goods at the CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

Their BREAKFAST COCOA, Which, unlike the Dutch Process, is made without the use of Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes, is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

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AND PACKAGE ILLUSTRATED. One of the Largest and Best Cook-Books published. Mailed in exchange for 20 Large Lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and 2 cents stamp. Write for list of our other Fine Premiums. Woolson Spice Co., Toledo, O.

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Now at Cheapest Price at the Country. You can buy 500 bushels on 5% margin and get benefit of all ...rise above or if bought outright. Corn very ...cheap. Don't lose this opportunity ...to get your profits. Write for our ...free book explaining everything and how to ...make money. J. F. ZIEGLER & CO., Room ...152 La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Who Is Responsible?

Who is responsible for the fact that so many people suffer from indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, dyspepsia, and constipation? Why, the people themselves. Because they will not use the means that will surely cure them. Ayer's Pills are the only medicine that will cure these troubles permanently. Other pills may relieve, but Ayer's Pills cure. Don't forget this.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Ayer's Pills are the best.

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Ayer's Pills are the most reliable.

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Ayer's Pills are the most universally prescribed by physicians.

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tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

The canary convolvulus came from the Canary Islands.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

England's apple crop is the worst in 20 years.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, and the prevalence of fevers and other serious diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and the bodily health vigorous, by taking Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla. "My little boy fourteen years old had a terrible scrofula bunch on his neck. A friend of mine said Hood's Sarsaparilla cured his little boy, so I procured a bottle of the medicine, and the result has been that the bunch has left his neck. It was so near the throat, that he could not have stood it much longer without relief." MRS. INA HOOD, 324 Thorndike St., Lowell, Mass. Be sure to get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient. 25 cents.

PNU 40

Valued Indersement

of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profession speaking of its gratifying results in their practice.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites can be administered when plain oil is out of the question. It is almost as palatable as milk—easier to digest than milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE THAT BEFELL JOHN W. THOMAS, OF THETA, TENNESSEE.

Afflicted With a Peculiar Disease—His Body Covered With Lumps—Could Not Eat and Thought He was Going to Dry Up—His Recovery the Marvel of Tennessee.

(From the Nashville, Tenn., Banner.)

Mr. John W. Thomas, Jr., of Theta, Tenn., is a man with a most interesting history. At present he is interested in blooded horses, for which Maury County is famous.

"Few people, I take it," said Mr. Thomas to a reporter who had asked him for the story of his life, "have passed through as remarkable a chain of events as I have and remained alive to tell the story.

"It was along in 1894, when I was working in the silver mines of New Mexico, that my troubles began; at first I suffered with indigestion, and so acute did the pains become that I went to California for my health, but the trip did me little good, and fully impressed with the idea that my last day had nearly dawned upon me, I hurried back here to my old home to die.

"From simple indigestion my malady developed into a chronic inability to take any substantial food, I was barely able to creep about, and at times I was prostrated by spells of heart palpitation This condition continued until one year ago.

"On the 11th of April, 1893, I suddenly collapsed, and for days I was unconscious, in fact I was not fully myself until July. My condition on September 1st was simply horrible; I weighed but seventy pounds, whereas my normal weight is 165 pounds. All over my body there were lumps from the size of a grape to the size of a walnut, my fingers were cramped so that I could not more than half straighten them. I had entirely lost control of my lower limbs and my hand trembled so that I could not drink without spilling the liquid. Nothing would remain on my stomach, and it seemed that I must dry up before many more days had passed.

"I made another round of the physicians, calling in one after the other, and by the aid of morphine and other medicines they gave me, I managed to live though barely through the fall."

Here Mr. Thomas displayed his arms, and just above the elbow of each there was a large irregular stain as large as the palm of the hand and of a purple color; the space covered by the mark was sunken nearly to the bone. "That," said Mr. Thomas, "is what the doctors did by putting morphine into me.

"On the 11th of December, 1893, just eight months after I took permanently to bed—It shall never forget the date—my cousin, Joe Foster, of Carters' Creek, called on me and gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, saying they had cured him of partial paralysis, with which I knew he had all but died. I followed his directions and began taking the medicine; as a result I stand before you to-day the most surprised man on earth. Look at my hand, it is as steady as yours; my face has a healthy look about it; I have been attending to my duties for a month. Since I began taking the pills I have gained thirty pounds, and I am still gaining. All the knots have disappeared from my body except this little kernel here in my palm. I have a good appetite and I am almost as strong as I ever was.

"Yesterday I rode thirty-seven miles on horseback; I feel tired to-day but not sick. I used to have from two to four spells of heart palpitation every night; since I began the use of the pills I have had but four spells altogether.

"I know positively that I was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I believe firmly that it is the most wonderful remedy in existence to-day, and every fact I have presented to you is known to my neighbors as well as to myself, and they will certify to the truth of my remarkable cure."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at fifty cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company.

The Soft Spot.

In every human heart there is a place known as the "soft spot." (Sometimes it is in the human head, but no matter.) The good and ancient belief is that when this soft spot is touched the fountains of compassion are opened, and the waters of generosity begin to flow.

But one great difficulty is to touch this little place, and so turn on the tap, as it were. It can only be got at through the sight or hearing, and, of course, there are none so deaf as those that won't hear, nor any so blind as won't see.

And if a man won't read our appeals for the tiny bairnes that are crying out for food and fresh air, and won't listen to what his kind-hearted friend has got to say about this all-important matter; well, of course, the tap remains just as it was, and does not get shifted, the result is that in course of time it gets rusty, and the source of the fountain gets dried up with stinginess and vices of that sort.

It is a very dreadful thing to be mean. It is almost as bad to be thoughtless when the happiness—perchance the lives—of others are at stake. I will not say any more though, but I sincerely hope what I have said will touch your soft spot, and set the fountain of your pity going.

She Could Be Familiar Too.

Mr. Justice O'Brien, when Attorney General, was once examining a countrywoman, and thus addressed her: "Now, Mary O'Connor, tell me all you know," etc.

The witness, casting an indignant look at her questioner, said with as

THE SECRET OF DAINTY COOKERY.

A woman physician has been saying in print that few persons know how to cook water. The secret she maintains is in putting good, fresh water into a clean kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boil quickly, and then taking it off to use in tea, coffee and other drinks, before it is boiled. To let it steam, simmer and evaporate until the good water is all in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs are left in the kettle—bah! that is what makes a good many people sick, and is worse than no water at all. Let them at least have the beverages as fresh as possible from poisonous conditions. Much benefit may be derived from drinking hot water, but the water must be freshly drawn, quickly boiled in a clean and perfect vessel, and immediately used.—New Orleans Picayune.

USEFUL HINTS.

Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of one lemon; lay it on the part, on the both sides, with a brush; let it lay on the grass day and night till the stain comes out.

Never store fruit jars in a silver closet. It has been discovered that one rubber ring around the neck of a fruit jar will disorder a whole closetful of silverware. To keep silver from tarnishing place it near a lump of gum camphor.

To sweeten earthenware vessels, jelly glasses and fruit jars, wash them well and dry them. Place them in a large pan, set in a cool oven and then heat it. Bake the vessels several hours, and then gradually remove the pan from the oven. The jars, etc., should be almost cold when taken out. Otherwise there is danger of their cracking.

Oil cloth properly treated is a very nice floor covering, but if it is abused in washing it up it is a torment to the neat housekeeper. It should be rubbed up with cloth dipped in kerosene oil or washed with skimmed milk. It will last three times as long as when washed with soap and water, and ammonia or sal soda will rot it in a little while by eating out the oil in the paint.—Home and Farm.

AN APRON WORK BAG.

This useful bag is made of a breadth of material one and a half yards in length, which is turned up to the depth of half a yard to make a deep pocket. Sew the two sides of the pocket together, and gather the top into a narrow band like an ordinary apron. The band should not go around the waist, however, but should stop at the gathered part, two large hooks at each end serving to fasten it to the waist or skirt band when worn. Any material preferred may be used for the purpose, silk or muslin or linen, and the top corners of the pocket may be ornamented with ribbon. This apron is large and purely for use, and is particularly valuable for large pieces of work like sofa rugs or bath blankets, as it is sufficiently ample to hold all the wools, and may be hung in a closet out of the way when not required.

The same idea may be used for an apron of smaller dimensions, which is more jaunty looking, and for one of these the gay bandanna handkerchiefs are very suitable.

Let one handkerchief form the apron, and from another cut a strip about twelve or fifteen inches deep for the pocket, which may be sewed on and turned up on the right side. Finish the top of the pocket with a shirred heading.

Yellow satin ribbons make a pretty trimming for these gay plaids.

Strings may be substituted for hooks if preferred, in which case they should match the ribbons of which the bows are made.—Home and Farm.

DISHES FOR INVALIDS.

Toast Water—Toast a slice of bread very brown, break it into pieces and pour over them one cupful of boiling water. When cool this will be found a nourishing drink.

Jelly Water—Put in a tumbler a teaspoonful of currant jelly with one tablespoonful of grape juice. Mix them well together and fill the glass with ice-water.

Flaxseed Lemonade—Steep two tablespoonfuls of flaxseed in one quart of hot water for ten minutes. Add the juice of three lemons, a large cupful of sugar and a wineglassful of grape juice, stirring together. This will be found an excellent drink for persons suffering with colds or lung troubles, and may be drunk either hot or cold.

Beef Tea—Two pounds of lean beef chopped into small bits and put into a glass fruit jar. Screw on the cover and put the jar in a kettle of cold water. After boiling for two or three hours the juice should be poured off and seasoned to taste.

Rice for Invalids—Take a tablespoonful of rice, a pint of milk; put them in an open dish and bake in the oven for two hours. Keep the dish covered for the first hour, after which the cover should be removed and the rice stirred occasionally. Sweeten if preferred.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

What He Wanted.

At the hospital the other morning (says Life) one of the patients was just recovering from an attack of delirium tremens, and, as is usual in such cases, desired to dress and go home more than anything else. It happened that one of the young ladies connected with the flower mission saw him, and, approaching, said: "I have some beautiful roses here. Wouldn't you like some?" Slowly his head turned, and slightly opening his bleary eyes, he said, much to the embarrassment of the young woman: "I'd a d—d sight rather have my pants."

Arizona Raisins.

From Arizona for three years past has come the earliest car load of American raisins shipped East. The season there is ahead of that of Southern California and the atmosphere is peculiarly suited to the curing of raisins.

TAKE STEPS

in time, if you are a sufferer from that scourge of humanity known as consumption, and you can be cured. There is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its early stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, *fully 98 per cent.* are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write to those who have been cured and profit by their experience.

Address for Book, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

PNU 40 '94

He Was Not Disappointed.

"Why was Adam the happiest man that ever lived?" roared the gigantic clown to the ringmaster in the faded dress suit.

"Why was Adam the happiest man that ever lived?" roared the latter, in a voice like a tired horn.

"Because he had no mother-in-law."

"I knew it," said the thin man in the top row of the reserved seats, as he allowed his feet to hang down between the boards in order to get the kink out of them. "I came to the circus expecting to hear that joke, that moss-grown gag, and I have not been disappointed. It's forty years since I attended my first circus and I heard it then. I have heard it at every circus I have since attended, and have never missed going at least once a year."

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(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

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Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

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I carry in stock the best Driving Shoe now made.

ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

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Pickle Plate(good family)	3.00
Old Dominion Extra	3.00
Old Dominion Best	3.50
Gold Medal(patent)	3.50

While getting your flour you can get feed, salt, fertilizer, and farming implements of all kinds at correspondingly low prices.

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All will admit that the native West Virginia did not know how to "log" until the Pennsylvanians came in and taught him. The people of Pocahontas have been taught many other lessons of thrift by observing the ways of living of the ingenious northerners. They have better homes, teams, wagons and know what work is. Formerly the lumber jobbers were compelled to hire Pennsylvanians, or Nova Scotians to obtain skilled labor, but now the camps are filled with home boys, and are not a whit the worse for it.

Mr. A. H. Winchester in *The Lumbermen*, says that the St. Lawrence Company was the first to introduce most of the modern methods into West Virginia. An interesting extract of the article on lumbermen is here given:

So far as I know the first innovation upon this style of operating was made by Burns Bros. (our Burns; not the other who came later) They probably found it distasteful to operate with oxen at the head of the Little Kanawha, after four years of activity in Confederate cavalry and artillery service. They put in mules and horse teams of their own, largely four-horse, and worked with the log cart so common in this section. Next followed Curtin on the headwaters of the Monongahela; but his timber holdings being flanked on either side by broad agricultural valleys, he let most of his jobbing to farmers, rather than to more than people, who went in with mixed stock of great short horn oxen, and large, well raised and well fed wagon horses. A little behind him came the St. Lawrence Company, operating in white pine at the head of the Greenbrier river, and with it Smith & Driscol came down from Pennsylvania, with their regular shanty men, largely blue noses and "state of Mainers," with as fine horses as ever Pennsylvania ever sent to the woods, and I know what that language means. This style of logging spread to the waters of the Cheat in spruce operations, and was first inaugerated in hardwoods, so far as I know, anywhere in mountain lumbering, by the Alexander Lumber Company, under the management of John Alexander himself and the direct supervision of that old Nova Scotian, Alexander McLean. While these changes were being made, the St. Lawrence Company went through the transition stages from skidding to slides, and slides to railroads, thus being the pioneers in modern lumbering in all its aspects, save one, in the state. Tramroading and that upon a large scale was introduced by M. A. Cheeney, then of Kanawha Falls now of Chicago, and he soon discarded mules upon his long hauls, and was the first in our state to operate locomotives upon wooden rails.

The Companion's Calendar.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION has just published a calendar for 1895 which is a work of art—indeed, three works of art in one. Scenes typical of three seasons of the year, winter, Summer, Autumn, are shown. The first picture represents a mother and son pausing in their walk in a snowy field, across which a rabit is running, much to the amusement of the boy.

The artist in the summer scene has pictured three children rowing down a winding river; and were it not for the apples which fill the pan in her arms, one would scarcely imagine that the graceful girl in the third picture was typical of Autumn. Around the pictures are grouped the monthly calendars, tied together by ribbons.

This attractive calendar and a full Prospectus for 1895 will be sent free upon application to any one considering a subscription to THE COMPANION. From no other paper can so much entertainment and instruction be obtained for so little money (only $1.75 a year). If you subscribe now you will recieve the paper until January 1st. 1895, and for a full year from that date, including the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers.

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Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 29th day of October, 1892, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 23, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina R. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court-house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be eccessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1837, said deed or patent numbered 13031.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber.

LEVI GAY, Trustee.

ANDREW PRICE, Attorney

Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

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WHEELING, W. VA.

SHAKESPEARE

Wrote

"No profit grows,
Where is no pleasure ta'en."

Probably the immortal bard had no direct reference to my business when he penned these simple lines but it applies, nevertheless, as our experience has proven that there is only profit in trade when our customers are pleased. We take a personal pleasure in our business and derive a profit therefrom, but we also take a real pleasure in suiting our customers and thereby contributing to their profit.

Every body advertises

"The Cheapest Goods ever Sold in the County."

And people are so accustomed to this old and time honored phrase, that it does not raise much excitement now but it applies to the line of gooks that I am now handlidg with as much force as ever.

I am Literally Crowded with Bargains!

Would I dare to advertise the following prices if they were not low—

Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs. for one silver dollar.

Men's all wool cassimere suits, $7 50, value $15 00.

Men's all wool Kersey suits, $5 value, $8 75.

Good Heavy Blankets $1 15 pr.

Arbuckle Coffee 25c.

Calicoes 5c per yd.

Cassimeres, Henriettas, Flannels etc., 13c up.

Cloaks! Ladies Cloaks!

In endless variety; all latest styles. $3 00 to $17 00.

Capes! Ladies' Capes!

A beautiful assortment in fur trimmed, all shades in latest styles.

Clothing! Overcoats!

A most complete line in Youth's and Children's clothing and overcoats.

Remember these goods were bought for cash very low and we are satisfied with a small margin of profit.

EVERYTHING IN QUEENSWARE, AND TINWARE. JAPAN AND GRANITE-WARE.

Just received a beautiful line of

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Also felt hats, frames and trimming.

I will make it to your advantage to trade with me.

To all purchasers of $10 worth of goods at one time, for cash, I will make a present of a fine framed picture, worth $2.00

I have some very special bargains and presents for first customers on Monday mornings.

I have a very large line of boots in every style, suitable for this trade, which I will sell at cost and carriage on Wednesdays of each week.

Please come in on Wednesdays for these bargains in boots.

Just think of it, a pair of heavy winter boots FOR $1 50

Don't forget the place West End of Bridge.

yours for business

P. GOLDEN.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 24. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,.....J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,.....R. K. Barns.
Clerk County Court,.....S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court,....J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,.....C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court {C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor.....George Baxter.
Coroner,.....George P. Moore
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, Edray; W. H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
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DR. G. J. CAMPBELL,
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DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH.
RESIDENT DENTIST,
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Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

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Calls promptly answered.

THE NEW YEAR is upon us. We have the novelty of writing 1895. '94 is history. First, probably, we should be thankful for the mercies shown us in the past year, for we must reason that in spite of the vicissitudes of a year of hard work to keep our respective heads above water, we are still in *statu quo*, which means that we have got a fighting chance for our existence. Those who have found the past year so satisfactory that they would like to live it over, are not in evidence. It is one good thing in our lives that we never have to travel over the same road twice. Fortune may have knocked at our door the past year, but if it did, it was very much like a mischievous boy who runs away before the door can be opened. As Christmas came on Tuesday, 1894 was supposed to be an unlucky year. It was to the Democratic party, but a certain Tuesday in November had more to do with that than any day in December. Well, we are done with the old year, and as there is such a thing as "hope which springs eternal" in the breast of each, there is only a secret feeling of satisfaction that we are nearer to some wonderful windfall which each man fully expects to be his at some unknown time in his future life. The newspaperman then when he writes an article at New Year for his paper, knows that it does not amount to much, but he calls it "reflections," and thinks he has done the proper thing; the compositor calls it "copy," and the intelligent readers calls it "tommy-rot," but reads it nevertheless, and goes away a better man. There is a phase incident to New Year's, and that is the making of good resolution, knowing that the bad resolutions will take care of themselves. With most men these resolutions are very informal. They just think to themselves that they are going to shake off the accursed shiftlessness that burdens their lives, and are going into steady, careful work. This conclusion is generally arrived at in the evening by a bright light before the fire. The next morning his efforts to get up early are as complete failures as usual, and the man in a week or two finds himself as hopeless a wreck as ever. Some men make specific resolutions, determine to conquer a bad habit, and break of from profanity, tobacco, liquor, or other vices. It is rather a bad sign and denotes great weakness. These resolutions are time-honored, and rarely honored by being kept. Let us keep up the pretty custom. Let us, therefore make a specimen resolution, and resolve not to be parted with our money quite so soon as usual.

A SYNDICATE owns the West Virginia certificates to the amount of $40,000,000. These were bought for one or two cents on the dollar. The stock is meant to be bulled up to ten or twelve cents by having West Virginia consider them seriously awhile. A little watering of the Legislature and a measure is introduced. Private information comes to some poor fool with money that the certificates will be at par certainly. He buys at an advance. The whole thing collapses, and he is ready to sell again for what he can get. Presently the stock is in a syndicate again ready to be bulled once more. The debt subject will be again before this Legislature.

THERE are some things to be learned from commercial statistics that sound very surprising to us who live remote from the marts of commercial affairs. One of the most surprising facts made apparent is that the people of the United States consume more sugar than any other civilized people in proportion to population. Seven pounds out of every eight are imported from other countries; that is to say that out of every eight pounds of sugar used by our American people, only one is produced in our own country. This is one great secret of the gold leaving our country. This sugar has to be paid for in gold, since the sugar producing countries use comparatively little of our products. It would be well if something could be done to check this outflow of money, and furnish employment to many thousands of our own people. Were this done much would be accomplished towards our national independence and thrift. This furnishes something plausible for bounties, but it would be better to become independent without the bounty system, and keep the matter out of politits, for it can be done, as the leather business has shown.

To the reflecting reader of the controversies now pending in reference to the mutual interests of labor and capital, nothing seems more prognostic of a satisfactory settlement than the recent visit of John Burns, of London, to our cities. The Charleston Gazette refers to him in these well chosen remarks:

"John Burns, the great English labor leader, should be warmly welcomed by all classes in our country. Though a labor agitator, he always agitates within the bounds of law and order. In England he is honored and regarded as a conservator of the peace, so powerful has his influence among the laborers become. He is earnestly struggling to improve the condition of the workingman, but he wages no unjust war upon capital. He is a labor leader but not an anarchist. In the recent struggles a labor agitator and an anarchist seem so much alike that it is almost impossible to see the difference, so much violence has occurred. There is no anarchy about Mr. Burns, for he is manfully endeavoring to secure his purposes by peaceful, persuasive means, and every fair minded person must wish him success, and labor secure its just reward."

GERMANY seems much out of temper with the United States in reference to the ten per cent. discrimination against raw beet sugar. This was to encourage beet sugar production in the West. This duty will be rescinded, or increasing retaliatory means will be used. Live cattle and dressed meat have been excluded. The West loses that mainly. The consul at Hamburg reports that dried and evaporated apples are to be refused for being dried on zinc frames. Other products are likely to be excluded on similar frivalous pretences. And to gratify Germany, Denmark has been persuaded to join in these childish retaliatory measures.

THE CORTEZ, which is the Portugese Congress, so to speak, has been so disorderly in its proceedings that the King of Portugal has sent the members home. The King will call the Cortez together when the honorable members show themselves ready to behave themselves and attend to business.

The Oldest Lady in the World.

A late number of the *Glenville Pathfinder* displays commendable enterprise. It contains a well written sketch of Mrs. Eunice Conrad with her photograph.

She was born in what is now Pendleton County, West Virginia, August 4th, 1775. Her father was John Mace, and her mother "a Scotch lassie by the name of Mollie." When Eunice was a little girl, the family moved to Bulltown Braxton County, and she remembers how the Indians had to be driven away. For a milk-house her mother used a sycamore stump where the Indians had kept their venison and bear meat. After four years residence here, her father came to Randolph County, where Eunice married Jacob Conrad. The groom was much younger than the bride. The young people settled at Bulltown. Mr. Conrad passed through the war of 1812, and the aged widow draws her pension regularly.

From Bulltown, the Conrads moved to Dusk Camp, Gilmer County. Mr. Conrad died in 1870. She has survived all of her fourteen children except Henry, with whom she lives in an humble mountain home, roofed with clapboards and warmed by a stick and clay chimney. Mr. Conrad seems much devoted to his mother's comfort, and has a pair of socks knit for him in her 106th year. These he will not wear until he "fixes up for the grave." In person Mrs. Conrad is slight, not over four feet tall in her prime, and now stooped she appears very small. Her face is round and full, notwithstanding the traces of age are so apparent. She often walks two or three hundred yards in her rambles about the premises. She is quite deaf, yet she is in excellent health, and her eyesight is good.

When the party withdrew she was sitting in the sunshine of the 119th summer of her life, beaming through the roof of the old porch, and her lustrous eyes fixed upon the hills. An almost severed silver cord soon to be loosed, and this interesting person will cross over where her loved ones are "waiting and watching for her."

As many fleeting centuries have regarded the Christmas season sacred and worthy of observance, we may safely conclude that it represents ideas, aspirations, and hopes which the world would not willingly part with or permit to be forgotton. It is something most interesting to notice that intellectual people of every phase of opinion have something good to say about Christ and what a blessing it would be to humanity were all to live and act as He advises in His teachings. The agnostic, the Hebrew, the hermit in the Punjaub, and the Christian when reasoning about the historic Christ from a secular point of view must and do agree that if the life and teachings of Christ were to be eliminated from our consciousness the world would suffer as from a most tremendous overturning and upheaval. The German rationalist, the French socialist, and the American repudiator of the Bible cordially admit that the Man Jesus has been endowed with a two-fold immortality, for though he went from the cross to heaven His personality is projected into human affairs, and this same personality exercises such controlling influence in current affairs that we may say almost litterally that He is a citizen of the world in this nineteenth century. Now if gifted people, making no pretensions to piety, admit such ideas about Christ, surely Christians have no reason to be ashamed of their faith that sees the hand of Christ in each event of their lives.

A Moving Mountain.—It has been known for many years that an enormous mass of rock on the Cascades of the Columbia River, in Oregon, large enough to be dignified with the name of mountain, is slowly changing position. It consists of a ridge of brown basalt with three summits, ten to twelve kilometers long and rising about six hundred meters above the level of the river. The idea that this mass is in movement is certainly the last that would occur to the traveler passing it, and nevertheless nothing is more certain; the whole mass is being displaced slowly, but without pause, descending toward the river and showing an intention of damming it some day or other, and so of forming a great lake extending from the Cascades to the Dalles. In this movement of translation and descent it has already submerged part of the forests that line its base; the engineers of the railway that skirts the mass have proved that the line is continually pushed toward the river and that in several years it has been moved two and one-half to three meters. Geologists attribute the phenomenon to the fact that the basalt that forms the nucleus of the mass rests on soft strata through which water constantly percolates, thus sapping the mountain under its base. They think, also, that these strata, even without the aid of water, would probably give way little by little, beneath the mass with which they are loaded.—*Literary Digest*

Some Curious Echoes.—One of the most remarkable echoes in the whole world, says *La Nature*, Paris, November 3rd, because it is at once artificial and natural, is that which the suspension bridge over the Menia Straits produces. If one of the piers be struck with a hammer, for example, the sound is not only re-echoed from the opposite pier, five hundred feet distant, but also from each of the metalic supports of the road way, and from the water itself, so that every stroke is multiplied into a succession of strokes, following at the rate of about five a second. The effect is of a kind of a metalic trill, sonorous and strident. The chateau of Simonetta, near Milan, has a curious echo, which repeats the report of a firearm about sixteen times, even when the atmosphere is foggy and consequently unfavorable. In Sussex, not far from Shipley church, is on echo that repeats distinctly phrases of eighteen or twentp syllables. In the Pantheon at Paris is an echo that causes the noise of a cane falling to the ground to be reprpuced as the report of a gun.

THE annual consumption of tobacco in the United States is computed to be sixty ounces to each inhabitant. In 1892, the revenue from tobacco was over thirty-two millions. All who smoke and chew help to support the government, Pass the cigars, please. Make times better for office holders, and worse for the spitters and house sweepers.

THERE are five million bushels of peanuts raised in Virginia every year. This means much chewing and alarming quantities of trash on floors and pavements.

THE Supreme Court has decided the county seat question of Tucker county in favor of Parsons. This ends the matter, and the Court House and other public buildings will be erected at once.

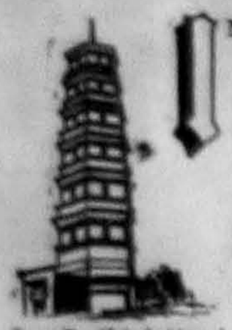
"THE Mikado is growing strong on his present regimen, which prescribes the taking of a Chinese fort before every other meal."—*The Record Chicago.*

"THE football rules are all right, according to the students. It is the collar-bone that requires strengthening."—*The News, Chicago.*

YANGTSE KIANG.

WONDERS OF THE GREATEST RIVER OF CHINA.

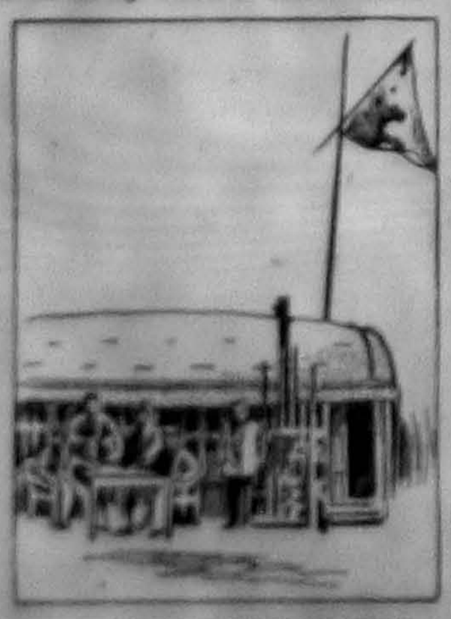
Immensity of the Valley — A Vast Empire Cut Up by Canals and Diked Like Holland—Chinese Country Scenes.



IN a letter to the Washington Star dated on board a Chinese steamer 600 miles from the mouth of the Yangtse Kiang, Frank G. Carpenter says: I have been riding for days upon the great Yangtse River, and I write this letter in almost the center of the Chinese Empire. I am within less than a hundred miles of the Chicago of the celestial land, the vast city of Hankow, and am passing through the country where the Chinese mobbed the foreigners a year or so ago, burning down the houses of the missionaries, and killing some of the English officers of the Chinese customs. Last night I left Kiukiang, a big trading center at the mouth of the Poyang Lake, and during the past two weeks I have passed a half dozen cities of the size of Cleveland or Washington, and have traveled through about the same number of great States, having an aggregate population of something like one hundred and fifty millions of people. All the towns I have visited I have found packed with a throng busier than you find on lower Broadway at noonday, and I am amazed at the immensity of this great Chinese Empire and its enormous population. I entered the Yangtse at its mouth, where it flows through the Chinese Province or State of Kiangsu. This is in the center of the east coast, and it has an area about as big as that of Pennsylvania. It contains more than half as many people as the whole United States, and its population is equal to that of the British Isles. The State of Ganhui, which I next entered, is no bigger than Kansas, but it supports twenty-seven million people, and the State of Hupeh, in which I am now traveling, has over twenty million. This great river itself has millions who are born, live and die upon its waters, and at every landing I see a thicket of poles, each of which springs from the home of one of the millions of families which make up China's boat population. I am amazed at the wonderful resources of the country.

My eyes bulged out at the muscles and industry of its people, and my head buzzes in trying to understand the curious sights which are crowded upon me.

China's great rivers are among the wonders of the world, and the Yangtse Kiang is the king of its kind. It has a greater volume of water than the Nile or the Amazon, and it has built up a greater country than Egypt along the low lands of China. In approaching it from the ocean I found the waters discolored by its muddy fluid many miles out at sea, and it turns the salty brine yellow for sixty miles from its mouth. Here it is about as thick as pea soup. You draw up a bucket and in a moment its bottom will have a thick sediment of mud. I had been warned not to use the spigot which runs from the bottom of the boat into my bath, but this morning the boy had made it too hot and I tried to cool the barrel of filtered water in the tub with about a gallon from the Yangtse. I thought the amount was so little that it could not affect the rest. The result was that the clear water became the color of mud and my bare foot left an impression on the bottom as marked as that of the savage which so scared Robinson Crusoe on the desert island. It is a sort of a gritty silt, but I am told that there is no river on earth which brings down a sediment more fertile. The whole of the great plain of North and Central China has been made by it. This plain is seven hundred miles long, and it supports more than a hundred million of people. The Yellow



CHINESE STATION ON THE FRONTIER.

River comes through it a hundred miles to the south of the Yangtse, and it is estimated that the amount of dirt they carry down from the highlands of Thibet and of China is so great that it forms every two months an island a mile square in the sea and at the mouth of the Yangtse. I sailed by the Tsung Ming Island, which is thirty-two miles long and about ten broad. It has been built up within a hundred years or so, and now has cities and villages and supports more than a million people. The sea at the mouth of the Yangtse is filled with little islands, many of which have grown up within the memory of men now living, and along the low banks of the river I can see the strata of soil which it has brought down from year to year. At some points these lines of sediment are from one to two feet thick, and they are of as marked colors as strata of rock. The river has a vast volume of water. A line of freight water-tight cars reaching from New York to Chicago and carrying twenty tons each could not hold its one day's discharge into the sea, and its rise and fall at the city of Hankow, about six hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, ranges during the year from forty to fifty feet.

The rise in the Yangste Kiang is so great that embankments have to be built along its course for more than 1000 miles. All of the country I have passed through is diked, and this, not only as to the river, but also as to every creek and canal connected with it. Central China is more cut up by waterways than Holland, and there are more dikes here to the square mile than you will find in the Netherlands. Sailing along the Yangste you see these dikes in every direction. They are about twenty feet high and from thirty to forty feet wide at the base, and their tops form the roads and paths of the country. Along them you see all sorts of Chinese characters trudging along, their figures silhouetted against the blue sky. Here goes the great freight car of China. It is a wheelbarrow and a native coolie pushes it. Behind him comes another species of the same, a man carrying two great loads fastened

A YANGTSE FARM YARD.

to the ends of the bow like pole which rests upon his shoulders. Next you see a brighty dressed girl, wearing red pantaloons and a blue sack, carrying a parasol of paper and looking very gay as she hobbles up and down the bank. You note mandarins riding in blue chairs carried between two bare legged coolies, who trot along in front and behind, and among the nobles, the common people on foot.

Here and there you may see a sheep or a hog, but the horses are comparatively few, and the only cattle are the half hog half cow known as the water buffalo. You see these working in the fields pulling rude plows or turning the wooden water wheels, which are used in some parts of China for irrigation. They are for all the world like the Sakieyhs of Egypt, and there are many things about you which remind you of the land of the Pharaohs. You see no cattle or horses dragging burdens over the embankments, and the canals and rivers, in fact, take the place of roads. In all this part of China, it is said, you can go to every man's house in a boat. There are numerous creeks that empty into the Yangste. The mouths of these are filled with junks, and on them and the canals, which cut up the land like a net, you see the masts and sails of boats walking, as it were, rapidly over the green fields. Often there will be several lines of these boats running parallel with the river, their white sails growing smaller in the distance, until they form white specks upon the dim line of the horizon. The cost of making and keeping up this series of embankments must be enormous. The Yangtse changes its course every now and then; it eats away the soil and new dikes have to be built. In many places there are several rows of earth one behind the other, and the remains of discarded embankments are everywhere visible. In the summer the river rises and floods everything not so diked. Houses are often swept away, villages are destroyed and the land becomes a great inland sea. All along the course are the vestiges of past floods, and here and there you see graveyards that the river has eaten into, and you note the gaping holes left by the coffins. At one point about 100 miles from where I now am, I saw a coffin extending half way out of the bank. It undoubtedly contained a skeleton, and the wood was rotten with age. The water was then within a foot of it, and by this time it must

In coming into the Yangtse its mouth is so wide that it is hours after you see the muddy color of its waters before you can distinguish the banks, and for the first fifty miles of our journey we passed through what seemed to be a great inland sea, ranging from twenty to fifty miles in width. Our first hills were passed about fifty miles inland. Seven hundred miles from the coast I found its width to be more than a mile, and it holds that width nearly all the way from Shanghai to Ichang, a distance of about one thousand miles. It contains many long, narrow islands, and it now and then branches out into different streams or cut offs from the main bed of the river, which at high water materially shorten the course. It is as full of modern steamers as the Mississippi, and has in addition the thousands of odd boats and junks of the Chinese. I could fill this paper with the mention of the different kinds of craft and their loads, and among the ships there are many which would be a surprise to American readers. There are Chinese life boats, for instance, everywhere. They are low junks with oars and sails, and they watch the river during the storms and pick up such sampans and fishing boats as are overturned. They are under the control of the districts through which they go and form a sort of a river police.

Now and then they capture a smuggler or a pirate, and here and there outside of some of the villages I saw boats which had been cut in half and set up on end. I asked what they were, and I was told that they had belonged to pirates and thieves. The culprits had been caught and beheaded, and their boats were thus put up as warnings to their brothers to beware of the law. Such boats are usually put up at the places at which the crimes were committed.

Everywhere you meet with native and Government officials. The different provinces have their customs officers, and they levy a heavy tax on all the native boats, each official gets his squeeze, and the taxation is terribly heavy. The customs collected for the general Government are in the hands of foreigners, for the Emperor cannot rely upon the honesty of his own officials, and so an Irishman, Sir Robert Hart, collects his duties for him, and his boats and officials are at all of the leading ports. You see their customs officers scattered all along the banks of the river, and at high water they sometimes use the little huts of

where man seemed to be waging a brave fight with nature and getting the best of it.

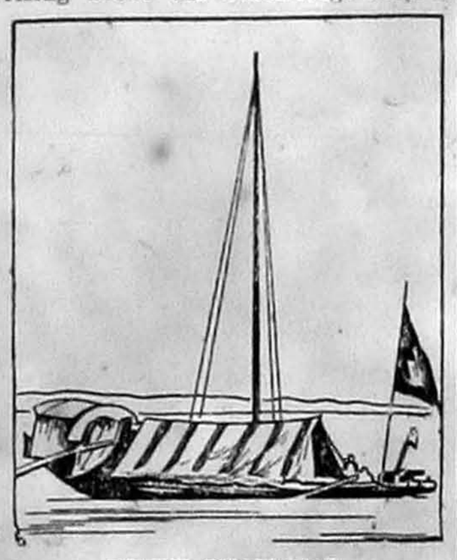
The Yangtse to-day is one of the greatest trade routes of the world. China is said to have more boats on her waters than there are in all the rest of the world combined. She is the best watered country in God's green earth and has more wonderful waterways. Suppose you could stretch a river wider than the Mississippi in

A WELL-WATERED LAND.

an almost straight line from New York to Chicago. Suppose it to be navigable for the biggest ocean steamers for that distance from May to October, and let ships from Russia, Germany, England and other parts of the world sail through it, and load at its wharves. This would be about what can be done on the Yangtse Kiang below Ichang. If you wish to carry out the comparison, however, you must let the great river extend further west. If you could stretch it on in a straight line it would go to Denver, and still be navigagle for large boats and barges. You must push it on further west to San Francisco, and you are still 500 miles from its source. It is said to be 3500 miles long, and it has its rise in the mountains of Thibet, and has tributaries all along its course. It taps two great lakes, which give it canal communication with other provinces, and the most of the tea of the world comes from the lands south of it and is shipped across the Poyang Lake, near where I now am, and sent to Hankow for sale.

a vast garden. [illegible] the grass is as green as in Egypt in winter, and two or three crops a year are everywhere grown. In looking over landscape you see no fences or barns. The people live in villages made of thatched huts, with walls of plaited reeds, which they plaster inside and out with mud. Sometimes the huts stand alone in the town, and at other times they are joined together in blocks. The best of them are not more than twenty feet square, and the average farm house has only one story. The earth forms the floor. You could, I venture, build a good one for $5. The houses stand flush with the slimy mud sidewalk, and the filthier and dirtier this is, the better it seems to please the people. Each village has a clump of trees about it, and in looking over the valley you see hundreds of these clumps, and realize the force of the statement that the whole Empire is one vast village. Many of the villages, I am told, consist of only one family or clan, and the Chinese are said to take better care of their relatives and to work together better than any people of the world.

The best of the towns here are close to the river, and we have passed many walled cities, with pagodas and temples rising above the other ridge-shaped



CHINESE POLICE BOAT.

roofs. At some of the bigger centres this ship stops to take on and discharge cargo, and I have gone through a number of cities since I came to China the names of which I had never heard. Take the city of Nganking—not Nanking, the old capital of China, you have all read of that—but Nganking. How many of you have ever realized that it existed? Well, we have just left it. It is a city of about a half million people and is bigger than St. Louis. It is the capitol of the State of Ganhui, which has a population of more than one-third of the whole United States, though it is not as big as the State of New York. It lies right on the banks of the Yangtse, about 150 miles above Nanking, and it has miles of walls about it. These walls are twenty-five feet high and so wide that you could drive a buggy around the city on the top of them. Nganking is well built and rich now, though it was nearly ruined during the Taiping rebellion, back in the fifties. At that time the rebels held it under siege, and food became so scarce that human flesh was used, and, it is said, was sold in market places for its weight in silver. The city has now a great native trade, though it is not one of the treaty ports, and foreign steamers cannot stop at it. It has one of the finest pagodas on the Yangtse, as shown on the initial illustration. It is a seven-storied tower of rose pink, rising, as it were, right from the banks of the river, to a height, I judge, about half that of the Washington monument. It is many-sided and its top is decorated with a beautiful cap of bronze, which is built in rings, like those of some of the temples in Siam, to a point. This tower was being repaired when I visited it and a framework of pole scaffolding extended from its base upward to a height of more than one hundred feet. Upon this hundreds of Chinese masons and painters were working, and away up on the sixth story I could note little fly-like celestials clinging to the wall and patching up the ravages of the weather. I was glad to see it, for it showed me that there is at least one place in China where the monuments of the past are respected, and where both the religion and the temples have not gone to seed.

The Torch Fish.

One of the most noteworthy and striking facts of animal life is its adaptation to the conditions of its environment. Study any animal or groups of animals, and it will be seen that its leading physical characteristics are in exact adaptation to its habits and conditions. The torch fish is a deep sea fish carrying on his nose an organ which he can illuminate with a phosphorescent light or extinguish at pleasure. He does not use his lantern to guide him on his pathless course in the dark depths of ocean; or to enable him to look around him; but, when meal time comes, he lights up to attract small fishes, which, mistaking the lantern for a phosphorescent insect, dart straight for it, only to find their way into his capacious jaws. The mode in which the lantern

It is too bad to have one's polished tables and stands covered with little rings where a vase has stood and the water has overflowed. There is no need of this, either. Everybody should have on hand an abundant supply of these mats. These need not be obtrusive in design. In fact, no one wants any more the elaborate confection that were once wont to call attention to their crocheted splendors in our drawingrooms. Make the latter-day vase mats of small rounds of olive green felt, preferably not ornamented at all except for a "pinked" border. No one will notice them, but they will keep your rosewood and mahogany from harm.—Detroit Free Press.

PAINTERS' PICKLE.

Painters' pickle is used for removing old paint. It is useless to waste time and money applying good enamel paint over old paint, for it quickly cracks and grows shabby. Mix one pound and a half of stone potash, one pound and a half to two pounds of soft soap, and half a pound of washing soda together, and stir into about a gallon of water. The pickle should then be boiled till the potash is melted. Apply this with a brush, then let it stand for several hours. The work must afterwards be washed thoroughly with strong, hot soda-water, using no soap. This pickle may be applied equally well hot or cold. Great care must be taken in using the pickle, as it discolors the finger nails and takes the color out of anything it touches.—New York World.

SPOTTING A BAD EGG.

The most reliable method, as well as the easiest for determining the degree of freshness of an egg, is to hold it to the ear and shake it. The egg shell is perforated by small pores, which can only be seen by the aid of a microscope. Through those pores, day by day, the albumen inside the egg evaporates, and its place is taken by air. When the egg is full a fluid passes constantly toward the pores, and is the principal agent of corruption, the corruption being manifested more rapidly in warm than in cold weather. An egg absolutely fresh is entirely full, but stale eggs have all an empty space in proportion to their age, caused by the loss of albumen by evaporation. Thus, if any sound can be heard when the egg is shaken, it is safe to throw it aside as unfit for use.—New York Sun.

RECIPES.

Lemon Custard—Three well beaten eggs, three cups of milk, three-fourths of a cup of sugar and a tablespoonful of lemon extract. Bake in custard bowl or tin milk pan.

Pudding Sauce—Beat a teaspoonful of cornstarch with a half cup of milk until thoroughly mixed. Stir into a pint of boiling milk, sweeten and flavor with vanilla or any extract you chance to have.

Cream Pie—One-half pound of butter, four eggs, sugar, salt and nutmeg to your taste and two tablespoonfuls of arrow-root. Wet with cold water or milk and pour on it a quart of boiling milk. Stir all together. Bake your pies in a deep dish.

Broiled Mutton with Tomato Sauce—Cold boiled leg of mutton, if not too much boiled, is very good cut in rather thick slices, sprinkled with pepper and salt and broiled; to be served very hot with a thick sauce, flavored strongly with fresh tomatoes or tomato sauce.

Tomato Soup—Boil a small piece of meat with cabbage, paraley, celery, pepper and salt, onions and allspice. When they are well boiled add a good quantity of tomatoes and a dessertspoonful of butter rolled in flour. Strain all through a colander and serve while hot with toasted bread. An excellent tomato soup.

Fruit Salad—Six oranges, three bananas, one pineapple, two cups desiccated cocoanut, one cup powdered sugar. Slice the oranges and bananas and cut the pineapple into bits an inch square. Put into a glass dish alternate layers of the fruits and sprinkle sugar and cocoanut between the layers and on the top of the whole. A handsome and delicious dessert.

Egg and Cheese Omelette—Cut the cheese into small pieces, using about a dessertspoonful to two eggs, and for the rest proceed in the ordinary way. Parmesan cheese should be grated and beaten up with the seasoned eggs, oil being used for frying it. Gruyere cheese should be cut into dice and strewn upon the eggs directly after they are poured into the pan; a little fresh butter, chopped up and added to the eggs while they are being beaten, is a great improvement.

Snow Pudding—One-half ounce, or one-third box of gelatine, disolved in one pint boiling water, with the juice of two lemons. Add one cup sugar. Let it cool. Take the whites of two eggs, and beat to a stiff froth with a very little sugar; beat this with the gelatine until all is white, and put into a mould. Scald one pint milk, add the yolks of three eggs, one cup sugar, one teaspoon corn starch. Fla-

ANCIENT HISTORY.

The Chicago Evening News Tells of the Rise of St. Louis.

St. Louis now claims a population of 600,000, which, if supported by figures, makes the Missouri metropolis the fifth in size of the large cities of the United States.

St. Louis was founded in the year 3001 B. C. by a protoplasm who was off his feed and didn't care what he did. Having started the place, however, he didn't feel like leaving and did not leave until he discovered that it was no place for a live, go-ahead proto—and he left. As nothing was ever heard of him afterward, it is believed by eminent authorities that he went up into the Ozark hills and kicked himself to death for having boomed such a town.

About the twentieth century, B. C. the late Mr. Chedorlaomer made an expedition to St. Louis and up to the day of his death he regretted it. In his memoirs he says: "Of all the dead, past-due burgs that I ever honored with my presence St. Louis takes the cheese." Mr. Chedorlaomer was a close observer and knew what he was talking about. The next person of note to visit the town was Shalmaneser in the year 701 B. C. He mistook it for a national cemetery and did not stop off, but proceeded on to Keokuk, Iowa.

The town wabbled on with indifferent success until William the Conqueror's time, when some live business man built a morgue and then it began to grow. Abe Slupsky's discovery of the Mississippi in 1421 gave the town a boom and the census of 1425 gives it a population of 105. When it is recalled that only 4,500 years before all that there was of St. Louis was a protoplasm this rapid growth is fraught with interest. During the last 500 years its progress has been a trifle slow but steady.

Mr. Chedorlaomer would scarcely recognize the St. Louis of to-day. It has several business blocks, a postoffice and a railroad lands freight and passengers within walking distance of the town pump. Travelers between the north and south stop off for lunch. In business it is retrospective.

Gets His Own Price.

Though Mr. F. Marion Crawford probably earns more money by his pen than any other living writer he is perhaps not so well paid in proportion to the amount of work that he does as is Mr. T. B. Aldrich. As a matter of fact, Mr. Aldrich always puts his own price on his work, and he is always sure of getting it. One magazine of New York City takes everything that he sends it. He simply writes the price in a corner of the MSS., and it is paid. What a delightful aspect of literary success this presents! A few weeks ago an editor wrote to Mr. Aldrich: "Won't you please drop a poem into our slot and draw out as much money as you want for it?" Mr. Aldrich dropped a dozen lines, as directed, and drew out $30."—New York Recorder.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR—"Just think, six of my patients recovered this week." The Old Doctor—"It's your own fault, my boy. You spend too much time at the club."—Life.

NEVER judge a woman's cooking by the cake she takes to a church social.—Texas Siftings.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

Geologists say New Orleans will soon sink out of sight.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Soap is one of the best sterilizers of impure water.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Sweeping is now done with a hose and an air pump.

The Magic Touch
OF
Hood's Sarsaparilla

You smile at the idea. But if you are a sufferer from

Dyspepsia

And indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will think, and no doubt exclaim "That just hits it!" "That

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

exciting effect is a magic touch?" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

P P U 25 '94

A Beautiful PICTURE

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Proof Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 10 large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay for mailing. Address

THE LONG-LIVED TORTOISE.

AN ANIMAL THAT FREQUENTLY LIVES FOR CENTURIES.

A Giant Specimen That Carried Children on Its Broad Back, and Lived 200 Years.

IF you want to be old, observe and imitate the tortoise. That reptile apparently knows how to live as long as it likes. It is rather hard on man, who is constantly being told that he is the highest of the animals, that he should be so inferior to the testudinal family in this important respect.

It is impossible to say how long a tortoise, under favorable conditions, may live. There are tortoises in the Galapagos Islands, off South America, where the species with the handsome shell is mostly found, that were probably alive before the discovery of this continent by Christopher Columbus. In the Zoological Garden at Philadelphia there is a snapping turtle from the Mississippi whose age is calculated at 300 years. He is moss-grown, but hale and hearty, and his jaws are as vigorous as an alligator's. A small tortoise that had lived at the time of Charles I.'s Archbishop Land was killed by a cart in the grounds of Lambeth Palace a few years ago. He was doing his best to get out of the way, but a tortoise, though sure, is no match for a horse.

There are now many famous old tortoises and turtles in the world. One of them has just died at Colombo the capital of Ceylon, one of the stopping places on the route from Australia to England. The tortoise was of the species testudo elephantopis. He passed the greater part of his life at "Uplands," a resort on the coast near Colombo, where he was visited by thousands of passengers annually. His age was estimated at 200 years, and he measured six feet from snout to tail, the shell alone being four feet six inches in length. The species to which he belonged originates in the Seychelles and Mauritius Islands. But from early times they were found convenient to carry on ships as a reserve supply of live fresh meat. Now they are almost extinct. They were preserved from total extinction by Sir Arthur Gordon, who as Governor of Mauritius, ordered that two specimens should be sent to him annually by the natives as tribute.

The Colombo tortoise was sent from Java to the Governor of Ceylon, which was then a Dutch colony. When the British annexed the island in 1796 the tortoise was transferred to their care. Like most tortoises he was of a placid and peaceable disposition, but seems to have been by no means averse to human society. From time to time he carried children on his broad back, a task which he performed with apparent cheerfulness. On one occasion, however, he successfully resisted the efforts of seven men to remove him from the garden where he resided to the grounds of an exhibition.

Recently the local government acquired "Uplands," where the tortoise lived, as a graving dock. He was removed to Victoria Park, about a mile inland, where he sickened and died in a short time. Had he been left in his accustomed place he might have lived to a far greater age, as he had shown no signs of ill health prior to his removal.—New York World.

The Coffee Lands of Mexico.

"I have just returned from an extended tour through Mexico," said Milo T. Jarvis, of St. Paul, "and am convinced that the coffee lands of that country are only inferior to those of Brazil in extent, while the variety and quality of the Mexican product is by far the superior. The only reason why so many of these fields remain idle is the lack of capital and enterprise. The topographic and climatic conditions of the country are especially adapted to the productions of varieties and grades of coffee as large in size and as rich in flavor as that produced on the island of Java itself. The few who have availed themselves of the great opportunities in the past now congratulate themselves not only upon the result of their work, but upon the large fortunes already made in the enterprise. There is still plenty of room and the same opportunities still exist. To men of industrious habits desirous of carving out a fortune, these new and hitherto untouched lands will afford the opportunity with but little capital or labor."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Blue-Eyed Men.

Blue-eyed men are the most sentimental of the species. At least, this is what an eminent physiognomist says. They are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the opposite sex, melt under the warmth of one ardent glance, have emotional, mercurial affections and are found by the coquettes to be easier game to bag than bold.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Lived on Chocolate for Sixty Days.

A French woman has just concluded a remarkable and very interesting feat. With a view to testing the sustaining powers of chocolate, she has lived upon [illegible] for sixty days.

TAKING CARE OF THE TIMBER.

European Nations Paying Strict Attention to the Subject of Forestry.

Nearly all the nations of Europe are engaged at the present time in so controlling the forest supply that every bit of public and private property in trees is placed under restrictions against destructive cutting. The forests are all highly protected, says the Boston Herald, and even where no State control exists the freedom in cutting trees which exists the freedom in cutting trees which exists in this country is unknown. In Germany during the last twenty-five years some 300,000 acres have been reforested, and the government has granted 830 000 in this way to private owners of waste land. In Austria, since 1852, a forest law which exercises a strict supervision over the forests, both public and private, has been in existence, and no one is allowed to devastate a forest to the detriment of adjoining holders of land, and every cleared or cut forest must be replanted within five years. In Italy the effort is constant to increase the amount of wooded lands, and the Government contributes three fifths of the cost of reforestation, upon condition that the work is done according to its plan and instructions. In Switzerland the National Government contributes from 30 to 70 per cent. of the establishment of new forests and from 20 to 50 per cent. for the planting of protected forests, and the law is very strict in regard to cutting. France is also deeply interested in public forest property. The forests belong largely to communities and public institutions, as well as to the State, and they are controlled in a manner similar to the regulation of forests in Germany. Here, as well as there, no clearing is allowed except by the consent of the forest administration.

In all these countries the strictest attention is paid to the subject of forestry, and schools are everywhere maintained for the purpose of instructing men in this work. Russia has been the only nation where forests have been until lately under no restriction, but since 1888 even this country has had its forest law, and offers loans on favorable terms for the protection and increase of the forests. Hardly any European nationality is without its State control of the forests or without the training schools in which men are instructed how to take care of them. They are trying in Europe in every way possible to save the forests, and in the United States efforts are now being made in nearly every commonwealth to regulate and control the wooded lands, but our people are not yet ready to accept the stringent measures which have been employed in Europe, as a necessity, for their preservation.

A New Game.

Here is an account of a new Japanese game. It is played with fans, and pretty paper balls of different colors, which are inflated through a tiny hole which closes with a valve from the inside, and so prevents the slightest escape of air. The balls are tossed as high as possible, and the game consists in preventing their falling by fanning them. It is quite as active as tennis, and the effect is exceedingly picturesque to those looking on. The one who succeeds in keeping her ball the longest from touching the ground is the victor, and wins a prize—a dainty fan of Japanese fashion or otherwise.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not

The Royal Baking Powder is indispensable to progress in cookery and to the comfort and convenience of modern housekeeping. Royal Baking Powder makes hot bread wholesome. Perfectly leavens without fermentation. Qualities that are peculiar to it alone.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Reflections of a Cat.

The nicest bed is a pan of rising bread.

The old maid is the cat's good Samaritan.

If it wasn't for the rat I would be an outcast.

I think I have a pretty nose when it ain't scratched.

The oven was about the hottest place I was ever in.

I am blamed for a great many things the girl breaks.

In all my experience I never saw a cat hit with a bootjack.

Every cat that gets on our back fence doesn't come to see me.

When people go to sit down they never see I am asleep in the chair.

When I can't get the ribbon off my neck I try to drag it in the dirt.

If I hadn't the talons the small boy would find no fun in pulling my tail.

"I WAS towld to make yez stand 'round," said the Irish foreman to his gang, "an' the next wan I see doin' a sthroke av work, he'll be bounced."—Grip.

What Is In a Trade.

A trade makes you independent.

A strong crutch upon which to lean.

It is a passport to all countries and climes.

A demand note which passes current everywhere.

Something which can be carried in our heads and hands.

The only property which can not be mortgaged or sold.

It is a calling which can be declined or taken up at pleasure.

The one thing that can not be learned in an academy or college.

A thing about which neither friends nor kindred can quarrel.

"WILLIE," said the visitor, "what is your ambition?" "I'd like," said the boy, putting down his yellow-covered story of the plains, "to have people tremble like leaves at the mere mention of my name."—Raymond's.

THOSE who praise God by proxy are advised that there are no high-priced substitutes in the heavenly hosts.

IT GIVES WARNING that there's trouble ahead—if you're getting thin. It shows that your blood is impoverished, and your organs deranged, so that whatever you eat fails to properly nourish you. And just as long as you remain in this condition, Consumption, Pneumonia, and other Scrofulous and dangerous diseases are likely to fasten upon you.

You should build yourself up with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Purify and enrich the blood, rouse every organ into natural action, and build up healthy, wholesome, necessary flesh.

Ocean Port, N. J.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—We have used your "G.M.D." in our family and find nothing else to equal it. One of our children had the pneumonia, and one lung become consolidated, but by the use of the "Discovery" she has entirely recovered, and is now in good health.

Ruth A. Sickles

TRADE "LINENE" MARK

COLLARS and CUFFS.

The best and most economical Collars and Cuffs worn. Reversible. Look well. Fit well. Wear well. A box of Ten collars or Five pairs of cuffs 25 cts. Sample collar and pair of cuffs by mail for 6 cents. Name the size and style desired and address the Reversible Collar Co., 27 Kilby st., Boston or 77 Franklin st., New York.

Briarbend Cottage, Mt. Lake Park, Md., (near Deer Park.) Tonic atmosphere, no malaria, no mosquitoes, Mountain Chautauqua. $7 and up per w'k.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS. Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for Inventors Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Chickens EARN Money

IF YOU GIVE THEM HELP.

You cannot do this unless you understand them and know how to cater to their requirements; and you cannot spend years and dollars learning by experience, so you must buy the knowledge acquired by others. We offer this to you for only 25 cents.

YOU WANT THEM TO PAY THEIR OWN WAY,

even if you merely keep them as a diversion. In order to handle Fowls judiciously, you must know something about them. To meet this want we are selling a book giving the experience of a *practical* poultry raiser for twenty-five years. It was written by a man who put all his mind, and time, and money to making a success of Chicken raising—not as a pastime, but as a business—and if you will profit by his twenty-five years' work, you can save many Chicks annually, and make your Fowls earn dollars for you. The point is, that you must be able to detect trouble in the Poultry Yard as soon as it appears, and know how to remedy it. This book will teach you.

(Only 25c.

It tells how to detect and cure disease; to feed for eggs and also for fattening; which fowls to save for breeding purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject to make it profitable.

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P N U 25 '94

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WHY? THE WONDER OF THE AGE. CALL AND SEE IT.

GIRAFFE.

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"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE," BUY

SAPOLIO

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Jan. 4, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

MR CHAUNCY DEPEW makes a strong appeal to the American people to stop "treating." He claims that more harm is done by this custom than any other, and says that the convivial soul which goes on roarifig drunks because he is in company is in more danger than the meaner nature that sneaks into whiskey shops to spend his money selfishly. If you wish to please the gentleman you will make a New Year's resolve that you will cease "treating."

A LATE decision is that a newspaper which has published a slanderous report must retract and apologize. It must do this whether the injured party demands it or not, and it always lessens damages. A case in point was where the party slandered kept the publishers from printing a retraction by force. It was decided in this case that the newspaper must publish such a retraction in any event and look to the law for protection for retracting.

POSTMASTER GENERAL BISSELL asserv.tes that there will have to be two heads to his department if the present rule of "to the victor belongs the spoils" continues. One is to do the work and the other to settle the political disputes. This is what comes of flying in the face of all precedent. The Republicans expected to be expunged, and he would have found it easier to "expunge the whole" rather than his rule of only "lopping off the excrescent parts." The mugwumps of the present administration do well to call for other heads, for the ones they possess at present hardly serve to show which end is up.

A CONGRESS that is nipped in the bud by an early frost preserves a sickly existence in its short term. The rule heretofore has been to do little or nothing, and the present Congress is no exception. The victorious party will come in with a lot of pet theories, and what they do will be the issue of the next campaign. The present Congress is not sulky, but as immortal hope reigns in the breast of every member, all are looking to the future and do not wish to mar the prospect by any suspicious movements while on their backs. This is the deeper depth of our conservatism.

Edray.

Well Mr. Editer as the snow is lying nearly two feet deep, and is pressing rather heavy on the old cows that have not yet gotten quite their fill of hay; and has caused the deer and other wild animals to flee to the pine forests beyond the mountains in order to keep out of its blinding storms and out of hearing and reach of the huntsman's rifle. And as I have just returned from a Christmas trip, I thought I would take my pen and write you a line or two in regard to the happenings and events in our mountain neighborhood and home.

The great subject (the protective tariff) which has been baffling the minds of the U. S. Statesmen, will be settled by the Edray debating society Wednesday night January 2nd, 1895.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of witnessing the closing exercises of the Lobelia school the 22nd inst. They had a fine spelling match which showed that the students of that school have made rapid progress in the study of Orthography, and their teacher, Miss Lizzie Hannah, deserves much credit for the interest she has taken in the welfare of her pupils. After the spelling match was over, Santa Claus made his appearance and distributed presents to the children, and they now return to their homes with bright minds and happy faces which show that they have done their duty well, and are well paid for their hard and arduous labor.

Dame Rumor says that their was a four oclock Xmas supper followed by a foot shaking at brother Wm. Dean's, on Hill's Creek, Christmas night.

I went to visit a friend a few days ago and as I entered the portico, I heard a conversation from which I gleaned the following:

Said the horney-handed farmer to his patient little wife,
"Was the TIMES in the mail to day, my dear?"
"Oh yes! my darling husband you can surely bet your life,
For it comes weekly all the year!"

Being of a somewhat superstitious disposition, and having the faith of a grain of mustard seed in nonentities; I am of the opinion that our late snow fell in order to accommodate Stoney Creek's newly married couple; which was joined togther the 24th, ult., at the residence of the officiating minister. They did not even don wedding costumes but went as plainly clad as possible in order to not attract the attention of their neighbors; and if possible keep their wedding a secret until the serenading boys would get somewhat tranquilized, and thus they would stand a chance of not being serenaded. The groom even gave his little brother in law (a boy 9 years old) a half pound of tobacco to not tell any one that they were married, and to go and tell his little sister who was away from home to not let the secret out. The boy preformed part of his task faithfully and told his sister to bridle her tongue, but alas! as he was on his return trip home he met up with a temptation he could not overcome, he met one of our prosperous young farmers who was desirous of knowing whether they had been married or not, so he told the boy that if he would tell the truth, and nothing but the truth he would give him a fifteen cent plug of tobacco. The boy being a great lover of the weed, could not resist the temptation and of course told the truth. And now the boy slowly turns his quid and boasts of his joke greatly to the mortification of the groom. Though love soared above the towering heights of opposition and came out conqueror in the end. secrets could not be sealed with tobacco. The boys rallied, and gave them an old time serenade last Wednesday night, after they had followed them from the bride's home to A. C's. on top of the mountain, where they had fled to try and escape that horror of horrors, being serenaded. W. Va. ROVER.

Dec. 31st, 1894.

"Is it not possible, in the name of humanity, to settle these football contests by arbitration?"—*The Tribune, Chicago.*

"THE voting of a $50,000,000 bond issue in New York leaves Tammany to starve in sight of plenty."—*The Tribune, Detroit.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

J. D. PULLIN & CO
—RETAIL—
Marlinton Grocery
—HOUSE—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

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CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

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NewGoods NewPrices!

—IT IS HARD TO KEEP—

A Stock of Goods fully up in the town of Marlinton, as goods do not lie on our shelves long, but we have taken a fresh, strong, start and have put in the

BEST AND FRESHEST STOCK

Brought into this county this year, and the most complete stock I have ever handled in my merchantile experience.

I GUARANTEE MY PRICES AS LOW OR LOWER THAN ANY IN THE COUNTY.

—EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN—

Dry Goods, Groceries,

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES,

GEN L MERCHANDISE.

A Suit of Clothes and a beaver hat at less than you ever purchased them.

A FINE LINE OF CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Here or Coming.

Remember the place—the big store of Marlinton.

S. W. HOLT.

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM
LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.
SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25¢ AND 50¢ PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.
HERB MEDICINE CO. [Formerly of Weston, W. Va.] SPRINGFIELD, O.

FAT FOLK FREE TRIAL.

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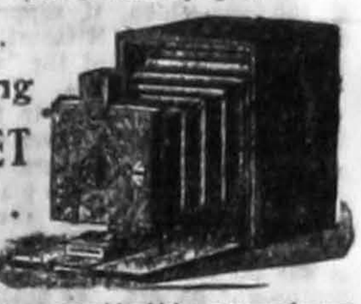

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Price, with double plate holder, ... $10.00
Developing and Printing outfit, ... 1.50
Roll Holder for film (not loaded), ... 10.00

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means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.
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BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

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—AND—
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broke to ride or work.
J. H. G. WILSON, Marlinton w. Va.

Administrator's Sale.

As administrator of Josiah Barlow, deceased, I will proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the decedent's late residence,

on the 8th day of January, 1895,

the following personal property, to-wit:

Three horses, one cow, one calf, one bull, twenty head of sheep, six hogs, one wagon, one set of blacksmith tools, carpenter tools, cooper's tools, twenty stands of bees, farming utensils, household and kitchen furniture, etc.

Terms made known on day of sale. JOHN E. BARLOW,
Dec. 26, 1894. Administrator.
2t.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.

—Plenty of ice is assured for xt summer.

—The ice on the Greenbrier is out ten inches thick.

—Mr Uriah Bird is contemplat- changing the name of his hotel that of the "Pocahontas House."

—The thermometer stood below ro on last Saturday morning. At arlinton it stood at 16 degrees; ckeye, 24 degrees; Mill Point, degrees; Academy, 15 degrees.

—Word was received here to- y of the death of Dr. T. G. Ed- ston, Assistant Superintendent the Hospital for the Insane. e died at Mount Hope, near Bal- more.—*Buckhannon Banner.*

—Weston has had a $50,000 fire. burned out a brick block of that wn. The fire originated the day the snow. The loss is probably lf covered by insurance.

—The Justice's court was on st Saturday in a case of Fertig . Grimes. Scott and McClintic re the attorneys in the case, presenting the plaintiff and de- ndant.

—The snow crushed the shed er Mr Sam Gay's steam sawmill, ar Emery Shinneberry's, on Clo- r Creek, and injured the machin- y very considerably.

—There is a painful rumor to e effect that one of Mr John oel's sons, at Dunmore, was seri- sly injured by a hay-fork while iding from a stack one day last eek.

—There is a flourishing literary ciety at Edray, meeting every Vednesday evening. Much inter- st is taken in the spirited discus- ions.

—Mack Maun and others saw a rge panther one night last week n the Draft Hill. It is hoped hat some one may get its pelt for lap robe before the sleighing sea- on is over.

—The lumber company is at ork fixing the splash dam in the reenbrier so that the rafts may ass. An extension of sixty feet is eing added to the dam.

—Hunt McClintic, Esq., is pre- aring to build an elegant frame ouse on his William's river prop- rty. He has recently erected a ara, which is probably the largest n the county.

—To the Justices; Send us ne dollar and we will mail you we hundred neatly printed blanks. 00 blank summonses; 60 blank ubpœnas; and 40 executions. The Justices of this and adjoining West Virginia counties will do ell to take notice.

—It is reported that one of the umbermen at work near the splash am down the river fell through he ice a few days since and owes is rescue from drowning to his ong hair. He was caught by the op of his head by his comrades.

—For the next thirty days R. E. Overholt will offer special bar- gains in all lines, Calicoes, Dress Goods, Shoes, etc. at cost. Lamp Oil at 18 cts per gallon, or six gallons for $1.00. Geese Feathers at 35 cts per lb. Terms cash or its equivalent.

The Lumber Industry.

The weather for the past week s of the sort that the lumber job- er longed for last year in vain. Skidding and sliding are cheaply done such a time as this. But here is little cutting going on. Captain Smith has returned from he ark. The rear of the drive ast got past Droop. About eight million feet floated into the boom and the mill has two months work assured. They cut 1,300,000 feet the first ten days after the flood. The teams and men of the firm of Smith, Whiting & Co. are em- ployed in taking out logs from the river bed and in shaping up things as well as they can for the breaking up of the ice. A great deal depends on the ice and espec- ially on the order of its going. It may rot in the river, but it more often goes out in gorges which sweep everything before them. The Cumberland Lumber Co. is putting in enough timber in the

She returned to Charlottesville last Monday, where she is teaching in a female seminary.

Fred Wallace, of the University of Virginia, and Winters and Summers McNeel, of the Washington & Lee, were at their homes near Mill Point for Christmas.

Misses Mabel and Georgia Ligon were in the Levels visiting, last week. They returned to their home at Clover Lick on Monday

Dr. Harry Beard has built himself a most comfortable office at Mill Point and is rapidly working up a most lucrative practice, and taking a place in the medical profession of Pocahontas.

G. Earnshaw, Esq., of Mingo, has returned from a trip home to England, accompanied by his sister.

Mr. William Varner and family of Elk, returned from a visit to Frost last week.

Frank Mullenix, Esq., has returned to superintend the work on the jail. He is accompanied by Mrs. Mullenix, who is directly from the South. The forty-six mile drive from Millboro Depot through the snow in zero weather was quite a change from the climate of Georgia.

Major Gatewood, Mr Manly, Attorney Rucker, W. H. Grose, Millard Herold, and Joe Gay were among the county gentlemen who attended court.

A short call was made at this office by Misses Margaret Moore and Anna Poage, and John Gay and Hamil Mann.

Mr Alvon Gay, the genial clerk at Moore & Barlow's, Edray, was painfully frosted, last Saturday, between Pickens and Mingo, on his return from a holiday visit to Buckhannon.

Mrs J. C. Loury, of Huntersville, has been much indisposed the past few weeks.

Mr Eugene Sandridge, of Edray is building near Mr John Barlow's on his purchase from Waugh and Barlow.

Mrs Lillie Poage and sister, Miss Tokie Hull, visited friends on Knapp's Creek, during the holidays, and were detained by the storm.

Edward Eagle has the school at Green Hill, near Marlinton.

E. B. Vaughn has charge of the West Union.

Miss Maggie Moore conducts the Mt. Pleasant school. The new building at that point is one of the best equipped in the county.

D. L. Barlow is teaching with his usual success the Pine Grove school.

Mrs. Eva Ligon McNeel of Academy is very ill of pneumonia.

A Gruesome Sight.

One of the court-house men, just from Harrisonburg, Va., tells of an occurrence in that town last week. An old inebriated stone-cutter had come into town to enjoy his Christmas holiday. The gentleman who reports this, Mr Mullenix, the jail superintendent, went into the hotel bar and saw the man sitting stupidly on a bench. Some one set up drinks for all present, but the old man paid no attention to the invitation. Returning at 12 o'clock for dinner, Mr. Mullenix saw that the old man had moved out to some steps and had ascended part way and was sitting with one eye open. His appearance was not unnatural except the eye, which facinated the bystander. No matter where he stood the eye was fixed on him. You could'nt get away from that eye, which was like that of a picture always looking at you. On going up to the old man it was discovered that he had been stone dead for some hours. A coroner's inquest was held and it was found upon examination that the man had been killed by a blow on the head. His two sons live in the town.

Weather Report.

For the independent district of Elk, for December, 1894:

1, 2, rain; 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, clear; 8, rain; 9, clear; 10, rain; 11, cloudy; 12, rain; 13, cloudy; 14, 15, clear; 16, partly clear; 17, 18, 19, 20,

Our Lobelia Correspondent gives an account of two hunters who were caught by the storm. A Narrow Escape for the Pup.

P. M. Townsend and Will Brock were caught out and lost their way in the woods on Christmas day and wandered about without eating a mouthful for forty hours. They had five dogs with them. If they had not found their way out when they did, William Brock's hound pup would have been roasted and eaten without salt, pepper or grace. Brock melted the buttons of his coat trying to keep warm.

Winter in old style. Some sickness; Luther and Lucy Hill are on the sicklist; Mrs. Caroline Dean has pneumonia; G. P. Hill is improving.

Sherman Hill is at home for the holidays; he has been clerking for Bruffey & Whiting for two years.

Rev. Sarver preached at Bruffey Creek last Sunday.

Brison Hill tracked a fox to its den yesterday, set a trap and built a pen around it.

A good many will go to Wamsley's to a shooting match today.

Observer.

Another Cave.

John Beverage and Nathaniel Arthur and sons partially explored a cave about three miles from Marlinton, on Dry Creek. They went down a hole for about twenty feet on an "Indian ladder," and went right into the mountain side for about two hundred yards through several compartments. There they made another descent of twenty feet by means of a rope, and explored the cave for a considerable distance. They went as far as they thought wise without having come to the end of the caverns. Where they were last the rooms were large and must have been a hundred feet high. At the bottom of the second wall they found the bones of a large deer, the antlers having six points to the beam. It is a great mystery how they came there. The deer may have fallen in or been carried there by some one in hiding. There may be some other entrance. The cave will be thoroughly explored shortly.

Problem Department.

Mr W. C. Gatewood, of Linwood, sends the answer to the problem submitted to the reader last week: A man rows four miles in still water in an hour; four miles up stream in one and one-fifth hours; how long will it take him to row four miles down stream?

Ans. 51 3–7 minutes.

TWO PROBLEMS.

1. What two numbers have for their product 353,922, and for their sum 1,254?

2. If A and B perform a certain work in 12 days, A and C in 15 days, and B and C in 20 days, in what time could each do it alone?

Nuisance.

County Court.

C. E. Beard qualified as commissioner.

G. M. Kee elected president of the County Court.

Four days to be expended in working roads, as usual, with the customary augmentation by tax.

Road surveyors appointed in their several precincts: Henry Flenner, Geo. Houchin, Edgar Smith, Withrow McClintic, Sherman Gibson, Wm. H. Cleek, Andrew H. Sharp, Sherman C. Kinkaid, Jr., A. Page Gay, Richard Callison, and E. A. Smith.

A. C. L. Gatewood qualified as justice.

T. C. Wooddle qualified as constable.

Jas. Moore released from errone ous taxation.

Geo. McCollam qualified as constable.

Ordered that a contract be made with Robt. P. Manley to erect an iron fence around the Court House square.

D. L. Barlow qualified as superintendent of free schools.

Drafts to the amount of $1421.15 were issued to the Manley Manf. Company.

N. J. Brown, B. C. Hill, and Geo.

—It snowed one day and the sleigh bells ring, the boys and girls skate on the ice, the men put up ice for the summer and the thermometer stood this morning at 16 degrees below the cold place

Dilley's Mill.

The holidays are over, '95 and the ruthless storms of winter are upon us, and we stand on the threshold of another year.

Christmas was quiet in this part, save for the yelping of the dogs on the spoor of the rabbit, and the little ones rejoicing over the presents Santa Claus brought them. Truly Childhood is the most pleasand part of life. It unfolds the loveliest phase of life.

Some of our young folks went to Marlinton to the Xmas tree, and report a grand tree ladened with presents.

Prof. G. E. Moore returned from the Levels where he had been seeing the sights.

One of ous young gentlemen on a visit to his girl sharpened up his wits for the occasion. On being asked if he was a "singer" he replied that he was a "Wheeler & Wilson. Sew might it be.

Another local sport hired a substitute to do his courting the other day.

Mr George Bambrick made a business trip to Huntersville lately.

Mrs O. B. Sharp is very sick at this writing. Anonymous.

Clover Lick.

We are having a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

We are experiencing some very cold weather at this writing, and the snow is 22 inches deep.

Miss Birdie Baxter's school closed on the 22d ultimo, with spelling, etc. She taught a fine school.

Miss Mabel Ligon's school closed on the 24th. She taught a very pleasant school.

Mr. Jacob Beverage has sold his farm to his brother John Beverage, and will move away in the spring. There will be a general move in this neighborhood next spring. We are sorry to part with our good neighbors.

John Tracy, the musician, says they say he has to move. Well, says Mr. Tracy, thank God when I get to Heaven they can't tell me I have to leave there.

Well, it seems that the Virginia man has the bell on and intends to wear it.

Look out! there is going to be some weddings in this part as soon as the storm settles. Keep your eye on the indicator.

It is reported that the chicken pox is spreading at Driftwood.

Rev. E. F. Alexander will preach at Driftwood on the first Sunday at 4 o'clock, p. m.

Miss Rosa Ligon is improving in health.

Mr. Bland Courtney, of Marlinton, is visiting his Aunt, Mrs. Hannah Geiger.

Mr. Francis Hambrick, the black smith from Dunmore, has been teaching Mr. Godfrey Geiger some new tricks about blacksmithing.

There is a man in this part who, when his buggy needs repairing, takes it to the blacksmith on horse back with the wheels on his shoulder. Punkin Head.

Green Bank.

We are having good old winter at this time, the snow about fifteen inches deep, and on the 28th of December the thermometer registered 15° below zero, and it keeps well; to-day (Tuesday) it is 14° below.

Christmas has come and gone very quiet, more so than it has since the war, and but for the reason that some of the "Marlinton water" got here and raised a little trouble, the holidays would have been quiet. Mind boys be careful and leave your revolvers at home, and don't carry anything but a good name and a good warm heart with love to every body, and you will not need a weapon.

Mr John Cassell, on Back Alleghany, is on the sick list, with Dr. C. L. Austin in attendance.

Mr and Mrs P. D. Arbogast are happy all the day long because its a boy.

Mr Dan Taylor, of Dunmore was in our village last Saturday.

Mr Jesse Curry, of Academy,

Hillsboro.

January 1, 1895.

Editor Times:—Winter has come at last, as something over a foot of snow, thermometer registering 15° below zero, wagons loaded with ice, and swiftly moving sleds indicate.

The holidays passed quietly and pleasantly with the exception of a little rowdyism from the imbibers of "tanglefoot." Among the many "parties" and social gatherings none were more largely enjoyed than the dances given by Dr. F. T. McClintic and Mr H. W. McNeel. Quite a number of Hillsboro's estimable young people were in attendance, and with the aid of the excellent music furnished many a merry foot went round!

The supper given by the ladies of the M. E. church was well attended and fully met the expectations of those who got it up. The object was to raise a small sum of money to pay off some outstanding debts against the church. This was accomplished, and all who attended had a most enjoyable time.

The corporation of Hillsboro will hold an election on the third of this month for the purpose of electing a Mayor, Recorder, and five Councilmen for the ensuing year. Some needed improvements in our town were neglected during the year just ended. We hope the new officers will look after them.

Since the snow we have had a horse-back mail service. Consequently much mail matter has been badly damaged by riding on it. The mails from Lewisburg to Marlinton are too large to be carried on horse-back without damage, and we hope the postmasters along the route will report all failures to carry the mails as they should be carried.

Mrs. Bettie Burgess is lying in a critical condition with consumption; that fell destroyer of the human family. No hopes of her recovery are entertained. "Jenkins."

Yelk Locals.

As we seldom see any thing in your paper from this vicinity, we take the liberty to send a few lines.

We have near 18 inches of snow, which fell on the 26th, and 27th, inst. Those who wished for snow to sleigh ride are satisfied. Look out girls that sleigh may come at a time that you wot not of.

Holidays have been quite pleasant to many. Some gentlemen enjoyed shooting for nickels Christmas day. Draper Wees and Jas. Jack carried off the nickels.

There was a dreadful slaughter of turkeys at Jas. Gibson, Jr's. After they passed the examination in a large sugar-kettle, the "Old professor" said "take 'em out" and passing into the dissecting room, they were prepared along with a lot of other things to feed the multitude. After dining the party engaged in various amusements. Some were very pleasant especially one who was overheard singing tee old familiar tune "Its all for love of you."

The 26th, was spent by many in social games of football and shin-kicking.

Messrs. Wm. Gibson and Wm. Varner gave a social on the 21st. As expected, the gobbler was in the fight, and all had a plenteous and pleasant time.

Mr. A. R. Gay passed on his return from Buckhannon.

G. L. Hannah had one thousand feet of galvanized pipe laid down, so as to make water convenient to his kitchen and barn. He also made a flying trip to Dry Branch on important business.

The sick are improving. Yours as is, Old Joker.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3½ miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address Uriah Bird, Marlinton, W. Va.

from $93,000,000 annually.

Tests recently made of the hauling powers of American and English locomotives on the Tokaido Railway in Japan resulted decidedly in favor of American engines, and preference will be given to them in future.

A noted health officer claims that a large number of cases of bronchitis, pneumonia and inflammation of the lungs during the winter are directly traceable to the exposure of the patient at football games in the fall.

The New York Sun observes: It is a curious fact, in view of the complaints that Ireland and Scotland are downtrodden, that three Irishmen and a Scotchman constitute the supreme tribunal of appeal for all English subjects, which is the court known as the "Lords of Appeal in Ordinary." The names and nationality of its four members are as follows: Lord MacNaughten, Irish; Lord Morris, Irish; Lord Watson, Scotch, and Lord Russell, Irish.

The domesticated herd of buffalo in Otoe County, Nebraska, recently referred to by Secretary Morton, numbers eight. They were bred from three calves rounded up with cattle in Colorado. The buffalo have been kept in a six-acre lot and fed like native cattle. Two of the bulls, seven and eight years, fought out the question of leadership a year ago, and the elder was pushed by the younger through a heavy plank fence. They are now kept apart. Along with the buffalo is a herd of elk, also numbering eight. They are masters of the situation. A cross between the elk and black cattle was obtained, but the only calf proved barren. The elk are fed lightly and are ordinarily peaceful, but when they are in search of water their rush is irresistible.

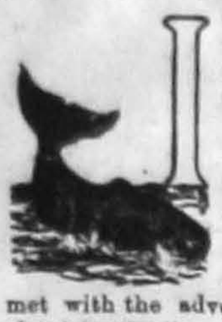
Mr. Mulock, a Liberal member of the Canadian House of Commons, made a sensation the other day by introducing a bill to cut down the salary of the Governor-General. He explained that when the salary of that official was first arranged it was fixed at $50,000. That was at the confederation. Since that time the expenses of the office have been continually increasing, until now they were out of all proportion to any services that it could possibly do to the country. He said that since the confederation in 1867 the office has cost the country $2,851,917, or about $114,076 a year, which was some $65,000 more than its maintenance had been rated at. He thought that the luxury of having a Governor-General came altogether too high. He said that he did not propose any change to go into effect before the expiration of the term of the present incumbent of the office, Lord Aberdeen.

The Atlanta Constitution speculates in a cold-blooded way upon what would be likely to ensue if a prediction made by Professor Falb, the Viennese earthquake prophet, came to pass. Says the Constitution: "According to the New York Herald the new prophet is a scientist of high standing. His success in foretelling two earthquakes in Greece will cause people to take a good deal of interest in his prediction of a tidal wave that will overwhelm New York in July or August. If such a calamity should occur it would have a far-reaching effect upon this country. The destruction of New York with its concentrated wealth would transfer the financial center elsewhere, and Southern ports would doubtless leap into prominence in a very short time. Of course, Professor Falb may have made two lucky guesses by accident, and New York may escape her threatened doom. Still, it is a well known fact that the coast of New Jersey has been gradually sinking for the past one hundred years, and it is possible that it will sooner or later be swallowed by the ocean. In that event, New York would probably go down at the same time. But it is not likely that the bulletins from Vienna will depress the price of metropolitan real estate or cause a wholesale exodus. The average New Yorker will have to be shaken up

If human voice may on the plastic disk
Breathe into being forms of beauty rare,
And we may see the voices that we love
Take shape and color, infinitely fair,

May not the lofty mountains and the hills
Be voice of God, His song, the gentle flowers,
His chant, the stars' procession, and, alas!
His only sigh, these human hearts of ours?
—Ellen Knight Bradford, in the Century.

AN ADVENTURE IN ITALY.



I WENT to Siena, and during an autumn of sublime color I made countless excursions through the woods and woodland hamlets, some lasting several days. It was on the afternoon of one of these golden days that I met with the adventure which I am about to narrate. I had been trudging along since sunrise when shortly after noon I heard the muttering of distant thunder. I hurried along for a quarter of an hour, when I felt the first heavy drop of the impending storm. No hut was in sight. I turned aside from the usual track into the wood, thinking to find shelter among the thick autumnal leaves.

Before long the rain came down in solid masses through the denuded boughs, while before my eyes the lighting blazed and the woods resounded with the thunder's cannonade. I knew that it would be folly to remain in one place, so I hurried blindly on through the roaring forest—between the lightning flashes it was as black as night. In less than half an hour the storm had abated. I raised my head—it had been bowed in forcing my way against the wind and the rain—and then I found myself facing an old castle, built among the rocks of a gloomy defile at the borders of the forest.

I ran across this intervening space, and quickly found myself in the court yard of the castle, searching for the entrance. I had not much trouble in finding it. The double walnut doors were wide apart. Beside them there was a bell handle, which I pulled. The far-off sound of a bell came to my ears, but to mine alone, it would seem, for no janitor appeared, even after I had pulled the handle a second time.

I glanced through the open doors and saw at the further end of the hall a fire of logs smouldering on the hearth. The night was too tempting to be resisted by a bedraggled fellow such as I was at that moment. I boldly entered the hall and walked to the fire. After the lapse of a few minutes I even ventured to stir the smouldering logs into flame. While doing so I was awkward enough to dislodge one of the fire irons, and it fell with a crash upon the tiled hearth.

I waited breathless for the sound of feet upon the passage from the apartments on each side of the hall; but though the noise must, I know, have been heard all over the castle, no human being appeared. Looking around I noticed several articles of splendid furniture scattered about the mosaic on the pavement. On one of the seats lay a violin and its bow, and not far off there was a guitar.

In spite of the weird features of the place, I had sufficient courage to seat myself in front of the now blazing fire and my wet garments were soon sending off clouds of steam. I suppose it was the general sense of comfort that caused me to drop gently to sleep. How long I slept I cannot tell, but I know that I had a consciousness of being surrounded by a number of laughing people.

When I opened my eyes, however, and started from my seat, there was only a solitary figure in the hall.

What a figure it was that I saw in the half gloom that the flickering flame from the logs, now well nigh burnt out, fitfully illuminated!

A tall, absolutely fleshless creature in man's dress stood in the centre of the mosaic, transfixing me with small, piercing eyes that were as black as coals only when they were not blazing red like the same coals when they have been in the centre of a fire for half an hour. His hair fell in heavy, black locks from his forehead right over his shoulders, adding to the strangeness of his appearance. But what was the strangest about him was his hands. Such long, lean fingers I had never seen on any human being. They suggested the talons of a strange bird of prey; and the long, hooked nose of the figure did much to increase the impression produced by the sight of such hands.

"Your Excellency will pardon the intrusion of a belated stranger," said I, when I found words. "I am an Englishman, but I have lived in Italy for some years. I was passing through the woods to the village at the head of the valley when I was unfortunately caught in the storm. Reaching the castle of your Excellency, I took the liberty of pulling the bell twice; but, finding no response, I ventured, as mine was a pitiable case, to enter the hall to dry my garments. The pleasant warmth, doubtless, caused me to

But no sign did the man give to let me know that he understood me. He remained in the same position which he had occupied the first moment I had seen him.

"It is growing late, sir," I remarked uneasily—he stood between me and the doors. "May I take the liberty of inquiring to whom I am indebted for the timely shelter from the inclement storm?"

Some moments elapsed before he spoke.

"I am the Power," said he, also in Tuscan Italian. "I am the power after which all men strive—the power to stir the souls of all men in the world. I do with men what I please—I am master of the world."

I began to fear that the man was mad. Still, he did not speak like a lunatic. There was in his tone nothing of the confidential whisper in which a madman expresses his wildest hallucinatians to any one who takes him seriously.

"I fail, sir, to understand fully what is the exact title claimed by your Excellency," said I.

"I have had many titles given me since I first appeared in the world," he replied. "But I prefer being known as the Soul-mover. Men who were believed to be without souls have gone forth from my presence bearing undoubted testimony to my power as a Soul-mover."

I stared at him. His eyes shone red as the vent holes of a furnace. Then he smiled in a way that made me shudder. I had ceased to think of him as madman. His appearance as well as his words sent my thoughts in quite another direction.

"Whatever you may be, or whatever titles you may bear," I managed to stammer. "I owe you thanks for a timely shelter—for—for—the fire."

"The fire—the fire!" he cried and then he burst into the most awful laugh I had ever heard. "The fire—"

"I was wet to the skin when I entered," I said.

"And you thank me for the fire—for my fire. Good! You are more polite than many people who have made the acquaintance of the fire of which I am guardian. I am the master of the fire—the everlasting fire—do you understand?"

I fancied that I understood but too well. If my understanding had shown itself to be at all sluggish it would have received a jog forward by the smile that distorted his livid features as he spoke.

"Have you ever heard of the fire of what men call the Bottomless Pit?" he inquired in a whisper, taking a step toward me and pointing with one long, lean, talon-like hand to the mosaic of the pavement.

"I fancy I may have heard of it," I muttered, "What of that?"

"That is the fire which I kindle—that is the everlasting fire of which I have been made custodian. Do you believe me?"

"If you are the custodian of the fire," said I, gaining courage—for after a time I suppose one comes to regard the arch-fiend himself as a poor sort of thing—"you should not be believed. But even if you are what your appearance and your words—above all your smile—suggest you to be, your power is limited. You have no power over me. I am a Christian man."

"No power over you!" he cried. "There is no living man over whom I have not power. I play with your soul as a child plays with his ball. I mean to play with your soul before we part, my good friend."

"I defy you!" I cried. I felt my English blood hot in every vein. An Englishman in the early years of the century—after the battle of Trafalgar—an Englishman of the England of Nelson, not the degenerate land of today, was ready to defy the arch-fiend himself, nay, worse, Bonaparte. "I defy you," I continued. "You have no power over me."

"Brave words!" said he, with another awful laugh. "But the man does not exist over whom my everlasting fire—that fire which men call genius—has not power. For God's sake!—"

He sprang upon me without a word of warning and pinioned my arms, but only for a second. I had unconsciously been retreating from where I had originally stood, and, still keeping my eyes fixed upon that figure. I was in the act of stumbling over the bench on which the violin lay by the side of the guitar.

His sudden exclamation, quickly followed by his action, had prevented me from crushing the instruments. He was almost breathless as he pointed to them, the moment he had released my arms. I must confess that I also was breathless.

"Once more I am indebted to you," I said. "I would not for worlds have injured the fiddle, at least. I have as much affection for the humblest of the fiddle family as if it were a child."

"Only so much?" said he. "Ah, you are not an enthusiast."

"I once fancied that I was," I replied, picking up the instrument. The truth was that I was ready to seize the opportunity of keeping our conversation away from the gruesome channel in which it had previously

He handed me the bow very gracefully.

"You wish to hear me play? I shall have the greatest of pleasure in doing my best," said I, beginning to tune the violin. I felt that we were getting along much better than I had reasoned to believe we should from the early part of our conversation.

"I shall listen to you with—let us say, interest," said he; and he seated himself on the bench near the smouldering embers. The hall was by this time very dim, only now and again a little flame broke forth on the hearth, and sent a shivering flicker of ruddy light along the walls.

I finished the tuning of the strings and began to play my nocturne. The instrument was by far the best that I had ever had in my hand, and I astonished even myself by the brilliancy of my execution. I never played so well previous to that evening, and I have never played so well since. When the last delicate tones had dwindled away I glanced with pardonable pride toward my sole auditor.

He was lying on the bench convulsed with laughter.

I felt at that moment as though I could have killed the wretch. Was it to tempt this murderous impulse that he had encouraged me to play.

"A thousand pardons and a thousand thanks!" he cried, starting up. "I assured you that I should be interested, but I had no idea that I should be amused. Rarely, I give you my word, have I been so diverted."

"It was not meant to be diverting, sir," said I. "I have played you a nocturne of my own composition," I added promptly.

"Body of Bacchus!" he cried, "why did you not say you meant to be solemn? For want of so simple an explanation I have been misled. I believed that it was your intention to be humorous. But I have been diverted. It is delightful to hear the first attempts of an infant to express its little heart in words to reach heart of men."

"Perhaps," I said icily—for I had, I repeat, never played so well in my life. "Perhaps you will give me an example of the complete expression of the heart of man, as I have given you one of the lispings of an infant."

I handed him the violin with a satirical inclination of the body. He laughed again, but suddenly checked himself.

"I entreat your pardon," he said. "Let me beg of you to punish my rudeness by laughing also."

I smiled as I said, "Oh, no, no," but I made up my mind that if he was anxious for me to smile he should be gratified to the fullest extent before he had finished his performance.

"Yes," he murmured, holding the bow within an inch of the first string of the violin that was against his shoulder. "Yes, I think I know what your lispings meant to express. Is it this?"

The smile upon my face passed away before the first long note that he had sounded had ceased to vibrate. He had not raised the bow from the string; but that solitary note was worth more as an interpretation of the impassionate cry for rest—the rest brought by night—which I meant to embody in my nocturne than the whole composition. While that note sounded I heard the cry of the whole creation that traveleth waiting for the Rest in the consummation of God's premises.

Again he moved the bow and the wail went on. In a moment the dim hall was crowned with figures. I sat watching them in amazement. They were laughing together in groups. Lovely girls in ravishing dishevelment flung roses to the roof of the hall and the blooms breaking there sent a shower of rosy perfumed petals quivering and dancing like butterflies downward. Children ran to catch the falling flakes and clapped their hands.

Men, old and young, sang in varying harmonies, and at intervals of singing quaffed sparkling wine from cups of glass. Suddenly, as all were in the act of drinking, the goblets fell with a crash upon the pavement, and the red wine flowed like blood over the mosiac. When the crash of the glasses had sounded through the hall there was a moment of deathly silence, and then, far away, I could hear once more the distant wailing of a great multitude—it came closer and closer until men, women and children in the hall joined in that chorus of ineffable sadness—that cry of the world for the Rest which has been promised. They lay on the pavement before my eyes, wailing, wailing, wailing.

Silence followed.

The hall grew dark in a moment; I could not see anything even if my eyes had been dry. They were not dry. That sad wail had moved me as I had never before been moved. The darkness was stifling. I felt overwhelmed by it, but I could not stir. I remained bound to my seat by a spell that I could not break. But just as I felt myself struggling for breath a long ray of moonlight slipped silent the hall and the atmosphere became less dense. In a few minutes the hall

tle distance a fountain began to flash, and its sprrkling drops fell musically into the basin beneath the fantastic jets. All at once a nightingale burst into song among the branches of the tree. I listened rapt, drinking in the wonderful song that seemed to me the embodiment of tranquility—of a yearning satisfied. And as I listened there I breathed the delicate, dewy odors which seemed to come from the glossy leaves that hid the nightingale from sight.

I do not know how long I listened—how I tasted of the delight of that sensation of repose. I know that I was on my feet, straining to catch the last exquisite notes that seemed to dwindle into the moonlight, and to become absorbed in the silver rays, when I heard a voice that said:

"You have not laughed at my playing. You are very good. I did not think that you would laugh. I told you that I meant to play with your soul as a child plays with a ball. I kept my promise.

I looked in the direction whence the voice came, but the hall was almost in complete darkness. I could but dimly see a part of the outline of that tall figure, so fleshless that it seemed nothing more than a skeleton holding a violin—one of the grim figures of the spectres with the fiddle in the Dance of Death.

I went slowly backward until I reached the door. Then I turned and ran. I was among the trees in the wood before I heard the mocking laughter that rang through the soft air of the early night.

I fled through the wood, and in half an hour I got upon the track leading up the valley.

It was nearly midnight before I reached the inn where I was expected. In the spacious kitchen I sank down on a chair utterly exhausted.

"What, sir, are you ill?" cried a voice that I knew, the voice of an olive grower of Siena with whom I had become acquainted some months before.

"No," said I. "I am not ill, only tired, and—well, I shall never laugh again when I see a peasant cross himself passing certain woods which he believes to be haunted."

"In the name of heaven where have you been, sir?" whispered the man.

"I came upon a castle standing among the rocks some distance to the right of the valley," I replied. "Do you know of such a castle, my friend?"

"Certainly; it is most surely the castle of the Contessa," he replied.

"It is now in charge of the Fiend himself," said I. "He came upon me, and with his playing upon a fiddle that lay in the hall he took possession of my soul. My God! I scarcely feel free even now."

The olive merchant looked at me in a puzzling way for a few moments, then he burst into a laugh.

"I have heard that playing myself," he cried, "and it has taken hold upon my soul also; it does upon every soul that hears it. Sir, the Contessa has had a guest at her castle for the past year; his name is Signor Paganini."

The man lay back and roared with laughter, but it was some time before I could laugh, before I could realize that the greatest artist who had ever lived in the world had been playing for my benefit a part which he loved to assume.—To-Day.

Mourned Like a Human Being.

There is something pathetic about the account of the death of the female chimpanzee which Professor Garner brought from Southwest Africa. The names given by the professor to his friends were Aaron and Elishaba, and, much to his regret, Elishaba has fallen a victim to the severe English weather. She really died in the arms of poor Aaron, the male, who had been most assiduous in his attentions to his consort during the whole of her illness.

Professor Garner was present during the last moments of the chimpanzee, and when he put his hands to her heart to see if it had ceased to beat Aaron put his hand there too, looking up in the professor's eyes as if inquiring if that was all they could do for her. Aaron would not suffer his departed love to to be taken from him, and clung to her body with such tenacity that the professor was compelled to lay it down on its bed of straw, when the distressed husband released his hold. When Professor Garner visited his protege next day poor Aaron would not be consoled until he had his hand in that of the professor, and by sound and signs was telling him of his distress.

A Thoughtful Little Hero.

Douglas Eaton, the eight-year-old son of a New York minister, while playing in the street before his father's house, ran before a heavily loaded truck, and before the driver could prevent, the child was knocked down, and one of the wheels passed over his legs, crushing him terribly. The child was quickly picked up and conveyed into the house, while a surgeon was summoned, but as they were carrying him into the door, with rare forgetfulness of self, he exclaimed: "It was all my own fault. He tried to stop, but he

FITALITY OF ASIATIC NOMADS.

Spending a Night in the Tent of the Wild Herdsmen—Providing Their Own Meals—Kurdish Women.

TWO young American students, Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben, made a bicycle tour around the world immediately after their graduation. During their passage through Asiatic Turkey they celebrated the Fourth of July by climbing Mount Ararat—the first Americans to accomplish the feat. Their course lay through the grazing grounds of wild Kurdish herdsman, but they were provided with an escort of soldiers through the influence of a letter from the Grand Vizir. In the Century they give the following account of a night spent among the nomads:

The disk of the sun had already touched the western horizon when we came to the black tents of the Kurdish encampment, which at this time of the day presented a rather busy scene. The women seemed to be doing all the work, while their lords sat round on their haunches. Some of the women were engaged in milking the sheep and goats in an inclosure. Others were busy making butter in a churn which was nothing more than a skin vessel three feet long, of the shape of a Brazil nut, suspended from a rude tripod; this they swung to and fro to the tune of a weird Kurdish song. Behind one of the tents, on a primitive weaving machine, some of them were making tent roofing and matting, others still were walking about with a ball of wool in one hand and a distaff in the other, spinning yarn. The flocks stood round about, bleating and lowing, or chewing their cud in quiet contentment. All seemed very domestic and peaceful except the Kurdish dogs, which set upon us with loud, fierce growls and gnashing teeth.

Not so was it with the Kurdish chief, who by this time had finished reading the mutessarif's message, and who now advanced from his tent with salaams of welcome. As he stood before us in the glowing sunset, he was a rather tall, but well-proportioned man, with black eyes and dark mustache, contrasting well with his brown-tanned complexion. Upon his face was the stamp of a rather wild and retiring character, although treachery and deceit were by no means wanting. He wore a head-gear that was something between a hat and a turban, and over his baggy Turkish trousers hung a long Persian coat of bright-colored, large-figured cloth, bound at the waist by a belt of cartridges. Across the shoulders was slung a breech-loading Martini rifle, and from his neck dangled a heavy gold chain, which was probably the spoil of some predatory expedition. A quiet dignity sat on Ismail Deverish's stalwart form.

It was with no little pleasure that we accepted his invitation to a cup of tea. After our walk of nineteen miles, in which we had ascended from 3000 to 7000 feet, we were in fit condition to appreciate a rest. That Kurdish tent, as far as we were concerned, was a veritable palace, although we were almost blinded by the smoke from the green pine-branches on the smoldering fire. We said that the chief invited us to a cup of tea; so he did—but we provided the tea; and that, too, not only for our own party, but for half a dozen of the chief's personal friends. There being only two glasses in the camp, we of course had to wait until our Kurdish acquaintances had quenched their burning thirst. In thoughtful mood we gazed around through the evening twilight. Far away on the western slope we could see some Kurdish women plodding along under heavy burdens of pine-branches like those that were now fumigating our eyes and nostrils. Across the hills the Kurdish shepherds were driving home their herds and flocks to the tinkling of bells. All this, to us, was deeply impressive. Such peaceful scenes, we thought, could never be the haunt of warlike robbers. The flocks at last came home; the shouts of the shepherds ceased; darkness fell; and all was quiet.

One by one the lights in the tents broke out, like the stars above. As the darkness deepened, they shone more and more brightly across the amphitheater of the encampment. The tent in which we were now sitting was oblong in shape, covered with a mixture of goats' and sheep's wool, carded, spun, and woven by the Kurdish women. This tenting was all of a dark brown or black color. The various strips were badly joined together, allowing the snow and rain, during the stormy night that followed, to penetrate plentifully. A wicker-work fencing, about three feet high, made from the reeds gathered in the swamps of the Araxes River, was stretched around the bottom of the tent to keep out the cattle as well as to afford some little protection from the elements. This same material, of the same width or height, was used to partition off the apartments of the women.

Far from being veiled and shut up [illegible] ourselves surrounded by a concourse of these mountain beauties, who would sit and stare at us with their black eyes, call attention to our personal oddities, and laugh among themselves. Now and then their jokes at our expense would produce hilarious laughter among the men.

The dress of these women consisted of baggy trousers, better described in this country as "divided skirts," a bright-colored overskirt and tunic, and a little round cloth cap encircled with a band of red and black. Through the right lobe of the nose was hung a peculiar button-shaped ornament studded with precious stones. This picturesque costume well set off their rich olive complexions, and black eyes beneath dark-brown lashes.

There were no signs of an approaching evening meal until we opened our provision bag, and handed over certain articles of raw food to be cooked for us. No sooner were the viands entrusted to the care of our hosts, than two sets of pots and kettles made their appearance in the other compartments. In half an hour our host and friends proceeded to indulge their voracious appetites. When our own meal was brought to us some time after, we noticed that the fourteen eggs we had doled out had been reduced to six; and the other materials suffered a similar reduction, the whole thing being so patent as to make their attempt at innocence absurdly ludicrous. We thought, however, if Kurdish highway robbery took no worse form than this, we could well afford to be content.

Supper over, we squatted round a slow-burning fire, on the thick felt mats which served as carpets, drank tea and smoked the usual cigarettes. By the light of the glowing embers we could watch the faces about us and catch their horrified glances when reference was made to our intended ascent of Ak-Dagh, the mysterious abode of the jinn.

Before turning in for the night we reconnoitered our situation. The lights in all the tents, save our own, were now extinguished. Not a sound was heard, except the heavy breathing of some of the slumbering animals about us, or the bark of a dog at some distant encampment. The huge dome of Ararat, though six to eight miles further up the slope, seemed to be towering over us like some giant monster of another world. We could not see the summit, so far was it above the enveloping clouds. We returned to the tent to find that the zaptiehs had been given the best places and best covers to sleep in, and that we were expected to accommodate ourselves near the door, wrapped up in an old Kurdish carpet. Policy was evidently a better developed trait of Kurdish character than hospitality.

WISE WORDS.

Sham pleasures cost the most.

Life without love is living death.

Genius is a curse unless it loves truth.

It takes hard times to make some people thankful.

Courage is something that a coward can only imitate.

A stony heart and an iron will are a bad combination.

They can do the best work who know best how to rest.

The wicked are in the most danger when they feel the safest.

When we are good in the right way we are good for something.

Prudence and industry are the best safeguards against bad luck.

The best cross for us is the one that will soonest kill our selfishness.

Some men seem to have been made out of dust that had gravel in it.

There isn't gold enough in the world to make a discontented man rich.

The man who can smile and won't do it cheats others and robs himself.

The poor have a thousand joys that the money of the rich cannot purchase.

The man who worries is not a bit wiser than the one who burns down his house.

The worst pit of misfortune into which a man can fall is the one he digs himself.

No man ever finds fault with the spots on the moon when he finds out that he is lost in the woods.

The man who looks through prejudice is always ready to swear that there is something green in sunlight.

For a parent to punish a child in any other spirit than that of compassion for the offender, is to kill something good in both hearts.—Ram's Horn.

Surgical Diet.

What is known as a surgical diet is worth trying once in a while for the comfort of the stomach and the complexion. It includes milk and bread and butter, broiled beef, old mutton, eggs and prunes. Milk, butter and [illegible] are regarded as the best animal

THE TORPEDO WHICH SUNK THE WARSHIP AQUIDABAN.

The Invention of a United States Naval Officer—Method of Working the Deadly Machine.

RECENTLY from Brazil has come, in the sinking of the well-known battleship Aquidaban, an event that promises to shed more light upon the powers of the torpedo than all the experiments of the last two decades. The first news concerning the downfall of the Aquidaban was to the effect that the vessel was sunk by an auto-mobile torpedo, but the naval department has recently been led to the suspicion that it was not an auto-mobile, but a dirigible torpedo that did the effective work. That is to say, a torpedo that is operated and controlled from a base, instead of one which when launched relies upon its own mechanism for its subsequent action.

The affair accumulates special interest, not only to Americans but to Bostonians, for the only dirigible torpedo in the possession of the Government forces of Brazil was the invention of an officer now resident in Boston. The officer in question is Lieutenant N. J. L. T. Halpin, U. S. N.

A few words regarding this remarkable weapon. Not the least interesting thing concerning it is the fact that it is a torpedo but little known. It is the result of many years of study and experiment by its inventor, and is better known outside of this country than it is here. It has been used by at least three South American nations, although the Brazilians, as far as known, are the only ones who have subjected it to the conditions of actual war.

Unlike other torpedoes, the Halpine weapon is not destroyed after it is exploded and its mission is accomplished. Its explosive charge is separate, and after it is emitted by automatic means, the torpedo itself, which is operated by electricity, withdraws and returns to the operator. Herein is a merit that at once appeals to the economist. The explosive charge, which is in the form of a cartridge, costs but $9, and the torpedo itself being used over and over again, this is the only expense attending its use. Other forms of dirigible torpedo cost anywhere from $10,000 to $20,000 a shot, as they are themselves destroyed thereby.

The following is a brief description, not too technical, of the Halpine torpedo, which is in reality a hybrid, between a torpedo proper and a torpedo boat. In fact, it may be regarded in the latter light, as it is but the vessel carrying and discharging the deadly missile.

It is cigar-shaped, seventeen feet in length and two feet in diameter. It contains a storage battery of thirty-three cells, weighing 300 pounds, and from these is obtained the power which by means of a two horse-power motor, drives the screw propeller, which is brass, one foot in diameter, and is protected by a circular metallic guard. A balance rudder is also attached by which the torpedo is steered. In the forward end, pointed obliquely downward, is the chamber for the charge, which is 125 pounds of any high explosive, gelatine, dynamite or gun cotton. The charges furnished the weapon carried by the Nictheroy were wet gun cotton.

The cartridge is also cigar-shaped, four feet long and ten inches in diameter, and is inserted by the mere removal of a hand-hole plate on the top of the torpedo.

At the station occupied by the operator there is a battery of 160 dry cells, and communication is had with the torpedo after it is launched by means of an extremely fine and carefully insulated wire, which is rolled on a reel inside the torpedo as the latter advances. All the operator has to do is to watch the torpedo travel through the water, its progress being observed by means of two tiny masts upon it, and by means of a switchboard he can cause it to advance or retreat, or pursue any path he wishes. He can also discharge the cartridge, but there is likewise an automatic method of doing this upon impact with the vessel attacked.

The operation of the torpedo presents some very interesting features. Projecting from the front of the torpedo is a spar, with an arrow-head, and automatically released arms. When this comes in contact with any resisting object, the cartridge is released and advances toward the object. By means of an ingenious system of springs and clutches, the cartridge upon being released, dives down and then ascends, describing a curved path, concave upward. Thus the torpedo nets with which most of the battleships are provided, would not avail, as the spar would meet the net while the cartridge would dive down beneath it and then proceed direct to the vessel's hull.

The same act of impact that discharges the cartridge also reverses the motor in the torpedo, which rapidly recedes and returns to its base, to be again charged, if needed, and again sent out on its mission of destruction.

The Halpin torpedo has some mer- [illegible] power does not suffer by being stored or delayed, and it is not of such a nature as to be in itself a source of danger to those handling it; it can be loaded with the facility of a breech-loading rifle; should it be captured, the operator can make it destroy itself by exploding the charge within it.

The American officers of the Nictheroy, who returned to this country about a week ago, speak in high terms of this torpedo, and they incline to the belief that its many advantages offset its lack of simplicity. However complex it may be, experiments held with it indicate that it is quite as reliable as any other kind of dirigible torpedo. The one on the Nictheroy, indeed, had already been used, and its cartridges discharged with success over fifty times.—Boston Herald.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Dwarfing trees is a fine art in Japan.

The photograph was recently put to use as a witness in a London damage suit.

Next to the lion and tiger the jaguar is the largest member of the cat family.

Twenty-eight big ocean passenger steamships belong to the British auxiliary navy.

The people of England and America average taller than any other representatives of the human family.

The Pennsylvania Hospital, in Philadelphia, is the oldest hospital in the United States. It was built in 1875.

A copy of the first Chinese dictionary, made by Chinese scholars in the year 1109 B. C., is still preserved at Pekin.

The tambourine is a combination of the drum and rattle. It is found represented on Egyptian monuments 2000 B. C.

A small boy at McCool, Neb., caught two catfish in the Blue River. Their combined weight is reported as thirty-two pounds.

The largest artificial stone in the world forms the base of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, Bedloe Island, New York Harbor.

In New Zealand there are miles upon miles of forests of kauri trees, which average over 200 feet in height and fifty feet in girth.

The oldest epitaph in England is found in a country churchyard in Oxfordshire, dated 1370. Its obsolete language is almost unintelligible.

The germ of the trumpet, and all instruments of the trumpet family, was the cow's horn, used by savages as a signal to furnish a noise at their feasts.

A very large American eagle has been killed at Landers, Col., after making havoc among the lambs thereabouts. It weighed fourteen pounds and measured eight feet from tip to tip.

H. H. Piper, a painter, fell from the steeple of St. Mary's Convent, in St. Louis, and suffered no other injury than a scratched cheek, although the fall was sixty feet and Piper weighs 175 pounds.

A rainbow trout weighing six pounds and twelve ounces dressed was caught by George Plummer at Melrose, Wis., the other day. This is said to be the largest fish of the sort ever caught in Wisconsin.

The Laconia (N. H.) State Fish Hatchery will turn out about 1,200,000 trout fry this year. New Hampshire doesn't propose to lose the summer boarding trade if plenty of trout can avert such a misfortune.

In 1745 Dr. Watson stretched a wire across the Thames, in England, and sent an electric shock through it from one observer to another. He was accused of witchcraft and had much trouble in proving his innocence.

There are six continents: Europe, Asia, Africa, North America, South America and Australia. Some geographers say that there are only five continents, giving Europe and Asia as one continent; but the number first given is the usual number.

The Question of Ivory.

The ivory question is important, because ivory is the wealth of the slave trader far more than are his slaves. Ivory is now found almost exclusively in the Congo State. The elephant is exterminated in Uganda and in Nyasaland. Some 500 tons of ivory reach London yearly, but the supply is decreasing. It is estimated that 75,000 elephants are being killed every year, and, if this is true, even the Congo herds cannot long survive such slaughter.

It is generally agreed that, as the she-elephant has only one calf every two or three years, the destruction is going on much faster than the breeding. Meanwhile it is to be remembered that ivory is essentially a slave trade product, and comes from the lands of Tippoo Tib. The sale of arms and ammunition must be prevented from all sides. The sale of spirits of-

My morning, smiling from the kiss of night!
Your other lover greets you. Left and right
The air's a-twitter in the sunshine bold,
The air is praying in the shadowy wold.
Sole lord am I of all this realm of sight,
These swinging meadow sweeps, this proud delight
Of ranking hills, these clouds just out of fold.
Stoutly the sturdy road beneath my feet
Rings me a morning welcome. Rise, my soul,
The benediction of the sky to meet.
Sound, color, fragrance, freshness—mine the whole;
Mine to receive, and haply mine to give;
A kingly day, and kingly must I live.
—Amos R. Wells, in Harper's Weekly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Man's self-conceit is one thing that he cannot hide under a bushel.—Galveston News.

The man who works his jaw never has time to labor at any useful occupation.—Boston Gazette.

Some women forget half they know, especially when it comes to telling their ages.—Statesman.

There is much tenderness in this seemingly cruel world, but the butcher rarely finds it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is reported that the Yale students are about to petition for optional prayers and compulsory baseball.—Life.

First Dear Girl—"How did you like my singing?" Second Dear Girl—"Singing is not the name for it."—Hallo.

It does not make much difference how poor a man's penmanship may be so long as it is honored at the bank.—Hartford Journal.

A—"Hello, Charlie! Moustache cut off, I see. What did you have that done for?" B—"Fifteen cents."—Harvard Lampoon.

He—"Do you know, I think you are a most singular girl?" She (coyly)—"I assure you it isn't from choice."—New York World.

Bill—"What did they throw the policeman down the well for?" Jeff—"I guess they wanted to put a copper bottom on it."—Detroit Free Press.

If women would extend one-half the charity to each other that they accord to men such a thing as a wicked women would be as rare as a truly good man.—Milwaukee Journal.

Beaver (jocosely)—"I wonder why you hard-headed Westerm men wear soft hats?" Slouch—"And I wonder why—er—Eastern fellows wear hard hats?"—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

Muller—"You always said you would not marry except for beauty, yet your fiancee is not even good-looking." Schulze—"The beauty is in her bank account."—Kladderadatsch.

Lemon-colored hair is promised as a new fad among London beauties, many of whom have already adopted it. It may be classed among the lemon aids to complexion.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Girl (weeping)—"I'm so sorry you have to go on the road again. It almost breaks my heart." Drummer—"Don't cry, Fanny; I'll manage to pick up another girl somewhere."—Texas Siftings.

"Is Spooney's wife a nice housekeeper?" "Well, I should say so. Why, he has to keep a private detective to watch his clothes so he can tell where to find them. She's so tidy."—Chicago Tribune.

He—"I don't think I ever saw a brighter face than yours, Miss Clara." She—"Do you think so?" He—"Yes, indeed. Why, if you didn't say a word, people would think you awfully clever."—Brooklyn Life.

Ethel—"Why are you always complaining because I have other admirers?" George—"Oh, if you wish to make a syndicate of yourself, I suppose I mustn't growl. Good evening."—Boston Home Journal.

"Madam," begged the tramp, "I am a man who has seen better days—" "Then you must be hard to suit in the matter of weather," replied the woman of the house, shutting the door in his face.—Chicago Tribune.

She—"Yes, Carrie evidently thinks Harry is superior to all mankind. She is forever talking about him. She lauds him to the sky." He—"That is to say, she sets her beau of promise in the heavens."—Boston Transcript.

"I don't like that little moon," said Jay to her brother, as she looked out of her grandmamma's window at the small crescent in the Western sky. "No, nor I," said Jack. "I like the round O moon we had at home two weeks ago."—Newport News.

"Poor man!" exclaimed the sympathetic woman. "Have you really tried to get employment?" "Yes'm," replied Meandering Mike. "And without success?" "Intirely. For three solid days I've tramped the streets [illegible]

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Looks to his own interest, and how to make hard times easy. The way to do this is to go to
A. D. BARLOW'S
Wholesale and Retail Store at
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where he is selling flour at cost and carriage. Note the following prices:

XX	@	$2.60
Nickle Plate(good family)		3.00
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While getting your flour you can get feed, salt, fertilizer, and farming implements of all kinds at correspondingly low prices.

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Cash Capital $100,000.00.

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General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

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ROOFING Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be had by anybody; shipped every where.

PAINT red and black for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts

see the old man.'

'Do you think he's in a trance?' I asked as I got down.

'He may be. It's like this: When he can't have his way 'bout things, he threatens to die. This mawnin' we had a row, and he threw himself down on the airth to expire. He's bin lyin' out thar six hours, eyes turned up, and mouth open, and I'm beginin' to get a little skeered. It's the longest he ever laid around.'

I found the man under a tree back of the house. His fingers were clutched, his mouth open, and his eyes rolled back, but he didn't look at all like a dead man. I bent over him and felt his heart beating and his pulse going good and strong, and said to the wife;

'He appears to be stone dead, but perhaps hot water will will restore the spark of life. Bring out the tea kettle full of boiling water, and pour the contents over him,'

'Yes, I reckon he'e gone for good, but we'll try it,' she replied, as she entered the house.

She was scarcely inside when the dead man opened his eyes, scrambled to his feet, and said to me in a whisper:

"Stranger, I'm 50 y'ars ole, and hev met a mean man regularly every day sense I was born, but of all the dog goned mean men I ever met, I never come across one so pizen mean as yo'ar! It's bin which and t'other between me and the ole woman fur the last year, and jist as I had her skeered to death and ready to git down and ax me to boss, the roost' yo' cum 'long and split it all and gin her new hopes and ambishuns. Say you ought to be bit to death by polecats!'

He shook his fist at me and dodged into the brush, and when she came out with the teakettle he was nowhere to be seen. She put down the kettle and extended her hand. I grasped it and turned away to resume my journey. A quarter of a mile below the house some one rolled a big rock down the hillside at me, but it was a miss.—*M Quad.*

They Will Run After the Men.

"Women cannot leave the men alone," says a writer in *All the Year Round.* "That war-cry of theirs, 'Whatever a man can do a woman can,' is pregnant with meaning of which they themselves appear to be unconscious. whatever a man does they no—chiefly because a man is doing it. If a man did not do it, they would not do it either. They crowd the risks entertainments bucause the men are there. They read and write the suggestive books because their first and foremost theme is invariably the relations of the sexes. They play masculine games merely because they are masculine. I would venture on something of the nature of a prophetic utterance. It is this. If every man were to leave off playing golf to morrow, there would not be a female golf-player left in England in a month. Heaven knows that there are a good many of them just now! Where the men lead the women follow. The 'dear creatures,' as the old-time 'bucks' used to have it, always did run after the men; it seemes that just now they are running after them a little harder than ever they did. That, from the social point of view, is the Alpha and Omega of the cry of the 'independent' women; that is not seldom the meaning of 'women's rights.' It is the right of a woman not to be far away from a man."

It has been so long since any Republican paper could consistently suggest any species of legislation for state unless to do that now, since they have sheared an Elkinsian accidental opportunity, that they have directed and demanded the making of new laws and amending of old ones in numbers sufficient to keep the legislature busy

quired so to do by Regina R. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court-house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1837, said deed or patent numbered 13031.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber.

LEVI GAY, Trustee.

ANDREW PRICE, Attorney
Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

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but it applies, nevertheless, as our experience has proven that there is only profit in trade when our customers are pleased. We take a personal pleasure in our business and derive a profit therefrom, but we also take a real pleasure in suiting our customers and thereby contributing to their profit.

Every body advertises

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And people are so accustomed to this old and time honored phrase, that it does not raise much excitement now but it applies to the line of gooks that I am now handlidg with as much force as ever.

I am Literally Crowded with Bargains!

Would I dare to advertise the following prices if they were not low—

Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs. for one silver dollar.

Men's all wool cassimere suits, $7 50, value $15 00.

Men's all wool Kersey suits, $5 value, $8 75.

Good Heavy Blankets $1 15 pr.

Arbuckle Coffee 25c.

Calicoes 5c per yd.

Cassimeres, Henriettas, Flannels etc., 18c up.

Cloaks! Ladies Cloaks!

In endless variety; all latest styles, $3 00 to $17 00.

Capes! Ladies' Capes!

A beautiful assortment in fur trimmed, all shades in latest styles,

Clothing! Overcoats!

A most complete line in Youth's and Children's clothing and overcoats.

Remember these goods were bought for cash very low and we are satisfied with a small margin of profit.

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Just received a beautiful line of

Ladies Trimmed Hats

Also felt hats, frames and trimming.

I will make it to your advantage to trade with me.

To all purchasers of $10 worth of goods at one time, for cash, I will make a present of a fine framed picture, worth $2.00

I have some very special bargains and presents for first customers on Monday mornings.

I have a very large line of boots in every style, suitable for this trade, which I will sell at cost and carriage on Wednesdays of each week,

Please come in on Wednesdays for these bargains in boots.

Just think of it, a pair of heavy winter boots

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1.00
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lodging .. 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

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THE BEST!

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ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

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PRICES low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,

Breaking a Trance.

A woman stood at the door as I rode up to the humble mountain cabin, and after we had passed the time of day and I had quenched my thirst she inquired:

"Stranger be yo' doctor 'nuff to tell when a man's dead?"

'Yes; I think I am.'

'Well, I'd like yo' to cum in and see the old man.'

'Do you think he's in a trance?' I asked as I got down.

'He may be. It's like this: When he can't have his way 'bout things, he threatens to die. This mawnin' we had a row, and he threw himself down on the airth to expire. He's bin lyin' out thar six hours, eyes turned up, and mouth open, and I'm beginin' to get a little skeered. It's the longest he ever laid around.'

I found the man under a tree back of the house. His fingers were clutched, his mouth open, and his eyes rolled back, but he didn't look at all like a dead man. I bent over him and felt his heart beating and his pulse going good and strong, and said to the wife;

'He appears to be stone dead, but perhaps hot water will will restore the spark of life. Bring out the tea kettle full of boiling water, and pour the contents over him.'

'Yes, I reckon he'e gone for good, but we'll try it,' she replied, as she entered the house.

She was scarcely inside when the dead man opened his eyes, scrambled to his feet, and said to me in a whisper:

"Stranger, I'm 50 y'ars ole, and hev met a mean man regularly every day sense I was born, but of all the dog goned mean men I ever met, I never come across one so pizen mean as yo'ar! It's bin which and t'other between me and the ole woman fur the last year, and jist as I had her skeered to death and ready to git down and ax me to boss, the roost' yo' cum 'long and split it all and giv her new hopes and ambishuns. Say you ought to be bit to death by polecats!'

He shook his fist at me and dodged into the brush, and when she came out with the teakettle he was nowhere to be seen. She put down the kettle and extended her hand. I grasped it and turned away to resume my journey. A quarter of a mile below the house some one rolled a big rock down the hillside at me, but it was a miss.—*M Quad.*

They Will Run After the Men.

"Women cannot leave the men alone," says a writer in *All the Year Round*. "That war-cry of theirs, 'Whatever a man can do a woman can,' is pregnant with meaning of which they themselves appear to be unconscious. whatever a man does they no—chiefly because a man is doing it. If a man did not do it, they would not do it either. They crowd the risks entertainments bucause the men are there. They read and write the suggestive books because their first and foremost theme is invariably the relations of the sexes. They play masculine games merely because they are masculine. I would venture on something of the nature of a prophetic utterance. It is this. If every man were to leave off playing golf to morrow, there would not be a female golf-player left in England in a month. Heaven knows that there are a good many of them just now! Where the men lead the women follow. The 'dear creatures,' as the old-time 'bucks' used to have it, always did run after the men; it seemes that just now they are running after them a little harder than ever they did. That, from the social point of view, is the Alpha and Omega of the cry of the 'independent' women; that is not seldom the meaning of 'women's rights.' It is the right of a woman not to be far away from a man."

It has been so long since any Republican paper could consistently suggest any species of legislation for state ssions to do that now, since they have secured an Elkinsian accidental opportunity, that they have directed and demanded the making of new laws and amending of old ones in numbers sufficient to keep the legislature busy for 365 days.—*Morgantown Dominion.*

PATTERSON SIMMONS.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer ... Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

☞TIMES OFFICE for Job-work.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 29th day of October, 1892, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 23, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina R. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court-house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1837, said deed or patent numbered 13031.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber.

LEVI GAY, Trustee.

ANDREW PRICE, Attorney

Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

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The splendid popular triumph for the cause of protection opens up a new chapter, and one of the most interesting in the history of the coudtry. It has carried west virginia into the column of protection, and produced a revolution in the politics of the State. There will be new and important developments by reason of the great victory of 1894 developments that will have a decided influence on the Presidential campaign of 1896 and the WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER will follow them closely in all their details. In west virginia the WHEELING INTELLIGENCER is the recognized leader of the cause of protection ane State development

All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the INTELLIGENCER'S telegraphic columns.

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INTELLIGENCER PUBLISHING CO.,

SHAKESPEARE

Wrote

"No profit grows,
Where is no pleasure ta'en."

Probably the immortal bard had no direct reference to my business when he penned these simple lines but it applies, nevertheless, as our experience has proven that there is only profit in trade when our customers are pleased. We take a personal pleasure in our business and derive a profit therefrom, but we also take a real pleasure in suiting our customers and thereby contributing to their profit.

Every body advertises

"The Cheapest Goods ever Sold in the County."

And people are so accustomed to this old and time honored phrase, that it does not raise much excitement now but it applies to the line of gooks that I am now handlidg with as much force as ever.

I am Literally Crowded with Bargains!

Would I dare to advertise the following prices if they were not low—

Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs. for one silver dollar.

Men's all wool cassimere suits, $7 50, value $15 00.

Men's all wool Kersey suits, $5 value, $8 75.

Good Heavy Blankets $1 15 pr.

Arbuckle Coffee 25c.

Calicoes 5c per yd.

Cassimeres, Henriettas, Flannels etc., 18c up.

Cloaks! Ladies Cloaks!

In endless variety; all latest styles, $3 00 to $17 00.

Capes! Ladies' Capes!

A beautiful assortment in fur trimmed, all shades in latest styles.

Clothing! Overcoats!

A most complete line in Youth's and Children's clothing and overcoats.

Remember these goods were bought for cash very low and we are satisfied with a small margin of profit.

EVERYTHING IN QUEENSWARE, AND TINWARE. JAPAN AND GRANITE-WARE.

Just received a beautiful line of

Ladies Trimmed Hats

Also felt hats, frames and trimming.

I will make it to your advantage to trade with me.

To all purchasers of $10 worth of goods at one time, for cash, I will make a present of a fine framed picture, worth $2.00

I have some very special bargains and presents for first customers on Monday mornings.

I have a very large line of boots in every style, suitable for this trade, which I will sell at cost and carriage on Wednesdays of each week,

Please come in on Wednesdays for these bargains in boots.

Just think of it, a pair of heavy winter boots FOR $1 50

Don't forget the place West End of Bridge,

yours for business

P. GOLDEN.

THE press has been summing up the memorable events of the year just ended. 1894 will be a great year in the histories yet to be written. A change in the rulers of several nations has been made. The death of the Czar, the assassination of President Carnot, of France, the retirement of Gladstone from leadership in British politics, the resignation of Caprivi in Germany, the accession of the first President of Brazil elected by the people, the deaths of the President of Colombia, and of the Sultan of Morocco, are events that affect the destinies of millions. The great Asiatic war has been raging, one of the greatest of modern history. At the present time it either means that the immense Chinese nation must be conquered by a vastly inferior country, or else recover lost ground by means of the bloodiest struggle the world has ever seen. Other foreign events are: "The adoption of a revised constitution, with universal suffrage, in Belgium; the formation of a constitutional republic in Hawaii; the general elections in Norway; the revival of the federation movement in the Australian colonies; the completion and opening of the great Manchester ship canal; the terrible tax riots in Sicily; the outrages in Armenia; the bomb-throwing by Anarchists in Spain, France, and Italy." At home we all know what a political upheaval came on us at the last election. The country went by the board to the Republicans. The "Solid South" was broken. The land-slide in our own State affected us worst of all. Right triumphed, though, in New York when Tammany Hall was placed on the retired list, and the perjured election officer was convicted for making false returns. The death-list is large. Louis Kossuth, Senators Colquit, Vance, and Stockbridge, Governor Curtin, General Banks, Robert C. Winthrop, Oliver Wendell Holmes, De Lesseps, Doctor Brown-Sequard, the Comte de Paris, Rubinstein, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, David Dudley Field, George W. Childs, and dozens of other names as familiar whose spheres lay in missions of public life, science, music, art, literature, law, clergy, or educational pursuits. We have put the old year behind us, many without a thought. What awaits in the new?

West Virginia Cirtificates.—The Farmer's Loan and Trust Company of New York announced that on December 31st, it will be ready to issue its receipts for Virginia preferred certificates issued under the acts of 1879, 1882 and 1892 as West Virginia's appropriation of the debt. The company has now $10,000,000 of preferred certificates issued under the act of 1871, for which it has issued its receipts. The preferred certificates are held by a New York syndicate, of which President Fahnestock, of the First National Bank of that city, is the head. This syndicate has tried for a long time to effect a settlement with West Virginia, but has never succeeded. There are about $7,000,000 or $8,000,000 of these certificates outstanding in addition to those held by the syn-

Written for the Times.

An Obituary Notice.

"I remember," said Colonel Saunders, as well as if it were yesterday, Major Johnson in his 'young buck' days when he was able to swell around our county, not being encumbered with any of his family connections. He came from Texas about that time, and nobody was kin to him in our whole county, so he was a pretty big bug. I suppose if he had had even one far off cousin that cousin's record would have settled him where he belonged, for we knew what the folks of our county had done or been for a hundred years back. He was just Mr. Johnson then and it wasn't until he was nominated for sheriff that he became an officer. Lawyer Hill he up and nominated him at the big convention in 1876, and he says, 'I nominate Major James Johnson, of Hickory Hollow, for sheriff of Pickenpaugh County.' Every body heard it, and it was Major Johnson from that time on. He was elected sheriff but resigned it in two months, saying he hadn't much property, but he had too 'all-fired' much to fool with sheriffalty.

"But this story is getting on too fast. When Jim Johnson first came to Pickenpaugh County that Christmas to spend the holidays with Captain Selby's boys, who were going to school at Hamden Sydney, learning to read and write, he had no idea of ever staying here all his life. But when he came home with the boys and saw Lucy Selby, he got badly struck. He was a very brash young fellow of about twenty-one, and just lit in to court Lucy for all he was worth. But the very first jump Lucy brought him up sudden, and she held her head up and give it to him from the other side, and Jim got mad and sulky. Then Lucy said something to him in the softest kind of voice, and here was Jim trying to say all sorts of nice things to her again, till she called him down once more, and finally Jim was so much gone that he did not know which end was up.

"He went back to school and wrote her a letter, but no answer ever came. The Selby boys got the measles and went home before the year was up. Jim had to do some quick thinking as to how he would ever see Lucy again. Before the boys went he asked them to find him a place out here. Lucy looked pleased as anything when the boys told her that Jim was going to locate out here and clerk fos old man Mosely down in Hickory Hollow, about ten miles from where they lived. Then she got to thinking about it and she got that mad thinking Jim wanted to flirt with the little country girl that she determined she would show him a thing or two.

"Jim came right along but the funny part was that he would't go to see the Selby's at all. This got Lucy awful bad. She couldn't figure it out nohow, and it made her sort of pale and solemn looking. She was beginning to look like a grown up young lady, too. Before Jim came she used to go and see Helen Mosely every little while, but she didn't go there for most a year, waiting for Jim to come to see her. Finally she just had to go, and the day she came Jim walked right into the parlor where she was by herself. They had been thinking about each other for nigh onto eighteen months every day, and when she saw Jim come in looking so neat and handsome she began to cry, and Jim, he wasn't the sort that waited very long about anything, so he just put his arms around her, and she

lot of land and notes and bonds, like all storekeepers do who don't make assignments. Eight years had gone by, and Lucy would only let him come to see her once in a long while, and Jim was about thirty and Lucy was pretty near twenty-five. Lucy wanted to get married but didn't know to fix the time, and all that time she had been putting the wedding off from time to time until Jim was clear worn out.

"Finally he hit on a plan. When he went to Baltimore to buy goods in 1877, he fixed up a telegram to Hickory Hollow: 'Major Johnson, of your town, died from the effects of sunstroke to-day,' and signed it with the name of a wholesale firm. He wanted to see his obituary notice when he got back in the *County Citizen*. The editor was a great friend of his and he guessed he would lay it on strong. Then he went and got biling drunk for the first time in his life, and told Tom Foster, a merchant of the county-seat, what he had done. Foster wired to the editor of the *County Citizen* about it and told him to do Jim up. This telegram came the same time a long obituary notice was received from Jim's pastor.

"The editor decided to hang the pastor's contribution on the hook, and write one himself, and so gained the love and esteem of that good man for the rest of his days.

"This is the obituary notice," said Colonel Saunders, giving us a cutting which is as follows:

"It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Major James Johnson, of Hickory Hollow, from sunstroke, in Baltimore, on the 26th inst. Alas, too often are men called hither without having made due preparation for the change that awaits them. In many respects Major Johnson was a model citizen. He has always paid his taxes. If he has ever caused any suffering among his poor customers, it was on the side of the law, which upheld him in every thing he did. If he has ever been remiss in perfect fairness in his dealings with other men, he simply fought the world with the world's weapon's. Of the dead let good be spoken. If nature gave him a disposition unworthy of the gallant merchant of Hickory Hollow, he was not to blame, and his praiseworthy endeavors to conceal it must be commended. Oh! let the young readers of the CITIZEN take warning from the sad fate of Major Johnson. Let them lead honest and upright lives, loved and not feared. Let them be wise in their day and generation. And as they hear of the untimely end of our friend, let them resolve to "taste not, touch not, handle not." Peace to his ashes."

"Well, there was a stew about it you can imagine. Jim was one of the most popular men we had, and the editor was in danger of becoming a social outcast. Lucy Selby like to have had a conniption fit. Jim put in his appearance pretty soon looking sour. Lucy, like a good woman, to show she believed in Jim when he was reviled, married him before the next issue of the paper came out. But if you want to make Major Johnson feel bad, ask him about his obituary notice."

An Embarrassing Fix.—A story is told of a young man in Randolph county that might have been serious instead of ludicrous. He paid a visit to his best girl, and while getting out of the buggy both suspender buttons of the rear of his trousers gave way. To prevent embarrassment a couple of matches were substituted for the treacherous

HICKS, the weather prophet, says that the same general weather of this month will continue until the end of February. He predicted the colder wave that struck us on the 4th. He predicts a bad storm this week, 9th, 10th, and 11th. Plenty of snow or rain. The next storm will be on the 13th and 14th. Then a long storm from the 17th to the 26th, within which comes an accentuated lot of weather called a Vulcan period from the 18th to the 21st. About the 28th it will be warmer, and then we will have a bitter cold time about the 29th. The 30th will be warmer. According to Mr. Hicks the Earth does not live on friendly terms with the other planets, and whenever they come about her she either tries to freeze them out, or kicks up a storm of wind, rain, or hail. These he calls disturbances. We are the sufferers. Even the moon who has to follow th earth is able to make it very ur pleasant for her. Jupiter is a big, overbearing fellow, and when he comes idling along there is a disagreeable time. Mars is a man of no refinement and being a man of blood, he jars on the feelings of Mother Earth. Mercury is a sharp sort of a peddler and not a desirable visitor. You all know that Venus would not be a very nice caller. Mother Earth won't associate with her. Saturn is a cold, reserved sort of a fellow, and he does the earth no good. If it were not for this meddling tribe we would have a glorious time, except, maybe, we would have nothing to stir up a rain, and that would be awkward. These planets cause what we call the weather. This is an elementary fact. So we may wish after this when we are caught out in a storm that either we or the planets had staid at home.

BEFORE this paper is published again, the State Legislature will have met and the Democratic members will have commenced to put in their time as faithful representatives of their constituents. Woe betide them if any of them be unable to put away from their hearts the good of the country, as they see it. It had been better they had never been elected. They will be a lonesome, lonely set. The *personnel* of the body is not such as the Republican party would have made it had they known their success was to be so sure. The class elected is referred to as a rule as "our State Solons," a term that has grown trite as applied to legislative bodies. A more suggestive name is that applied to them by the great Republican leaders of the State who call them "hoodlums." A prominent feature of the next few months in Charleston will be the leading Republicans of the State whipping into line the Republican Legislature. The work proposed already will take all year to be done, unless a Republican Legislature works more silently and expeditiously than their Democratic brethren are wont to do.

THE largest sugar factory in the world is at Culmsee in Prussia.

BALLOONS IN WAR.

AIR SHIPS VALUABLE IN MILITARY OPERATIONS.

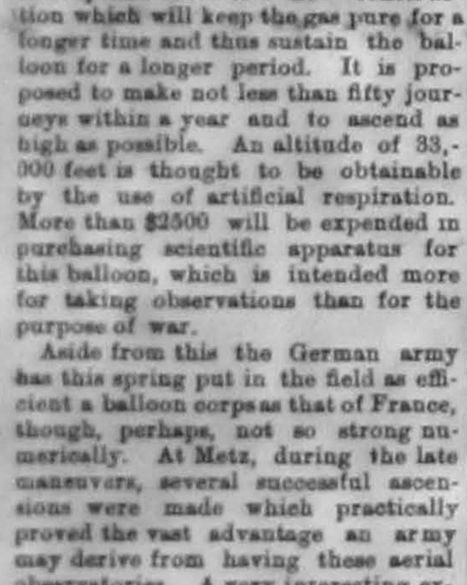
What Europeans Have Accomplished —A Balloon as Big as a Four-Story House — United States War Balloons.

TO have an effective balloon corps fully equipped and ready to take the field in case of war at a moment's notice is now regarded by all the great European powers as a matter of vital importance. Even in the United States is the question being discussed with a great deal of interest. Everything tends to show that if there is one branch of modern warfare, or rather, perhaps, strategy, which is likely to be watched with keen interest during the next war it will be that of military ballooning. It is generally conceded that France has made the greatest strides toward perfection in this line, though the world at large has not been permitted to know the exact results of its latest experiments. There is a great deal of secrecy about the establishment of Meudon, where the Government Parc d'Aerostation is situated. France has been and is spending a great deal of money in perfecting an absolutely faultless dirigible balloon, one that can be moved in any direction at the will of the aeronaut irrespective of the direction of the wind. The French experts declare that their war balloon, the "General Meusnier," attained a speed of twenty-eight miles an hour and could be guided with utmost ease to any given point. However, since no outsiders were allowed to witness the wonderful performance, it might be a trifle exaggerated.

The German Emperor does not propose to let his warlike neighbor monopolize this feature of army equipment. He has just presented to the German Society for Promotion of Aerial Navigation for the advancement of this science the sum of 50,000 marks. This is to be applied for the construction and equipment of a giant balloon. This balloon will be as high as a four-story house. It will be fifty-six feet in diameter and will contain not less than 2530 cubic meters of gas. It will be made of Egyptian cotton stuff and will be coated with vulcanized gum, a substance which is considered superior to varnish.

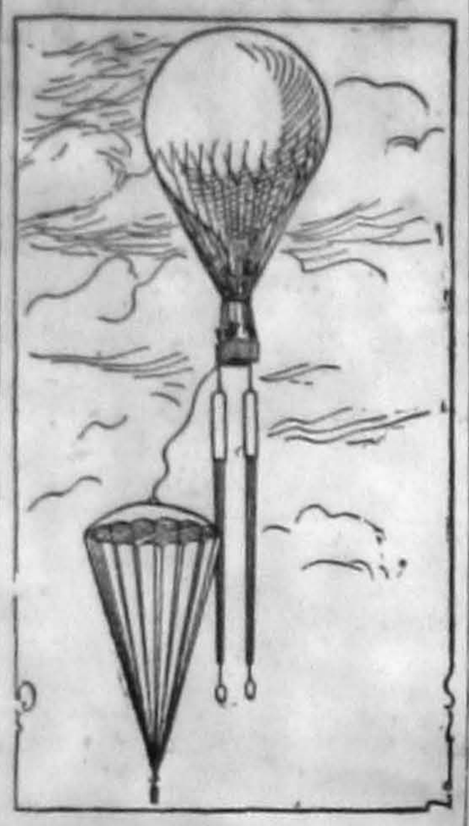
A very interesting feature of this monster balloon will be the provision of a special valve of a new construction which will keep the gas pure for a longer time and thus sustain the balloon for a longer period. It is proposed to make not less than fifty journeys within a year and to ascend as high as possible. An altitude of 33,000 feet is thought to be obtainable by the use of artificial respiration. More than $2500 will be expended in purchasing scientific apparatus for this balloon, which is intended more for taking observations than for the purpose of war.

Aside from this the German army has this spring put in the field as efficient a balloon corps as that of France, though, perhaps, not so strong numerically. At Metz, during the late maneuvers, several successful ascensions were made which practically proved the vast advantage an army may derive from having these aerial observatories. A very interesting experiment was also made to show that the balloons can, in an emergency, supply the want of bridges. A good-sized balloon was supplied with a large number of ropes dangling from its side. One of these was seized by a soldier, who was carried across the river in the twinkling of an eye. As soon as he had landed he fastened the end of a line securely, after which the balloon was hauled forward and back, and in less than no time transferred a battalion from one side to another.



TRANSPORTING GAS ALONG THE COAST.

A new air torpedo, to be used in balloon warfare, is the invention of a Frenchman, who has disposed of his patent to the Russian Government. The inventor claims to be able to direct this with as much accuracy as that of a submarine torpedo. It has a carrying capacity of nearly 1000 pounds of explosives. The discharge is of velous rapidity either as it emerges from the clouds or springs unseen above the smoke of battle to let fall its missiles of destruction when least



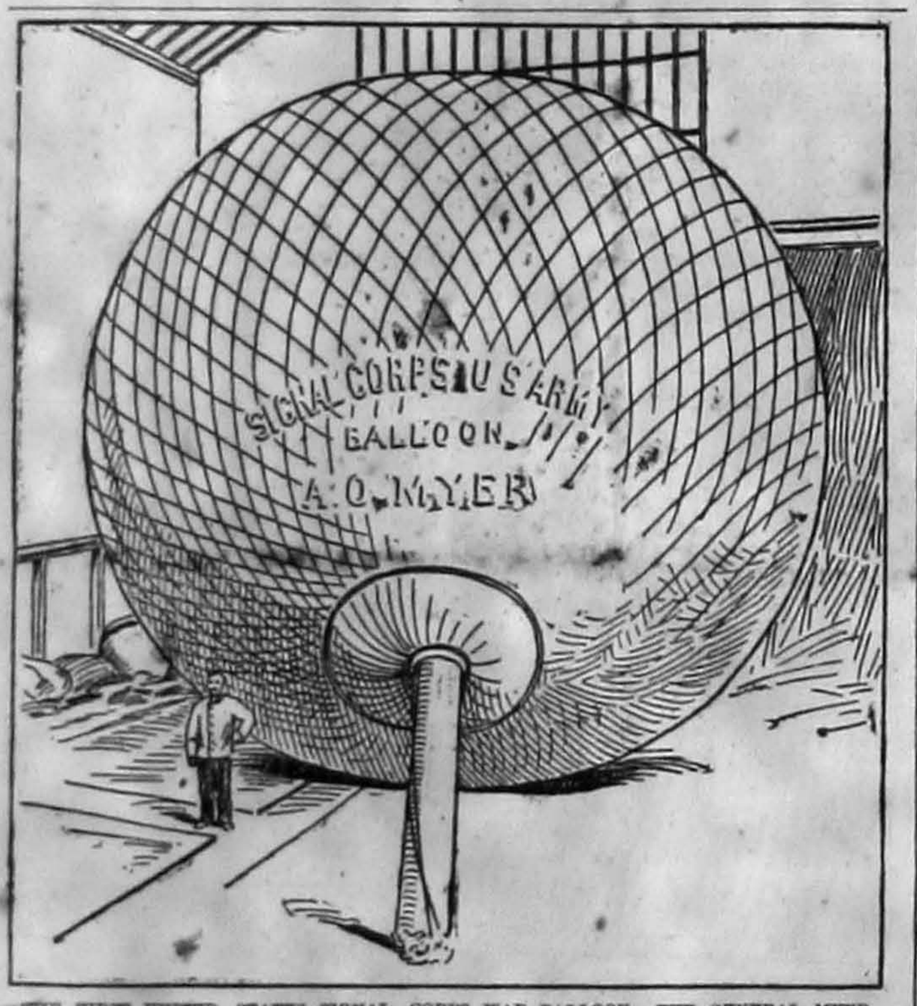
BALLOON ATTACHMENT FOR GOVERNING ASCENT AND DESCENT.

expected. No public experiments have as yet been made with this flying torpedo, which, if it is all that the inventor claims, will prove a most dangerous power of destruction. However, till a practical test has been made no one can judge of its merits.

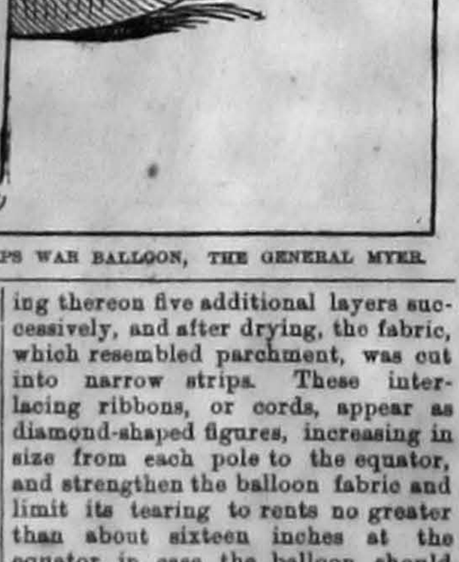
In building the war balloon "General Myer" for the signal corps of the United States army the first real step was taken by the military officials of this country to advance with the great war powers of Europe in this line of military work. It is modeled after both the French and English military balloons and in mechanical details embodies the best features of each. It resembles the English in the similarity of material from which the envelope is made. The system of inflation is also like that of the English, the hydrogen being stored under pressure within steel cylinders. In the plan of its suspension gear it is after the French models.

The envelope of the "General Myer" is spherical in shape, with a capacity of 18,000 cubic feet, corresponding with the ordinary balloon used abroad for captive ascensions, and having a lifting power sufficient to carry two men with the necessary signal instruments. The envelope is formed of gold-beaters' skin, which is especially adapted to this purpose, as it is impervious to the hydrogen gas and is very light. The membranes from which this fabric, gold-beaters' skin, is formed are taken from the entrails of the bullock, each animal furnishing one. When stretched they are from eighteen to twenty-four inches long and ten to sixteen inches wide. After taking the membranes from the slaughtered bullock they are first scraped free from fat and soft parts and salted till needed for use. After taking them from the salt they are first culled, washed and soaked in fresh water till the salt is taken out. Then a day or two before using they are placed in a vessel containing soft water, in which has been dissolved some fish glue, which adds to their adhering qualities when making the fabric of the envelope.

In making the envelope, says a correspondent in the Aeronautics, a cotton model balloon with a neck was model was kept in a state of tension by applying the blower from time to time as the air under pressure within leaked through. The model thus fully inflated was suspended by ropes attached to the neck and to the top or opposite hole. This suspension permitted the balloon model to be turned as upon an axis, and thus brought every part of its surface in rotation within easy reach of the operator. A scaffold framework, having a height nearly equal to the semidiameter of the model, was placed around one side, or semicircumference, thus presenting to the workmen a nearly vertical surface on which to lay the membranes. The nice task of placing the membranes forming the fabric of the envelope was done by women. Each membrane was taken from the water, stretched out upon the surface of the model, smoothed down by hand, and sides or ends, where irregular, were cut off by a pair of blunt-pointed shears, which the women used most deftly. Being wet and charged with the solution of fish glue, the membranes stretched taut over the surface and adhered while damp to the model. The membranes in this way were placed side by side, the edges overlapping, until the entire surface of the balloon model was covered with one coherent layer of the gold beater's skin. Over this first layer a second and third were put, in like manner, except that the membranes in each alternate were placed at right angles to the longitudinal direction of the preceding series. Over the third layer were placed, from the top to the neck, long ribbons about an inch wide, of the same material, laid in lattice. These ribbons were made by stretching a layer of gold-beater's skin upon a long and smooth oiled board, and superimposing thereon five additional layers successively, and after drying, the fabric, which resembled parchment, was cut into narrow strips. These interlacing ribbons, or cords, appear as diamond-shaped figures, increasing in size from each pole to the equator, and strengthen the balloon fabric and limit its tearing to rents no greater than about sixteen inches at the equator, in case the balloon should come in contact with any sharp-pointed object. Over these strengthening cords three additional layers of gold beater's skin were placed similar to the first three. Around the top and about the neck an additional layer was placed to further strengthen these parts, where the strain is great. After the fabric was thus completed the air was pumped out of the model, the neck of the cotton bag was separated from that of the outside fabric and air was blown into the true balloon envelope between the skins and the cotton material, gently separating the skins from the oiled surface of the cotton model and per-



THE FIRST UNITED STATES SIGNAL CORPS WAR BALLOON, THE GENERAL MYER.



USING BALLOONS FOR CROSSING RIVERS.

in diamond-shaped figures, appeared homegeneous throughout, not the line of a joint or lap of the thousands of pieces of which it was formed showing.

In the top of the balloon envelope was now cut a circular opening about eighteen inches in diameter, into which the valve ring or thimble was inserted and seized, and into the thimble was secured the valve. The envelope of the balloon being complete, it was placed within the netting, the top of which was secured about the

BURYING A BALLOON.

valve ring, and upon ropes being attached to the ring the balloon and netting were hoisted, air was again blown into the balloon and the netting adjusted. After this the balloon was hoisted higher and the suspension gear, with basket, was attached, after which came the captive gear—that is, the cable which holds the balloon when it ascends. All was perfect and the "General Myer" was ready for use.

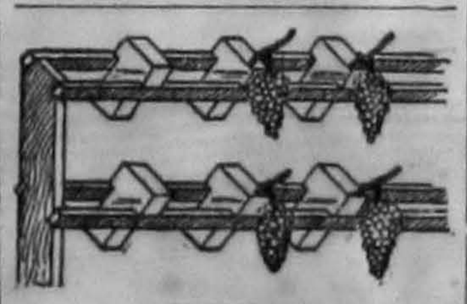
The cable serving to hold the balloon captive is made of several strands of steel wire, having in its center an insulated wire for telephonic work, the outside strands acting as return wires. The balloon, with complete equipment, is now at the Fort Riley (Kan.) School of Instructions, where it is being used in instructing the signal corps at that post. It has been pronounced by experts as a masterpiece in balloon building.

This is not the first time the United States army has made use of balloons. During the Civil War the Federal Government recognized their value for making observation. In the month of September, 1861, one of the most daring aeronauts, La Mountaine, furnished important information to General McClellan. His balloon rose from the Northern camp of the Potomac and passed above Washington. The ropes were then cut and La Mountaine rose to the height of a mile and a half and found himself directly over the lines of the Confederates. There he was able to perfectly observe their position and movements. When he had made his observations he threw out ballast and rose to a height of three miles, when an air current carried him in the direction of Maryland, where he descended in safety. General McClellan was so well satisfied with the observations taken taken that through his influence the War Department received orders causing more balloons to be provided.

The use of balloons, however, was discontinued for many years, but now it is believed they will be given a permanent place in the equipment of all armies. The science of aeronautics has so advanced, new features being constantly added, that it is hard to disbelieve anything claimed by the enthusiasts in this line. The chances are that we will dispense entirely with ordinary fleets and do our fighting in the air. The only thing needed just now to show what can be done with these much-talked-of war balloons is to start a first-class continental war.

A Device to Keep Grapes Fresh.

Glasses such as are shown in our illustration are one of the latest schemes of grape-growers in England to keep



KEEPING GRAPES.

the fruit from drying during the winter. The jar is made of clear glass, and, having a wide mouth, water can easily be added from a small watering can as required without the trouble of taking it down or removing the grapes. The weight of the bunch will press the immersed end of the stem against the upper side of the bottle, and so prevent its slipping out. It is always best to leave about eighteen inches of stem beyond the bunch when the grapes are cut, as otherwise the berries are apt to crack through—absorbing too much of the water when first stored. It is well also to cut off the immersed end about once in three weeks to maintain a free passage for absorption.

A Chinese asked to be registered at Yuma, Arizona, the other day under the name of Charlie Allen. The officer refused because it was not a Chinese name. The Chinese explained that

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A BOY'S MOTHER.

My mother she's so good to me,
  Ef I was good as good could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir—
  Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad or sad;
  She loves me when I'm good or bad;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
  She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me—
  That don't hurt—but it hurts to see
Her cryin—then I cry; an' then
  We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
  My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my pa comes home to tea
  She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs and tells him all I said,
  An' grabs me up an' pats my head,
An' I hug her an' hug my pa
  An' love him purt' night much as ma.

FINDING A TREASURE.

It lay for a long time on the edge of the little brook, deep in the forest, sparkling like a tiny flame in the sunlight, and growing still in the dusk like the bright eye of some fairy hidden in the grass.

One day, when a very bright sunbeam danced to and fro across it, the tortoise stopped to look curiously at it. He was a slow fellow at his best, and lingered so long that Bunny stopped, too, to see what it could be; and the squirrel from the fence-rail gave up scolding at the crows to ask them what was to be seen. The crows themselves are famous for chattering, so in less time than I can tell it, they had spread the news to all the forest creatures.

"It's not good to eat," said the tortoise, "for I tasted it, and it's hard and cold."

"You cannot bite it, anyway," said Bunny. "I would much rather have a carrot."

"If it were a nut it would have a shell," said the squirrel; "but I see it is not that."

"It might be a new kind of corn," said the crows and one of them flew down to peck at it.

"Pshaw!" said he, "it is harder than a stone, and nothing like a kernel of corn; we can do nothing with it!"

"It is certainly very pretty," said the robin; "but I could not make a nest of it, and I for one would much rather have a cherry."

"Perhaps the owl can tell us what it is," meekly suggested the mole; "I found it under the soil when I was digging my burrow."

So the squirrel was sent to waken the owl, who sat dozing in his home in the hollow tree.

Down he came, stumbling, blinking sleepily, and yawning.

"Here is something—" said Bunny. "Yellow?" put in the crows all together. "Hard," said the tortoise. "Very bright and shiny," said the squirrel. "And no use to any one of us," said the mole. "What is it?"

"Don't all talk at once," yawned the owl. "What a stupid set you are! I know what it is; gold!"

Just then a footstep rustled the dry leaves, and all the forest-folk scampered away to hide. Peeping out they saw a man walking slowly along the brook. Just then his eye fell on the glittering little ball; and crying out for joy he seized it eagerly, turned it over and over in the sunlight, and after hiding it carefully in his breast, hurried away.

"Well, I never!" chattered the squirrel, running from his hiding-place in the oak-tree. "He seemed to know what to do with it!"

All the crows fluttered away to tell of the strange treasure found by the brook.

"The owl is a wonderful fellow!" said the mole. "He seems to see everything. I suppose it is because his eyes are so big. But I wish I had thought to ask him what is good for!"
—St. Nicholas.

Something Wrong.

Johnny—Mamma, my toes are not as hard as leather, are they?

Mamma—No, Johnny.

Johnny—Then, mamma, how do they wear themselves through my shoes.—Puck.

The Salvation Army in the northwest is negotiating for the purchase of

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"He went back to school and wrote her a letter, but no answer ever came. The Selby boys got the measles and went home before the year was up. Jim had to do some quick thinking as to how he would ever see Lucy again. Before the boys went he asked them to find him a place out here. Lucy looked pleased as anything when the boys told her that Jim was going to locate out here and clerk fos old man Mosely down in Hickory Hollow, about ten miles from where they lived. Then she got to thinking about it and she got that mad thinking Jim wanted to flirt with the little country girl that she determined she would show him a thing or two.

"Jim came right along but the funny part was that he would't go to see the Selby's at all. This got Lucy awful bad. She couldn't figure it out nohow, and it made her sort of pale and solemn looking. She was beginning to look like a grown up young lady, too. Before Jim came she used to go and see Helen Mosely every little while, but she didn't go there for most a year, waiting for Jim to come to see her. Finally she just had to go, and the day she came Jim walked right into the parlor where she was by herself. They had been thinking about each other for nigh onto eighteen months every day, and when she saw Jim come in looking so neat and handsome she begen to cry, and Jim, he wasn't the sort that waited very long about anything, so he just put his arms around her, and she wanted him to let her go and said 'No' ever so many times, but it wasn't any use and they sort of patched things up and allowed they'd get married just as soon as they could, which wouldn't be for years and years so Lucy said.

"And she was about right about lot of land and notes and bonds, like all storekeepers do who don't make assignments. Eight years had gone by, and Lucy would only let him come to see her once in a long while, and Jim was about thirty and Lucy was pretty near twenty-five. Lucy wanted to get married but didn't know to fix the time, and all that time she had been putting the wedding off from time to time until Jim was clear worn out.

"Finally he hit on a plan. When he went to Baltimore to buy goods in 1877, he fixed up a telegram to Hickory Hollow: 'Major Johnson, of your town, died from the effects of sunstroke to-day,' and signed it with the name of a wholesale firm. He wanted to see his obituary notice when he got back in the *County Citizen*. The editor was a great friend of his and he guessed he would lay it on strong. Then he went and got biling drunk for the first time in his life, and told Tom Foster, a merchant of the county-seat, what he had done. Foster wired to the editor of the *County Citizen* about it and told him to do Jim up. This telegram came the same time a long obituary notice was received from Jim's pastor.

"The editor decided to hang the pastor's contribution on the hook, and write one himself, and so gained the love and esteem of that good man for the rest of his days.

"This is the obituary notice," said Colonel Saunders, giving us a cutting which is as follows:

"It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Major James Johnson, of Hickory Hollow, from sunstroke, in Baltimore, on the 26th inst. Alas, too often are men called hither without having made due preparation for the change that awaits them. In many respects Major Johnson was a model citizen. He has always paid his taxes. If he has ever caused any suffering among his poor customers, it was on the side of the law, which upheld him in every thing he did. If he has ever been remiss in perfect fairness in his dealings with other men, he simply fought the world with the world's weapon's. Of the dead let good be spoken. If nature gave him a disposition unworthy of the gallant merchant of Hickory Hollow, he was not to blame, and his praiseworthy endeavors to conceal it must be commended. Oh! let the young readers of the CITIZEN take warning from the sad fate of Major Johnson. Let them lead honest and upright lives, loved and not feared. Let them be wise in their day and generation. And as they hear of the untimely end of our friend, let them resolve to "taste not, touch not, handle not." Peace to his ashes."

"Well, there was a stew about it you can imagine. Jim was one of the most popular men we had, and the editor was in danger of becoming a social outcast. Lucy Selby like to have had a conniption fit. Jim put in his appearance pretty soon looking sour. Lucy, like a good woman, to show she believed in Jim when he was reviled, married him before the next issue of the paper came out. But if you want to make Major Johnson feel bad, ask him about his obituary notice."

An Embarrassing Fix.—A story is told of a young man in Randolph county that might have been serious instead of ludicrous. He paid a visit to his best girl, and while getting out of the buggy both suspender buttons of the rear of his trousers gave way. To prevent embarrassment a couple of matches were substituted for the treacherous buttons, and all went well until by friction against the back of the chair the matches became ignited. A conflagration was narrowly averted and the young man is not over his fright yet.—Ex.

IN 1712 there were two total eclipses of the sun, and two in 1889.

HICKS, the weather prophet, says that the same general weather of this month will continue until the end of February. He predicted the colder wave that struck us on the 4th. He predicts a bad storm this week, 9th, 10th, and 11th. Plenty of snow or rain. The next storm will be on the 13th and 14th. Then a long storm from the 17th to the 26th, within which comes an accentuated lot of weather called a Vulcan period from the 16th to the 21st. About the 28th it will be warmer, and then we will have a bitter cold time about the 29th. The 30th will be warmer. According to Mr. Hicks the Earth does not live on friendly terms with the other planets, and whenever they come about her she either tries to freeze them out, or kicks up a storm of wind, rain, or hail. These he calls disturbances. We are the sufferers. Even the moon who has to follow th earth is able to make it very ur pleasant for her. Jupiter is a big, overbearing fellow, and when he comes idling along there is a disagreeable time. Mars is a man of no refinement and being a man of blood, he jars on the feelings of Mother Earth. Mercury is a sharp sort of a peddler and not a desirable visitor. You all know that Venus would not be a very nice caller. Mother Earth won't associate with her. Saturn is a cold, reserved sort of a fellow, and he does the earth no good. If it were not for this meddling tribe we would have a glorious time, except, maybe, we would have nothing to stir up a rain, and that would be awkward. These planets cause what we call the weather. This is an elementary fact. So we may wish after this when we are caught out in a storm that either we or the planets had staid at home.

BEFORE this paper is published again, the State Legislature will have met and the Democratic members will have commenced to put in their time as faithful representatives of their constituents. Woe betide them if any of them be unable to put away from their hearts the good of the country, as they see it. It had been better they had never been elected. They will be a lonesome, lonely set. The *personnel* of the body is not such as the Republican party would have made it had they known their success was to be so sure. The class elected is referred to as a rule as "our State Solons," a term that has grown trite as applied to legislative bodies. A more suggestive name is that applied to them by the great Republican leaders of the State who call them "hoodlums." A prominent feature of the next few months in Charleston will be the leading Republicans of the State whipping into line the Republican Legislature. The work proposed already will take all year to be done, unless a Republican Legislature works more silently and expeditiously than their Democratic brethren are wont to do.

THE largest sugar factory in the world is at Culmsee in Prussia. The daily consumption of beets is now 1250 tons, and will be soon increased to 2000 tons, when certain extensions are completed. With time and proper legislation sugar will be as cheap as salt, and then life will be worth living to those endowed with sweet teeth. Wher-

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 25. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,.....J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,.....R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court,.....S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court,....J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,.....C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court {C. E. Beard, O. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor.....George Baxter.
Coroner,.....George P. Moore
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, Edray; W. H. Gross, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

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J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

THE press has been summing up the memorable events of the year just ended. 1894 will be a great year in the histories yet to be written. A change in the rulers of several nations has been made. The death of the Czar, the assassination of President Carnot, of France, the retirement of Gladstone from leadership in British politics, the resignation of Caprivi in Germany, the accession of the first President of Brazil elected by the people, the deaths of the President of Colombia, and of the Sultan of Morocco, are events that affect the destinies of millions. The great Asiatic war has been raging, one of the greatest of modern history. At the present time it either means that the immense Chinese nation must be conquered by a vastly inferior country, or else recover lost ground by means of the bloodiest struggle the world has ever seen. Other foreign events are: "The adoption of a revised constitution, with universal suffrage, in Belgium; the formation of a constitutional republic in Hawaii; the general elections in Norway; the revival of the federation movement in the Australian colonies; the completion and opening of the great Manchester ship canal; the terrible tax riots in Sicily; the outrages in Armenia; the bomb-throwing by Anarchists in Spain, France, and Italy." At home we all know what a political upheaval came on us at the last election. The country went by the board to the Republicans. The "Solid South" was broken. The land-slide in our own State affected us worst of all. Right triumphed, though, in New York when Tammany Hall was placed on the retired list, and the perjured election officer was convicted for making false returns. The death-list is large. Louis Kossuth, Senators Colquit, Vance, and Stockbridge, Governor Curtin, General Banks, Robert C. Winthrop, Oliver Wendell Holmes, De Lesseps, Doctor Brown-Sequard, the Comte de Paris, Rubinstein, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, David Dudley Field, George W. Childs, and dozens of other names as familiar whose spheres lay in missions of public life, science, music, art, literature, law, clergy, or educational pursuits. We have put the old year behind us, many without a thought. What awaits in the new?

West Virginia Cirtificates.—The Farmer's Loan and Trust Company of New York announced that on December 31st, it will be ready to issue its receipts for Virginia preferred certificates issued under the acts of 1879, 1882 and 1892 as West Virginia's appropriation of the debt. The company has now $10,000,000 of preferred certificates issued under the act of 1871, for which it has issued its receipts. The preferred certificates are held by a New York syndicate, of which President Fahnestock, of the First National Bank of that city, is the head. This syndicate has tried for a long time to effect a settlement with West Virginia, but has never succeeded. There are about $7,000 000 or $8,000 000 of these certificates outstanding in addition to those held by the syndicate. It is these holders the syndicate is trying to get cooperate with it in the settlement.—Ex.

AMONG the items of logging interest it is reported one thousand Menominee Indian men and women cut and skidded two million and a half dollars worth of logs in Wis cousin in 1893.

☞ TIMES OFFICE for job-work.

Written for the Times.

An Obituary Notice.

"I remember," said Colonel Saunders, as well as if it were yesterday, Major Johnson in his 'young buck' days when he was able to swell around our county, not being encumbered with any of his family connections. He came from Texas about that time, and nobody was kin to him in our whole county, so he was a pretty big bug. I suppose if he had had even one far off cousin that cousin's record would have settled him where he belonged, for we knew what the folks of our county had done or been for a hundred years back. He was just Mr. Johnson then and it wasn't until he was nominated for sheriff that he became an officer. Lawyer Hill he up and nominated him at the big convention in 1876, and he says, 'I nominate Major James Johnson, of Hickory Hollow, for sheriff of Pickenpaugh County.' Every body heard it, and it was Major Johnson from that time on. He was elected sheriff but resigned it in two months, saying he hadn't much property, but he had too 'all-fired' much to fool with sheriffalty.

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SHIPS VALUABLE IN MILITARY OPERATIONS.

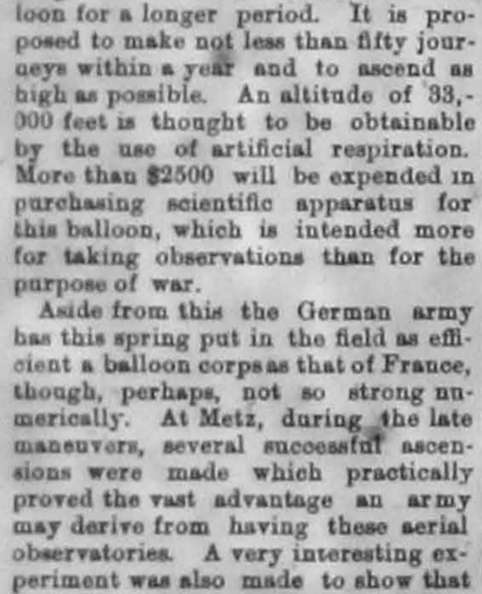
What Europeans Have Accomplished —A Balloon as Big as a Four-Story House — United States War Balloons.

TO have an effective balloon corps fully equipped and ready to take the field in case of war at a moment's notice is now regarded by all the great European powers as a matter of vital importance. Even in the United States the question being discussed with a great deal of interest. Everything tends to show that if there is one branch of modern warfare, or rather, perhaps, strategy, which is likely to be watched with keen interest during the next war it will be that of military ballooning. It is generally conceded that France has made the greatest strides toward perfection in this line, though the world at large has not been permitted to know the exact results of its latest experiments. There is a great deal of secrecy about the establishment of Meudon, where the Government Parc d'Aerostation is situated. France has been and is spending a great deal of money in perfecting an absolutely faultless dirigible balloon, one that can be moved in any direction at the will of the aeronaut irrespective of the direction of the wind. The French experts declare that their war balloon, the "General Meusnier," attained a speed of twenty-eight miles an hour and could be guided with utmost ease to any given point. However, since no outsiders were allowed to witness the wonderful performance, it might be a trifle exaggerated.

The German Emperor does not propose to let his warlike neighbor monopolize this feature of army equipment. He has just presented to the German Society for Promotion of Aerial Navigation for the advancement of this science the sum of 50,000 marks. This is to be applied for the construction and equipment of a giant balloon. This balloon will be as high as a four-story house. It will be fifty-six feet in diameter and will contain not less than 2530 cubic meters of gas. It will be made of Egyptian cotton stuff and will be coated with vulcanized gum, a substance which is considered superior to varnish.

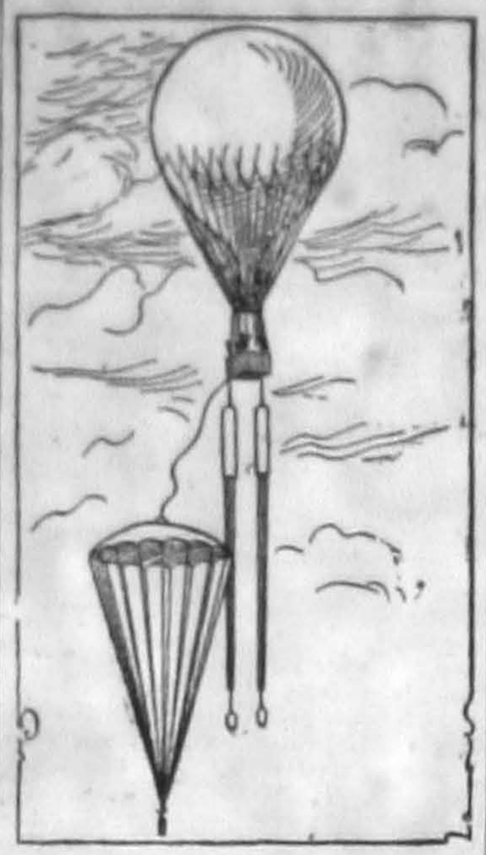
A very interesting feature of this monster balloon will be the provision of a special valve of a new construction which will keep the gas pure for a longer time and thus sustain the balloon for a longer period. It is proposed to make not less than fifty journeys within a year and to ascend as high as possible. An altitude of 33,000 feet is thought to be obtainable by the use of artificial respiration. More than $2500 will be expended in purchasing scientific apparatus for this balloon, which is intended more for taking observations than for the purpose of war.

Aside from this the German army has this spring put in the field as efficient a balloon corps as that of France, though, perhaps, not so strong numerically. At Metz, during the late maneuvers, several successful ascensions were made which practically proved the vast advantage an army may derive from having these aerial observatories. A very interesting experiment was also made to show that the balloons can, in an emergency, supply the want of bridges. A good-sized balloon was supplied with a large number of ropes dangling from its side. One of these was seized by a soldier, who was carried across the river in the twinkling of an eye. As soon as he had landed he fastened the end of a line securely, after which the balloon was hauled forward and back, and in less than no time transferred a battalion from one side to another.



TRANSPORTING GAS ALONG THE COAST.

A new air torpedo, to be used in balloon warfare, is the invention of a Frenchman, who has disposed of his patent to the Russian Government. The inventor claims to be able to direct this with as much accuracy as that of a submarine torpedo. It has a carrying capacity of nearly 1000 pounds of explosives. The discharg-



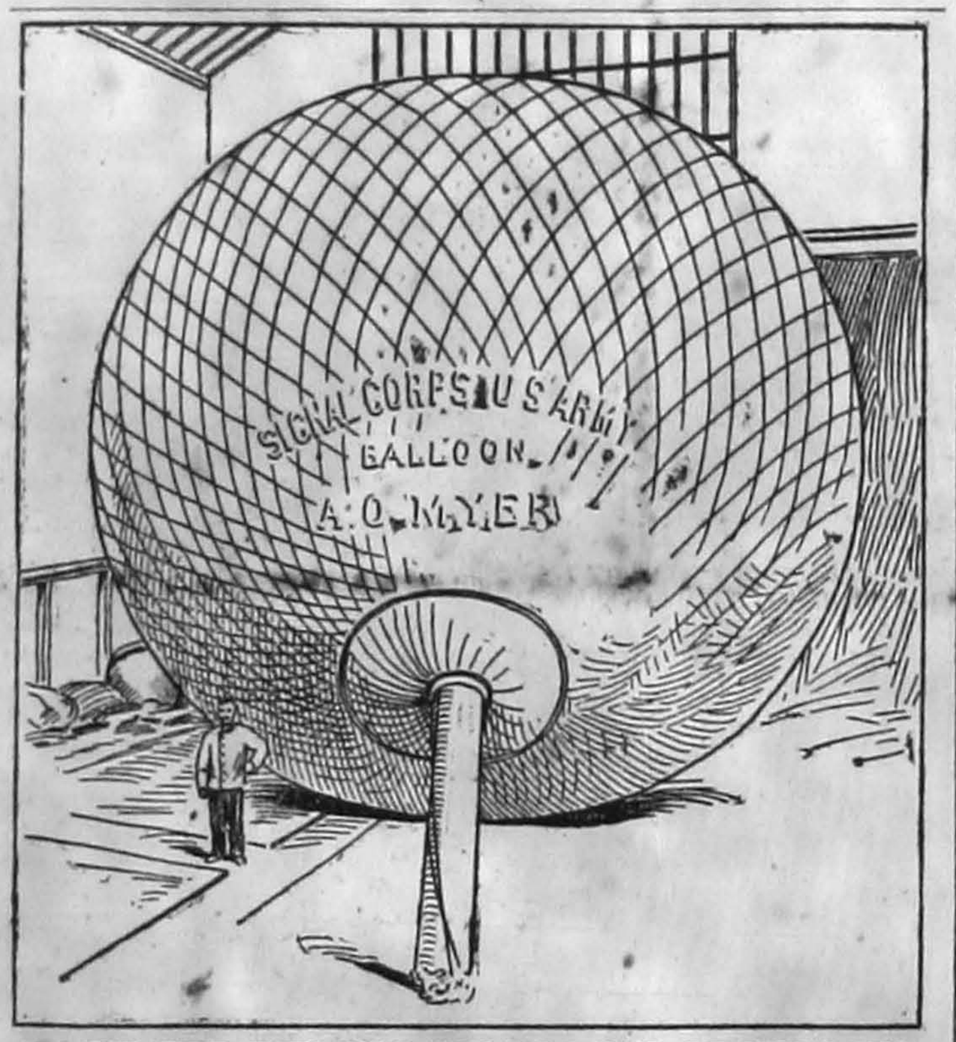
BALLOON ATTACHMENT FOR GOVERNING ASCENT AND DESCENT.

expected. No public experiments have as yet been made with this flying torpedo, which, if it is all that the inventor claims, will prove a most dangerous power of destruction. However, till a practical test has been made no one can judge of its merits.

In building the war balloon "General Myer" for the signal corps of the United States army the first real step was taken by the military officials of this country to advance with the great war powers of Europe in this line of military work. It is modeled after both the French and English military balloons and in mechanical details embodies the best features of each. It resembles the English in the similarity of material from which the envelope is made. The system of inflation is also like that of the English, the hydrogen being stored under pressure within steel cylinders. In the plan of its suspension gear it is after the French models.

The envelope of the "General Myer" is spherical in shape, with a capacity of 13,000 cubic feet, corresponding with the ordinary balloon used abroad for captive ascensions, and having a lifting power sufficient to carry two men with the necessary signal instruments. The envelope is formed of gold-beaters' skin, which is especially adapted to this purpose, as it is impervious to the hydrogen gas and is very light. The membranes from which this fabric, gold-beaters' skin, is formed are taken from the entrails of the bullock, each animal furnishing one. When stretched they are from eighteen to twenty-four inches long and ten to sixteen inches wide. After taking the membranes from the slaughtered bullock they are first scraped free from fat and soft parts and salted till needed for use. After taking them from the salt they are first culled, washed and soaked in fresh water till the salt is taken out. Then a day or two before using they are placed in a vessel containing soft water, in which has been dissolved some fish glue, which adds to their adhering qualities when making the fabric of the envelope.

In making the envelope, says a correspondent in the Aeronautics, a cotton model balloon with a neck was



THE FIRST UNITED STATES SIGNAL CORPS WAR BALLOON, THE GENERAL MYER.

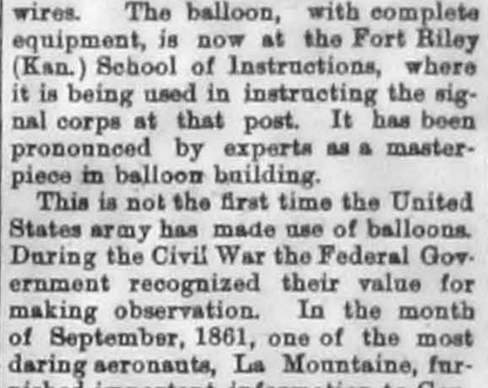
ing thereon five additional layers successively, and after drying, the fabric, which resembled parchment, was cut into narrow strips. These interlacing ribbons, or cords, appear as diamond-shaped figures, increasing in size from each pole to the equator, and strengthen the balloon fabric and limit its tearing to rents no greater than about sixteen inches at the equator, in case the balloon should come in contact with any sharp-pointed object. Over these strengthening cords three additional layers of gold beater's skin were placed similar to the first three. Around the top and about the neck an additional layer was placed to further strengthen these parts, where the strain is great. After the fabric was thus completed the air was pumped out of the model, the neck of the cotton bag was separated from that of the outside fabric and air was blown into the true balloon envelope between the skins and the cotton material, gently

USING BALLOONS FOR CROSSING RIVERS.

separating the skins from the oiled

leaked through. The model thus fully inflated was suspended by ropes attached to the neck and to the top or opposite hole. This suspension permitted the balloon model to be turned as upon an axis, and thus brought every part of its surface in rotation within easy reach of the operator. A scaffold framework, having a height nearly equal to the semidiameter of the model, was placed around one side, or semicircumference, thus presenting to the workmen a nearly vertical surface on which to lay the membranes. The nice task of placing the membranes forming the fabric of the envelope was done by women. Each membrane was taken from the water, stretched out upon the surface of the model, smoothed down by hand, and sides or ends, where irregular, were cut off by a pair of blunt-pointed shears, which the women used most deftly. Being wet and charged with the solution of fish glue, the membranes stretched taut over the surface and adhered while damp to the model. The membranes in this way were placed side by side, the edges overlapping, until the entire surface of the balloon model was covered with one coherent layer of the gold beater's skin. Over this first layer a second and third were put, in like manner, except that the membranes in each alternate were placed at right angles to the longitudinal direction of the preceding series. Over the third layer were placed, from the top to the neck, long ribbons about an inch wide, of the same material, laid in lattice. These ribbons were made by stretching a layer of gold-beater's skin upon a long and smooth oiled board, and superimpos-

In the top of the balloon envelope was now cut a circular opening about eighteen inches in diameter, into which the valve ring or thimble was inserted and seized, and into the thimble was secured the valve. The envelope of the balloon being complete, it was placed within the netting, the top of which was secured about the



BURYING A BALLOON.

valve ring, and upon ropes being attached to the ring the balloon and netting were hoisted, air was again blown into the balloon and the netting adjusted. After this the balloon was hoisted higher and the suspension gear, with basket, was attached, after which came the captive gear—that is, the cable which holds the balloon when it ascends. All was perfect and the "General Myer" was ready for use.

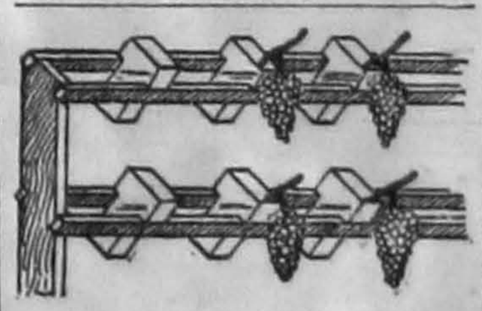
The cable serving to hold the balloon captive is made of several strands of steel wire, having in its center an insulated wire for telephonic work, the outside strands acting as return wires. The balloon, with complete equipment, is now at the Fort Riley (Kan.) School of Instructions, where it is being used in instructing the signal corps at that post. It has been pronounced by experts as a masterpiece in balloon building.

This is not the first time the United States army has made use of balloons. During the Civil War the Federal Government recognized their value for making observation. In the month of September, 1861, one of the most daring aeronauts, La Mountaine, furnished important information to General McClellan. His balloon rose from the Northern camp of the Potomac and passed above Washington. The ropes were then cut and La Mountaine rose to the height of a mile and a half and found himself directly over the lines of the Confederates. There he was able to perfectly observe their position and movements. When he had made his observations he threw out ballast and rose to a height of three miles, when an air current carried him in the direction of Maryland, where he descended in safety. General McClellan was so well satisfied with the observations taken taken that through his influence the War Department received orders causing more balloons to be provided.

The use of balloons, however, was discontinued for many years, but now it is believed they will be given a permanent place in the equipment of all armies. The science of aeronautics has so advanced, new features being constantly added, that it is hard to disbelieve anything claimed by the enthusiasts in this line. The chances are that we will dispense entirely with ordinary fleets and do our fighting in the air. The only thing needed just now to show what can be done with these much-talked-of war balloons is to start a first-class continental war.

A Device to Keep Grapes Fresh.

Glasses such as are shown in our illustration are one of the latest schemes of grape-growers in England to keep



KEEPING GRAPES.

the fruit from drying during the winter. The jar is made of clear glass, and, having a wide mouth, water can easily be added from a small watering can as required without the trouble of taking it down or removing the grapes. The weight of the bunch will press the immersed end of the stem against the upper side of the bottle, and so prevent its slipping out. It is always best to leave about eighteen inches of stem beyond the bunch when the grapes are cut, as otherwise the berries are apt to crack through—absorbing too much of the water when first stored. It is well also to cut off the immersed end about once in three weeks to maintain a free passage for absorption.

A Chinese asked to be registered at Yuma, Arizona, the other day under the name of Charlie Allen. The officer refused because it was not a Chinese

My mother she's so good to me,
If I was good as good could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir—
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad or sad;
She loves me when I'm good or bad;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me—
That don't hurt—but it hurts to see
Her cryin—then I cry; an' then
We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my pa comes home to tea
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs and tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head,
An' I hug her an' hug my pa
An' love him purt' night much as ma.

FINDING A TREASURE.

It lay for a long time on the edge of the little brook, deep in the forest, sparkling like a tiny flame in the sunlight, and growing still in the dusk like the bright eye of some fairy hidden in the grass.

One day, when a very bright sunbeam danced to and fro across it, the tortoise stopped to look curiously at it. He was a slow fellow at his best, and lingered so long that Bunny stopped, too, to see what it could be; and the squirrel from the fence-rail gave up scolding at the crows to ask them what was to be seen. The crows themselves are famous for chattering, so in less time than I can tell it, they had spread the news to all the forest creatures.

"It's not good to eat," said the tortoise, "for I tasted it, and it's hard and cold."

"You cannot bite it, anyway," said Bunny. "I would much rather have a carrot."

"If it were a nut it would have a shell," said the squirrel; "but I see it is not that."

"It might be a new kind of corn," said the crows and one of them flew down to peck at it.

"Pshaw!" said he, "it is harder than a stone, and nothing like a kernel of corn; we can do nothing with it!"

"It is certainly very pretty," said the robin; "but I could not make a nest of it, and I for one would much rather have a cherry."

"Perhaps the owl can tell us what it is," meekly suggested the mole; "I found it under the soil when I was digging my burrow."

So the squirrel was sent to waken the owl, who sat dozing in his home in the hollow tree.

Down he came, stumbling, blinking sleepily, and yawning.

"Here is something—" said Bunny. "Yellow?" put in the crows all together. "Hard," said the tortoise. "Very bright and shiny," said the squirrel. "And no use to any one of us," said the mole. "What is it?"

"Don't all talk at once," yawned the owl. "What a stupid set you are! I know what it is; gold!"

Just then a footstep rustled the dry leaves, and all the forest-folk scampered away to hide. Peeping out they saw a man walking slowly along the brook. Just then his eye fell on the glittering little ball; and crying out for joy he seized it eagerly, turned it over and over in the sunlight, and after hiding it carefully in his breast, hurried away.

"Well, I never!" chattered the squirrel, running from his hiding place in the oak-tree. "He seemed to know what to do with it!"

All the crows fluttered away to tell of the strange treasure found by the brook.

"The owl is a wonderful fellow!" said the mole. "He seems to see everything. I suppose it is because his eyes are so big. But I wish I had thought to ask him what is good for!"
—St. Nicholas.

Something Wrong.

Johnny—Mamma, my toes are not as hard as leather, are they?

Mamma—No, Johnny.

Johnny—Then, mamma, how do they wear themselves through my shoes.—Puck.

It is a kind of white clay, and it absorbed ink better than any blotting paper. It was a piece of the new mineral bonting-stone, soon to be put on the market by a concern in Carthage, Mo. The stuff is a formation composed of sediment deposited by certain hot springs. It has been accumulating for ages in the locality mentioned, and is available in inexhaustible quantities. Highly porous, it will take up a surprising quantity of ink. The merchant will employ it incidentally as a paper-weight, and occasionally the office boy will scrape it off with a knife—an easy task, the substance being very soft—making it as good as new.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

Illuminating oil is made from grape seeds in Italy.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Vinegar and sugar are made from cocoanut sap.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

An electric plow is being tested in Germany.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

It Is Not What We Say

But What

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Does

That Tells the Story. Its record is unequalled in the history of medicine. Even when other preparations fail

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla and are gentle, mild and effective.

PNU 26 '94

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP-ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Pain in the Back,

joints or hips, sediment in urine like brick-dust frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.

Kidney Complaint.

Diabetes, dropsy, scanty or high colored urine

Urinary Troubles,

Stinging sensations when voiding, distress pressure in the parts, urethral irritation, stricture

Disordered Liver,

Sleet or dark circles under the eyes, tongue coated, constipation, yellowish eyeballs.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited druggists will refund to you the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.

DR. KILMER & Co., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

FREE!

THIS KNIFE! Fine Steel. Keen as a razor. Good, strong handle. Mailed free in exchange for 25 Large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee Wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine Premiums. WOOLSON SPICE CO., 245 Huron St., TOLEDO, O.

Briarbend Cottage, Mt. Lake Park, Md., (near Deer Park.) Lovely atmosphere, no malaria, no mosquitoes. Mountain Chautauqua $7 and up per w'k

PATENTS TRADE MARKS. Examination and advice as to patentability of inventions. Send for Inventor's Guide, or how to get patented. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D.C.

HOME KEEPING 10 cts. ONLY. Easy home study. Wonderful book 10 positively self-instructive. 100 mo. ed. Advertisements per m. other wise actually worth $5.00. RAILROAD PUB. CO., Detroit, Mich.

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, use at once. It will cure you. 25 cts.

Fifty Thousand Pounds Purchased at a Time—How the Butter is Packed and Inspected.

I ASKED Paymaster-General Stewart of the United States Navy, who is the Commissary General for that branch of the public service, where he gets the butter that is used by the officers and men on Uncle Sam's ships at sea.

"We advertise every spring in the newspapers for butter, just as we do for any other kind of supplies," he replied, "and then we send out specifications to the different manufacturers throughout the country for the information of bidders. These specifications stipulate that we shall be furnished with extra creamery butter, made in June or October, put up in tins and packed directly into the tins at the place of manufacture. The tins must be made of the best charcoal tin, redipped before soldering, each tin to contain three pounds, the weight of the tins not included. The tins must be packed in sawdust, in substancial wooden boxes, two dozen in each, with two hoop-iron straps around each box, one at each end. Each tin must be carefully wrapped in paper, the tops of the boxes fastened with screws, and the tins and boxes marked with the contents, the name of the contractor and the date of the packing. Directions for opening must also be placed on each package, and an instrument for opening the tins must be furnished with each 500 pounds of butter. Contractors must guarantee that the butter shall keep in good condition for two years from the date of delivery."

"How much do you usually buy, and where does it come from?"

"We usually call for about 50,000 pounds and give the contract to the lowest responsible bidder, but we are always very careful to ascertain if the bidder is responsible and whether he knows how to do the business, because we do not want to send our boys to sea with bad butter and no prospect of getting better. A Boston firm has furnished our supplies for several years, but last year a new company, whose dairies are in Western New York, put in a lower bid and got the business. Before we gave them their contract I sent out an inspector to examine their dairies and their process of manufacture, which turned out to be satisfactory. After they had been doing the work for a few months I happened to meet the Boston man, and he asked me how the butter contract was going on. I replied that it was all right and then learned that he had sent a man out to watch his competitor for several weeks to see whether the work was being properly done."

"Where are the Boston firm's dairies?"

"They are situated somewhere in Iowa, and all the packing is done out there. They furnished the butter to the navy so long, and the result was so satisfactory, that we permitted them to do it without inspection."

"Does the butter keep well for two years?"

"After a can of butter has gone around the world and up and down the tropics from one temperature to another, and melted and hardened three or four times, you cannot expect it to be as good as it was when it came out of the dairy, but it seldom gets so bad that one cannot eat it. In fact, under the circumstances it is usually very satisfactory."

"Have you ever used the foreign butter—that which is packed in Holland and Denmark for the tropical trade?"

"Yes, we have used a good deal of it, but under the law we are compelled to purchase all our supplies in the United States, except in emergencies. The Danish butter is very fine. I think I would rather take my chances with it for a long voyage than the American product. They put it up beautifully in glass jars, and their method of packing is probably superior to that used in the United States, but at the same time it is much more expensive. The Danish butter packed in glass jars costs from sixty to seventy cents a pound, while ours packed in tin costs from twenty-two cents to twenty-five cents by the quantity. We are now paying under the present contract 24 4-10 cents a pound. I have never used the Holland butter, and know very little about it."

"Do the Danes and the Dutchmen use a good deal of our oleomargarine and cottonseed oil to adulterate their butter?"

"I do not know. Of course, I have heard of such things, but I have never made an investigation, and have no reliable information on the subject."—Chicago Record.

Don't Walk Against the Wind.

In one of Oliver Wendell Holmes's books the doctor in the man comes to the front with a suggestion that we all young man, was working near a big rock in the northwestern corner of Morgan County, Ohio, says the Toledo Blade. He accidentally knocked some moss off it and revealed two or three letters chiseled in the surface. He began to dig at once and removing the remaining moss found a message from Lewis Whetzle, or Wetzel, as he is known to pioneer history. On the face of the rock is the legend "Enjoy the peace which I have prepared for you," and to the right of this is the inscription cut into the sandstone: "Engraved by me, Lewis Whetzle, born in Virginia, February 29th, 1752."

The discovery of this rock, long buried beneath the wood's moss and leaves, brings to mind once more the wonderful deeds of daring of Whetzle. Close to this rock ran the old Federal trail, which led from Grave Creek to the Scioto towns. It crossed the Muskingum River at the present town of Gaysport. The town of the Delaware Indians was Duncan's Falls, five miles up the river. The trail ran close to this lettered rock on the high ridge just above it, and it is very likely that Whetzle did the work while on one of his scouting expeditions along this trail. It was on one of these that Whetzle, armed only with his knife and tomahawk, attacked a camp of four Indians. Three of them he killed, the fourth ran for his life and escaped.

Whetzle was a wonderful man in many respects. Not very tall, only five feet nine inches, he was a man of enormous strength. His shoulders were those of a giant and his chest gave notice to all that he could run a race with any savage and win. He was as dark and swarthy as an Indian, and his face was deeply pitted with the small-pox. His hair, and this was his special pride, reached, when combed to its full length, to the calves of his legs, and every Muskingum Indian had sworn to have his scalp. His eyes were black and shone with a fierce fire. He feared nothing and was wild or tame as he was either enemy or friend.

His name will be forever connected with the history of the border along the Ohio and through West Virginia.

Valuable Clerks.

Some one praised one of the girl clerks in a large shop to the head of the department, saying that she was so modest and so pleasant, while so obliging, that she seemed an ideal person for the place. "From your standpoint, yes," was the reply, "but hardly from our own. She has all the good points that you mention, and which I agree the perfect saleswoman should not be without. But she does not sell goods enough to suit us. I mean she does not help people to make up their minds and get them out of the way and some one else in their places. The ideal clerk does that without pushing or forwardness. You would scarcely believe how dependent most customers are upon others' judgment, and how much quiet assistance they require in order to facilitate business. The most valuable clerk is that one who can render this help without appearing to do anything more than offer the stuff for others' choice."—New York Journal.

A Moment of Doubt.

A good many soldiers, North and South, must remember moments which will enable them to sympathize with the spirit of a question recorded in a Southern magazine.

On a tiresome night march a Florida soldier, sleepy and worn out, fell into a ditch by the roadside. There he lay bemoaning his fate when the next regiment came up, and hearing his moans some of the men hastened to his rescue.

As they stood him on his feet, bedraggled and demoralized, he turned to one of them and said:

"I say, stranger, don't you think South Carolina was a little hasty?"

The Roman Spade.

The spade used by the Roman peasant during the empire was a wooden instrument tipped with iron.

SHE—"I wonder if he has a ghost of a show now." He—"Who?" She—"P. T. Barnum."—Life.

MADE LIFE A BURDEN.

MISS CRAWFORD.

MISS G. F. CRAWFORD, of *Limestone, Me.*, writes: "For years I suffered monthly from periodic pains which at times were so acute as to render life a burden. I began using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I used seven bottles in as many months and derived so much benefit from it and the home-treatment recommended in his Treatise on Diseases of Women, that I wish every woman throughout our land, suffering in the same way, may be induced to give your medicines and treatment a fair trial." "Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, invigorating tonic and a soothing and strengthening nervine, purely vegetable, perfectly

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Smuggling a Corpse.

"Of all the queer articles smuggled across the Rio Grande, the queerest I ever heard of was a corpse," said James Murray, an old railroad conductor, to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man. "In Mexico, when a foreigner dies and his friends desire to send his body to his native land, the government exacts a tax of $250 for the privilege of shipping it over the railroad. In 1884 Larry Flaherty, a brakeman, died at Silao, on the Mexican Central. He was a poor fellow. His mother, who lived in Colorado, but who had come on to nurse him, wanted the body shipped home. She couldn't raise the money and the boys took up a collection, but could only raise $72. Then Tom Williams, a jovial conductor, put up a scheme to get the body to the States. The funeral was conducted in the usual manner and poor Larry's body was placed in the ground. Two pesos fixed it with the gravediggers and they neglected to fill in the grave until after dark. In the interim Larry's body was taken from the coffin and placed in an old sack, and carried to an obscure hut, where it was placed in a trunk and taken to the depot. The boys had secured a pass to El Paso for Mrs. Flaherty and Tom Williams went along to carry out the scheme. At Paso del Norte the trunk was taken to a casa de huespedes, or boarding house, and the corpse was again transferred to the sack. Mrs. Flaherty went to El Paso and secured an undertaker, who, with a plain box in his wagon, drove up to the river to a point designated. About 10 o'clock Tom, with his peon cargedore, managed to get across the river without attracting attention. Larry's body was tenderly placed in the box and taken uptown to the undertaker's, where it was properly prepared, placed in a casket, and shipped to his old home. Tom Williams returned to Silao safely and was ever afterward known as the 'cadaver smuggler o the Rio Grande.'"

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

HAWAII FOR 12c.! ONE CHANCE ONLY!

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani.

These Photographs are very scarce and could not be bought elsewhere less than $1 each.

A Charming History and Magnificent Gallery of Views

PRACTICALLY GIVEN AWAY!

This Delightful new History of Hawaii by Hon. John L. Stevens and Prof. W. B. Oleson just out is most highly endorsed by Senators Sherman, Hoar, Frye, Hon. C. A. Boutelle, Chauncey M. Depew, Rev. John C. Vincent, D. D., Prof. David Swing, etc.

IT CONTAINS LARGE PHOTO-PORTRAITS OF

EX-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.....Lily of Heaven.
PRINCESS RUTH.....Last of the Kamehamehas.
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KING IN FEATHERED ROBE.....Grandest Royal Attire.
PRINCE DOOMED TO DEATH.....Historical Scene.
HULA DANCING GIRLS.....Style of the Olden Times.
GROUP OF KANAKA LADIES.....Bedecked with Flowers.
SCENE OF CAPT. COOK'S DEATH...Showing His Monument.
KAMEHAMEHA COLLEGE.....Cost nearly a Million Dollars.
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NATIVE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.....Built by Kamehameha 3d.

For special and peculiar reasons the publishers will mail direct, this Authentic History, Superbly Illustrated with Portraits and Views that could not be bought elsewhere for less than $12.00, on receipt of only 12 cents, barely to cover cost of wrapping and postage. Stamps acceptable. This offer is good for ten days. Address HUBBARD PUBLISHING CO., 406 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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ARE THE BEST MADE.

ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.
HIGH GRADE IN EVERY RESPECT.
THE TOURIST'S FAVORITE.

WHAT IS IT?

WHY! THE WONDER OF THE AGE. CALL AND SEE IT.

GIRAFFE.

Send for our Special Bargain List of second-hand and shop-worn Wheels. We have got just what you want.

CATALOGUES FREE TO ALL. AGENTS WANTED.

HIGH GRADE BICYCLE FOR $43.75 We have a limited number of our past season's wheels of standard make and high grade quality, which we are closing out at the above low price. A rare chance to get a first-class durable wheel at a bargain. They are full size gents' wheels, ball bearing and fitted with pneumatic tires. Send $5 to guarantee express charges, and we will ship C. O. D. $38.75, with the privilege of examination, if desired. Apply to our agents or direct to us.

OUR SPORTING GOODS LINE IS UNEXCELLED.

Send ten cents (the actual cost of mailing) in stamps or money for large illustrated four hundred page catalogue, containing all kinds of sporting Goods and hundreds of other articles.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.,
131 Broad St. and 147 Washington St., BOSTON.

"Where Dirt Gathers, Waste Rules."

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Jan. 11, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

"R. B. Elkins."

REV. SAM SMALL may find himself looking through the bars for his libelous propensities as editor.

PARKHURST, the New York preacher, who lost sight, for the moment, of the spiritual good of his fellow man for their temporal well-being, and took up the cudgels for purity of politics, has become thereby one of the celebrities of the day. He writes for the *Ladies Home Journal*, even, so you know he must be good and great. We do not think he would be a pleasant man to live with, however. One would take him to be a harsh, repellant man of a decidedly misanthropic turn, with a morbid ambition to rule the world. Those who would become an ideal Parkhurst must needs grow hard and cold, become a preacher, feed on ox gall, spider's legs, toad skins, etc., and then pitch into some department of a city government. He will find it rotten enough. No fear of that. Finally he will die still thirsting for sinful blood. Such a man may be great but he ought to be run by machinery. He is a typical tyrant.

THE incorporation of our town has been suggested. What makes it impracticable is that the houses and lots of the town are nearly all owned by non-residents, who may be expected to retaliate in the way of rents if their tenants put a municipal tax upon them. The landowners have shown the people of the place every conceivable kindness, and in fact the life of the infant town depends upon them, and it would not be a very just, not to say safe, return to incorporate the village unless they are willing that it should be incorporated. We hasten to correct the impression that has got abroad that it must be incorporated by the Legislature, which would necessitate immediate action, or a delay of two years; until the Supreme Court declares the present law unconstitutional, which is not apprehended, the Circuit Court can incorporate the village at any of its three terms per year. The question will be discussed in a public meeting at the school-house on Friday evening at 7 o'clock, and the citizens should be present to present their views.

REMEMBER this, although the snow
Is pretty fine to see, you know,
It brings great evils in its train,
Enough to make a lord complain
From cold wet feet the system thrills
With forty different sorts of chills;
Gigantic grow the doctor bills,
For sweet relief and potent pills;
The drifting flakes the valley fills;
A man slips up on glassy hills;
More empty grow the poor mens tills
While they look pale about the gills;
The doctors gloat o'er human ills,
And lawyers dote on drawing wills
The storm puts on its blooming frills
And every hundredth man it kills;
The song-bird long has ceased his trills.
The goose bemoans his missing quills;
The snow has choked the laughing rills.
And drifts on roads that lead to mills.

THE ten letters declaring their candidacy for the Senatorship are Mr. Whittaker, of Wheeling, Mr. Hutchinson, of Huntington, Mr. Floyd, of Charleston, and Mr Sturgiss, of Morgantown. These are the gentlemen who are pitted against Elkins, and a pool of their interests will make a lively time of it.

THE compulsory school law recently gone into effect in New York is causing a great deal of dissatisfaction. Parents are liable to a fine of five cents a day if their children are absent. Say the boy is worth twenty-five cents a day, the father hires him from the State for five cents and comes out twenty cents ahead.

Another Candidate.—The under-current against the pretensions of Mr Elkins to a seat in the United States Senate from West Virginia is very strong and steadily growing in the Republican party in every part of the State. The latest formidable opponent of the carpet-bagger millionaire is Hon. John B. Floyd, of Kanawha, who is confident of success and will certainly command a considerable following in the Legislature. This makes the fifth full fledged candidate in the field against Elkins, not counting Gen. Goff, who, it is generally believed, can have the plum if he wants it. The New Mexico statesman is bound to have very hard sliding, if he gets through at all. He has absolutely nothing but the machine and his wealth back of him.—*Wheeling Register.*

Hillsboro.

Last week all the ice houses in this neighborhood were filled with ice of excellent quality, many blocks being 10 and 12 inches thick. During the hot months of summer nothing contributes more to our comfort and enjoyment than ice, and it is strange so many people do not supply themselves with this luxury.

We are glad to state that Mrs. Eva Ligon McNeel who is quite ill with pneumonia is in a fair way to recover. She has good medical attention, and we hope to hear soon of her complete restoration to health.

The municipal election held here last Thursday resulted in the election of the following officers for '95 Dr. C. W. Eskridge, Mayor, J. H. Clark Recorder, and J. K. Bright, G. W. Callison, E. H. Moore, E. I. Holt, and G. L. Clark, Councilmen.

S. J. Payne is cutting all the timber off his place that will make lumber. He expects to have enough for 150 or 200,000 ft. During the present year he will put up a large store building, in our town, and a barn and a dwelling house on his farm. Such a spirit of improvement we gladly welcome.

Mr. E. I. Holt's stock of goods which passed into the hands of a receiver some time ago has been sold privately and a new firm will start up soon at the same stand. We haven't as get learned the name of the new firm.

Squire W. H. Grose, of Huntersville was in town last Saturday on official business.

Not many people living in Hillsboro or in the surrounding country have visited or even heard of the Hawk's Nest. This wonder of nature is about two miles from town, a short drive or walk. It is situated on the west side of the Greenbrier river, and commands a magnificent view of that beautiful stream, whose waters almost break upon its rugged base, and wind like a silver thread through the grand old hills of Pocahontas. The Hawk's Nest consists of a wonderful cliff of rocks, towering perhaps two hundred feet high, and from whose summit you can look down on the tops of tall trees, and out on a panorama of mountain scenery inconceivably grand. Projecting ledges of rock, clambering vines and pine shrubery adorn its massive sides, and at this season of the year partly covered with snow and glittering icicles present a scene of wild and picturesque beauty. It is useless for us to attempt to give an adequate discription of the natural scenery of the Hawk's Nest. To all lovers of the beautiful in nature, we

The Folding KODET Junior.

A practical camera with which a mere novice can readily learn to make the best photographs. Fully equipped for hand or tripod work. Adapted to roll film and glass plates; reversible finder with focusing plate; ground glass for fine focusing; improved shutter; tripod sockets for vertical or horizontal views. Self contained when closed; handsomely finished and covered with leather.

Price, with double plate holder, $10.00
Developing and Printing outfit, 1.50
Roll Holder for film (not loaded), 10.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Send for Catalogue. Rochester, N. Y.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

FEED, LIVERY —AND— SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broke to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

☞ A large line of Christmas goods on hand.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

New Goods New Prices!

—IT IS HARD TO KEEP—

A Stock of Goods fully up in the town of Marlinton, as goods do not lie on our shelves long, but we have taken a fresh, strong, start and have put in the

BEST AND FRESHEST STOCK

Brought into this county this year, and the most complete stock I have ever handled in my merchantile experience.

I GUARANTEE MY PRICES AS LOW OR LOWER THAN ANY IN THE COUNTY.

—EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN—

Dry Goods, Groceries,

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES,

GEN L MERCHANDISE.

A Suit of Clothes and a beaver hat at less than you ever purchased them.

GREAT BARGAINS IN EVERYTHING.

Remember the place—the big store of Marlinton.

S. W. HOLT.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc.

Tastes Good. Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, W. VA.

DR. DODD'S Cure for COLIC IN HORSES. GUARANTEED.

Every owner of a horse should keep it on hand. It may save the life of a valuable animal. One package will cure eight to ten cases. Price $1.00. Sent by mail or express. Our Account Book, which contains hints to stable keepers, mailed free.
E. BENJAMIN & Co., 99 Pine St., N. Y.

me?" asks the first man. "Why, Ed Mustoe said you were 'close enough to skin a flea for its hide and tallow.'" This is a very fine game when played by somebody else.

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Hon. J. P. Moomau started for Charleston on the 4th inst. Mr. C. O. Arbogast accompanied him as far as Academy.

Mrs. S. B. Hannah is on the sick list.

Mrs. Peter Oliver is on the sick list.

Mr. H. L. Wooddell, of Virginia, has bought a steam saw mill and moved it to J. W. Rileys, where he will do a fine lot of sawing.

Mr. J. R. Hevener is going to have his steam saw-mill saw a nice lot of lumber near his flouring mill.

Mr. Ben White of the firm of Hannah & White, of Frost, was in our village last week.

We wish the Times a prosperous New Year. C.

It was discovered when laying the cornerstone for the new Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome that the building was being placed above a monastery, which in turn had been built above a heathen temple.—Ex.

The weather for the past few

for John T. Dixon.

Judge Moore preached a very able sermon on Sunday night.

Mr. Hanson Carpenter, while hunting, last week, fell over a cliff and went down the mountain side over a hundred feet into the Greenbrier River, and was done up so badly that he had to be carried home, and now he sits up with himself.

Byron Noel, who ran the fork tine into himself, two weeks ago, is doing well.

Miss Lena McLaughlin is on the sick list.

Mr. Ed. McLaughlin has gone to house-keeping.

Lewis Knight (colored) died of consumption, at his home, December 22, 1894, aged about 20 years.

We understand there were two bears killed on Knapp's Creek, last week, one weighing over four hundred pounds. He was a whale of a bear.

Mr. John A. Shinneberry spent Sunday in town.

Mr. George S. Moore has bought at Edray, and will move there soon.

Alt Kline has killed eighty-five rabbits; Dennis Carpenter has killed ninety-five rabbits; Tilden Carpenter has killed forty four pheasants.

Ed. Kline is talking of moving to Frost.

Stonewall and Charley Nottingham have gone to camp.

Prof. Samuel Adams is getting up a singing school at Traveler's Repose, one at Green Bank, and one at Dunmore. Prof. Adams is a fine singer and understands music. He will arrange for several classes in different parts of the county.

Look out for big auctions at Green Bank soon.

Dr. J. P. Mooman, our representative, passed through town, Saturday, enroute for Charleston.

Mrs. John J. Beard, of Huntersville, is up on a visit.

Success to the skaters.

Omnibus.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

Order of Publication.

AT rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, on the first Monday in January, 1895.

R. S. Turk, Trustee, Plaintiff,
vs.
Jannie B. Skiles, *et als.*, def'ts.

The object of the above styled suit is to enforce a vendor's lien for three bonds of Jannie B. Skiles of the following dimensions and dates, viz: One for $500, dated the 5th of April, 1886, due fifteen months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for $500, dated 5th of April, 1886, due twenty seven monts after date, with interest after ninety days from date;

One for $500, dated 5th day of April, 1886, due thirty-nine months after date, with interest on the same after ninety days after date. For which bonds a vendor's lien is is retained in a deed from the defendant James R. Apperson and his wife to the defendant, Jannie B. Skiles, of date the 5th day of April, 1886, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of the said Pocahontas County, as of April 6, 1886, which bonds aforesaid were assigned and transferred to the plaintiff as Trustee, on the 7th day of September, 1886, which vendor's lien aforesaid rests upon two parcels of land lying in the town of Marlinton, said county, and are estimated to contain one-half acre each, and to enforce which vendors lien a sale of the land will be asked to be decreed by the said Circuit Court.

And it appearing from an affida-

$51, to secure the payment of a certain bond executed by said C. Z. Hevner, for $50 with interest thereon from the 7th day July, 1894, payable to T. W. G French, which bond is fully mentioned and described in said deed of trust, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required in writing so to do, by said T. W. G. French, the beneficiary under said deed of trust, I, S. L. Brown, as trustee aforesaid, will on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1895,

between the hours 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at the front door of the courthouse of said county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, proceed to sell by way of public auction, to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust or so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy said debt, interest, and costs attending the execution of this trust, said real esiate lying and being in the said county of Pocahontas near the town of Marlinton, on the Marlin's Bottom and Lewisburg turnpike, consisting of two and 1-6 acres of land, conveyed to said C. Z. Hevner by one William Killingsworth, and wife, by deed dated the 5th day of May, 1894. and recorded in said clerk's office, in Deed Book no. 25, page 267, to which deed reference is here made for a more particular discription of said land.

Said tract of land is unimproved but would make a good building site.

S. L. Brown, Trustee.
Andrew Price, January 9th, 1894.
Attorney.

Commissioner's Notice.

Commissioner's Office,
Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 7, 1895.
James M. Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, *et als.*
in Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to-wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.

Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. Bratton,
[1-11-'95-4t] Commissioner.

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of R. H. Simmons.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February 1895.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895. W. A. Bratton.
[1-11-95-4t.] Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.

George C. Hill's Adm'r.
vs.
Rebecca J. Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to-wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, *cum testamento annexo*, of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 21st, 1890, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, deceased, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personalty of said es-

—Married by Rev. Benj. Wilfong, Dec. 28th, '94 Henry Snyder and Miss Maggie West.

—C. O. Arbogast, of Green Bank, has the contract to furnish the lumber camp of Dewing & Sons with beef for the coming year.

—An interesting revival meeting during holidays was held at Pleasant Hill school house by Rev. Hugh Sharp, and Elder Wilfong. About thirty conversions are reported.

—A Swede, who calls himself Hans Jordensjoldt Swanselacken, passed through town yesterday enroute for Franklin. He is a botanist, and has been trying to find a suitable place for the cultivation of ginseng.—*Petersburg Gazette.*

—Ladies' Hats all latest styles are being closed out at 50 cents each, boy's pants at from 25 cents up, former price 45 cents and up, at P. Goldens. Handsome lines in Corduroy. Ladies' shawls 50 cents and up. Docked 33 per cent. Same in cloakes and capes.

—In Tucker County, the county seat question has caused a storm in comparison to which the feeling in Pocahontas did not amount to a row of pins. A young lady living at St. George, the former county-seat, has recently become insane on the subject of religion, and one of her phantasies is that St. George is heaven, and that Parsons, the new county-seat, is hell.

—The question of the incorporation of the town of Marlinton will be discussed at the schoolhouse next Friday night. Speeches will be made by Messrs. Bratton, Bird, McNeil, Yeager, Scott, and Price. The citizens of the town should come and express their views on the subject.

—A gentleman noticed the other day where a broken window was patched with one of those famous pictures of Wm. L. Wilson, to keep out the cold. He remarked that it reminded him of the couplet from Shakespeare,

"Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
May stop a chink to keep the wind away."

—Larry May, of Fairmont, is the stone cutter who cut the tablets of the court-house front, assisted by Mr. Tully, of Weston. It is a beautiful bit of work, comprised of two tablets of stone set in stone molding, having cut on them the words "POCAHONTAS COURT HOUSE." The stone itself is a sort of white sand stone from Sam'l M. Gay's place, near Edray, and when polished is as smooth as marble.

—Those who live in the mountains know what it means to hear that 'roaring' overhead in the winter time. It is a warm current of air striking the mountain tops. This was the kind of thawing weather we experienced this week, and caused the local seers to predict on Monday that the ice would move as soon as the water could reach this place from the head of the river. That night about two o'clock the ice opposite the town went with a bang and the gorge passed by with its grinding noises. It made slow headway however, as it had only got to Buckeye, four miles from here, by daybreak. Everyone has waited with the greatest interest to hear from Ronceverte to know whether the booms held the ice or not. This is the first winter the logs have ever lain in the river. The booms at Ronceverte are the strongest in the State, but it is agreed that nothing can withstand the ice. Should the booms be swept away, an enormous lot of logs will be lost, for after passing Ronceverte they are a practical loss, as the expense of collecting them amounts to as much as it would to put a like amount of lumber in the boom at Ronceverte from the forests of Pocahontas. The lumber companies have, during the past month, had a large force consisting of fifty teams and a corresponding number of men taking out the logs from the bed of the river. After the ice has passed solid walls of ice several feet high protect each bank forming the stream into a sort of canal, so that a log which

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Moore & Hannah,
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Li Hung Chang's wealth is estimated at $500,000,000, but that won't save him from being Hi Hung

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We are having old-time winter, and no abatement yet.

The cheering sound of the fox-hounds are heard almost every day and some foxes are being caught. The other day one of the hunters thought to catch one alive, but when he pulled him out to get him foul, Mr. Fox turned around, caught Mr. Hunter by the hand, bit him badly, and left for parts unknown.

Hon. J. P. Moomau started for Charleston on the 4th inst. Mr. C. O. Arbogast accompanied him as far as Academy.

Mrs. S. B. Hannah is on the sick list.

Mrs. Peter Oliver is on the sick-list.

Mr. H. L. Wooddell, of Virginia, has bought a steam saw mill and moved it to J. W. Rileys, where he will do a fine lot of sawing.

Mr. J. R. Hevener is going to have his steam saw-mill saw a nice lot of lumber near his flooring mill.

Mr. Ben White of the firm of Hannah & White, of Frost, was in our village last week.

We wish the Times a prosperous New Year. C.

It was discovered when laying the cornerstone for the new Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome that the building was being placed above a monastery, which in turn had been built above a heathen temple.—Ex.

The weather for the past few has been of a most disagreeable character. Stock without shelter have suffered terribly.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

point. During the two weeks of cold thermometer registered 20° below zero. A fine time for sleighing, and hauling, and putting up ice. Mr. H. M. Moore put up four hundred thousand pounds of ice.

Rev. John A. Taylor is running the steam saw mill at full blast. He will soon commence building arks for John T. Dixon.

Judge Moore preached a very able sermon on Sunday night.

Mr. Hanson Carpenter, while hunting, last week, fell over a cliff and went down the mountain side over a hundred feet into the Greenbrier River, and was done up so badly that he had to be carried home, and now he sits up with himself.

Byron Noel, who ran the fork tine into himself, two weeks ago, is doing well.

Miss Lena McLaughlin is on the sick list.

Mr. Ed. McLaughlin has gone to house-keeping.

Lewis Knight (colored) died of consumption, at his home, December 22, 1894, aged about 20 years.

We understand there were two bears killed on Knapp's Creek, last week, one weighing over four hundred pounds. He was a whale of a bear.

Mr. John A. Shinneberry spent Sunday in town.

Mr. George S. Moore has bought at Edray, and will move there soon.

Alt Kline has killed eighty-five rabbits; Dennis Carpenter has killed ninety-five rabbits; Tilden Carpenter has killed forty four pheasants.

Ed. Kline is talking of moving to Frost.

Stonewall and Charley Nottingham have gone to camp.

Prof. Samuel Adams is getting up a singing school at Traveler's Repose, one at Green Bank, and one at Dunmore. Prof. Adams is a fine singer and understands music. He will arrange for several classes in different parts of the county.

Look out for big auctions at Green Bank soon.

Dr. J. P. Mooman, our representative, passed through town, Saturday, enroute for Charleston.

Mrs. John J. Beard, of Huntersville, is up on a visit.

Success to the skaters.

Omnibus.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

Order of Publication.

AT rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, on the first Monday in January, 1895.

R. S. Turk, Trustee, Plaintiff,
vs.
Jannie B. Skiles, *et als.*, def'ts.

The object of the above styled suit is to enforce a vendor's lien for three bonds of Jannie B. Skiles of the following dimensions and dates, viz: One for $500, dated the 5th of April, 1886, due fifteen months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for $500, dated 5th of April, 1886, due twenty seven monts after date, with interest after ninety days from date;

One for $500, dated 5th day of April, 1886, due thirty-nine months after date, with interest on the same after ninety days after date. For which bonds a vendor's lien is is retained in a deed from the defendant James R. Apperson and his wife to the defendant, Jannie B. Skiles, of date the 5th day of April, 1886, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of the said Pocahontas County, as of April 6, 1886, which bonds aforesaid were assigned and transferred to the plaintiff as Trustee, on the 7th day of September, 1886, which vendor's lien aforesaid rests upon two parcels of land lying in the town of Marlinton, said county, and are estimated to contain one-half acre each, and to enforce which vendors lien a sale of the land will be asked to be decreed by the said Circuit Court.

And it appearing from an affidavit filed that the defendants, Jannie B. Skiles, Thomas M. Skiles, and Richard Baldwin are non residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to profect their interest in said suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk

NEAR MARLINTON.

BY VIRTUE of a deed of trust executed by C. Z. Hevner and S. E. Hevner his wife to S. L. Brown, trustee, dated on the 25th day of July, 1894, and of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in deed book, No. 25, on page 351, to secure the payment of a certain bond executed by said C. Z. Hevner, for $50 with interest thereon from the 7th day July, 1894, payable to T. W. G French, which bond is fully mentioned and described in said deed of trust, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required in writing so to do, by said T. W. G. French, the beneficiary under said deed of trust, I, S. L. Brown, as trustee aforesaid, will on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1895,

between the hours 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at the front door of the courthouse of said county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, proceed to sell by way of public auction, to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust or so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy said debt, interest, and costs attending the execution of this trust, said real esiate lying and being in the said county of Pocahontas near the town of Marlinton, on the Marlin's Bottom and Lewisburg turnpike, consisting of two and 1-6 acres of land, conveyed to said C. Z. Hevner by one William Killingsworth, and wife, by deed dated the 5th day of May, 1894, and recorded in said clerk's office, in Deed Book no. 25, page 267, to which deed reference is here made for a more particular discription of said land.

Said tract of land is unimproved but would make a good building site.

S. L. Brown, Trustee.
Andrew Price, January 9th, 1894.
Attorney.

Commissioner's Notice.

Commissioner's Office,
Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 7, 1895.
James M. Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, *et als.*
in Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to-wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.

Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. Bratton,
[1-11-'95-4t] Commissioner.

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of R. H. Simmons.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February 1895.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895. W. A. Bratton.
[1-11-95-4t.] Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.

George C. Hill's Adm'r.
vs.
Rebecca J. Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to-wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, *cum testamento annexo*, of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 21st, 1890, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, deceased, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personalty of said estate, and showing the amount of such debts discharged by the administrator to which he is entitled to be substituted as creditor against the real assets of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

4th. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

5th Any other matter deemed pertinent to the commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

IF LOVE COULD RULE.

If love could rule the universe,
How changed would all things be,
He would remove in language terse
All bars in his decree.
No rank could ever intervene
To stay affection's course,
'Twould bow its head with lowly mien
Before his gentle force.
The earth would be so bright,
The radiant sun
Would shed its warmth and light
For every one.

A king might then a peasant wed,
An empress love her page,
A seamstress with a princess bred
Might throw her winsome gage.
Sweet sentiment would rule the earth,
With banner high unfurled,
And happiness—no more a dearth,
Could Love but rule the world.
How happy all would be,
An Eden vale
Again the earth would see,
Could Love prevail.

—Rose Gautier, in Home and Country.

A LOST LETTER.

H! Jeanne, you quite forgot to put a rose in my hair!" exclaimed Lillys Forsythe, as she stood in all her queenly beauty before the long mirror in her boudoir.

"I should consider my toilet incomplete without it," she added, as the little French maid brought forth a crimson rose to pin in her mistress's hair.

Lillys made a beautiful picture in the full glare of the light, which caused her raven hair to seem the blacker against the delicate yellow of her evening gown.

"Mademoiselle looks beautiful—like a bride," remarked Jeanne.

"Do you think so?" said Lillys, glancing dreamily at her own reflection, then brightening suddenly.

"Jeanne, you are a flatterer—I do not believe you—besides, brides never wear red roses. The idea! Jeanne, only my third ball to-night, and to look like a bride! You may rest assured I am going to enjoy life now and shall not marry for many a year."

"Ah! Mlle. Lillys, you will be in love before you are aware," replied Jeanne, with a wise nod of her head.

Lillys laughed gaily, took a few last glances at herself in the mirror and was satisfied.

The clock on the mantel struck nine, and Lillys was buttening the last button of her long gloves, when the servant announced Mr. Crayton.

"Very well; I shall be down directly. Jeanne, throw my opera cloak over me; don't muss the lace—there, hand me the fan—I'm ready."

The next moment Lillys had reached the drawing-room and greeted Mr. Crayton, her escort for the evening.

Arrived at the magnificently lighted dancing hall of Mrs. Upton's handsome mansion, Lillys Forsythe was at once the centre of attraction.

It was a well-established fact that Kenneth Crayton was madly in love with the young woman, and that he was the favorite one of her admirers. I say "favorite," inasmuch as she accepted his invitations more frequently than others, but just this evening she became convinced that she not the least bit in love with him.

"Of course, I am to have my usual number of dances on your programme. Miss Forsythe?" said Kenneth Crayton.

"I think not, Mr. Crayton, as Mr. Barlow has already secured several, and—"

"Then I am to understand that I may take what is left?" questioned Crayton, not without sarcasm, for if there was one thing he could not endure it was to see himself eclipsed by another, so ambitious was he and so accustomed to success.

"No, not exactly," replied Lillys with a sweet smile, the instrument which had never failed in conquering him.

"Confound Barlow, anyhow!" he murmured.

"Mr. Crayton," as she looked at him with a tragi-comical expression, which was very fetching, "how complimentary!"

Later in the evening, as the strains of a dreamy waltz floated on the air, Lillys, leaning on the arm of Herbert Barlow, walked into the library and there in a secluded nook they sat down on the divan.

Lillys had a peculiar way of making herself effective; she did not pose, but, being graceful, every one of her attitudes was picturesque and pleasing. Herbert Barlow's eyes even were dazzled by her entrancing loveliness as she sat there against the rich Oriental tapestries, with her sparkling, brown eyes scanning his face.

"Oh, I had almost forgotten; this is the waltz I promised Mr. Crayton. Do take me back to the ballroom, Mr. Barlow, before it is too late."

"Miss Forsythe," began Barlow, in measured tones, looking steadfastly at the girl with his penetrating gray eyes, "Yes, but"—Lillys tried not to notice or understand the last words.

"Mr. Crayton was already complaining of being treated unfairly by me to-night, and so—"

"So it would serve him right to suffer a little for such a remark," put in Barlow.

"No," with a little pout, "not exactly; he has been very kind to me all along."

With that the girl arose, and there was nothing for Barlow to do but escort her and to wonder why she treated him with such exasperating indifference.

Lillys Forsythe was an orphan, and the heiress of her father's enormous wealth. For a year or more she had made her home with a married cousin several years her senior. Dorothy Kirk and Lillys Forsythe, beside being cousins, were the best of friends, and Gordon, Dorothy's husband, greatly appreciated the presence of his wife's relative at his home.

As for Lillys, she was perfectly happy when Dorothy gave her permission to have the apartments adjoining the nursery, for she was exceeding fond of her cousin's children, and in turn was their idol. Of the three, rollicking, romping, four-year-old Teddy was the especial favorite of "Aunt Lillys." In her rooms he was monarch of all he surveyed, and not a morning went by that he would not slip quietly into Aunt Lillys's room to see if she were up.

The morning following Mrs. Upton's dance Lillys was the first to reach the dining-room. When Dorothy came down and saw Lillys she said anxiously:

"Why, my dear, how tired you look! An evening's dissipation does not usually tell so plainly on your face."

"Tired? Yes—I did not sleep after I came home; now don't begin to worry about that. I can make up for lost sleep all day, if I wish. By-the-bye," changing the subject to avoid other questions, "did you ever meet Mrs. Upton's niece?"

"Miss Deane—Mildred Deane? Oh, yes, she visits this city every winter. They say Mr. Barlow is quite taken with her," said Dorothy, carefully scanning her cousin's face.

"Young Barlow is a man of splendid make-up," put in Mr. Kirk, who had just seated himself at the table.

"You danced with him last night, of course?" asked Dorothy.

"Why 'of course,' Dorothy?" questioned Lillys with a faint smile.

"Well, my dear, I have seen him pay you marked attention and hear he is Kenneth Crayton's rival—"

Mr. Kirk laughed.

"Rival!" interrupted her cousin, "That is a misnomer, I am afraid. What would Miss Deane say to that?"

At this point Teddy came up to Lillys, declaring that "Doggy Jack want to tome in, auntie; he's a'ying for 'oo," and gave her no peace until she went to the door with him to let in the whining animal.

This practically broke up the conversation at the breakfast table, but Dorothy's words rung in Miss Forsyth's ears for some time.

She knew very well that Herbert Barlow was in love with her—how could she help it. There are certain things in life which need not be told; they are felt. But it was her wish that no one should talk to her about it.

Since Herbert showed his affection for her she had quite neglected Kenneth. But she was a proud young woman, and was bound not to show her love for a man who was spoken of by all society people in connection with Mildred Deane.

That evening, while Lillys was out at a dinner party, Mr. Barlow called to see her. When Dorothy informed her of the fact the next morning she flushed slightly, but said in firm tones:

"I am sorry to have missed him?"

She slept longer than usual that morning, and, noticing this, Teddy made it his task to find out the reason. In passing through the library he saw his mother put a letter on the table, saying: "A letter for Lillys."

Teddy's little nose just touched the surface of the table and his eyes peered at the white missive for a moment, and, his mother having left the room, he said to himself as he stood on tiptoe and reached his chubby little arms across the table: "Dess I'll take it to her."

In the upper corridor in front of Miss Forsythe's door, Teddy encountered Jeanne, the maid, who placed her index finger to her lips with a significant "sh-h," which danger signal Teddy did not appreciate, however.

"I'se doin' to Aunt Lil, I is."

"No, Teddy; she is sleeping; not now."

From the moment he saw Jeanne the little chap had hidden the letter he carried under his skirt.

"But I say I'se doin'; dot somefin' for Aunt Lil." And he made an effort to open the door with one free hand.

"Let me see. What have you for auntie?" questioned the girl.

Teddy looked up at her defiantly. "Won't tell 'oo." And when his attempts to get in were again frustrated by the hard-hearted Jeanne, Teddy set up a frightful howl, all the while clutching the letter within his little fist, so that the maid carried him off

When at length she had set down the obstreperous young man he ran away as fast as he could and hid in a closet where Jeanne could not find him.

As she started down the stairway for the nurse Teddy came out of his retreat, after having tucked away the letter in an old box in the closet.

Then he called down the stairs triumphantly: "Now I do tell auntie on 'oo," meaning the innocent Jeanne.

The night after the dance at Upton's Herbert Barlow had made a resolve to find out as soon as possible whether or no Lillys Forsythe loved him. He was a man of great determination and decision, and consequently he set out for the Kirk mansion to call upon the young lady. What was his dismay to find her out! He surely could never screw up the necessary courage again to face Miss Forsythe with the intention of proposing to her—to her who had never given him the slightest encouragement.

But he was in love, and men in love are often desperate. Never before had a woman made so deep an impression upon him, for he was not the young man to have the picture of a different girl enamelled on the inside of his watch every three months.

Lillys Forsythe's face was enameled on his heart, and nothing could efface it. Now that fate had not been propitious, he decided to write a letter pleading his cause — how stiff the phrase sounded. How cold his thoughts stood out in black and white. He could wait no longer. He felt that he must ask her that very night or never. He had not loved before (the talk about him and Mildred Deane being a fabrication of her own), and he would never again have faith in womankind if Lillys did not accept him.

Miss Forsythe arose at about noon the next day, and upon reaching the sitting room was informed that a box had arrived for her. As she opened it the sweet, heavy perfume of a superb bouquet of American beauties greeted her, and she searched in vain for a card of the sender.

"No name," she said to herself. "It cannot be Kenneth Crayton's peace offering! He is too stubborn for that. Perhaps"—and the color crept into her cheeks at the thought—"perhaps Mr. Barlow sent them. Pshaw! Lillys Forsythe, you silly girl!" and she jumped up suddenly as if to shake off the fond illusion. She did not know how near the truth she had come in her suspicions.

Six weeks later Lillys Forsythe bade her friends farewell, as she started on her trip to London, where she intended to visit an old uncle who was occupying a fine house on the outskirts of the great metropolis. There she hoped to find some diversion, for her heart was heavy and she was greatly perplexed. Dorothy was dissatisfied with her refusing "that splendid Mr. Crayton," besides two other men of good standing.

Since Herbert Barlow had treated her so coldly and finally left the city altogether Lillys felt as if life in her native town would be unendurable.

In London she was received with open arms by her uncle and his family, who were quite proud of their American connection. She became so enchanted with her new life and surroundings that she almost forgot her former home, all but the one person whose image often came before her.

One day early in September she and her cousin were taking a hurried trip downtown on the underground railway.

At one of the stations, as the conductor suddenly slammed the door of their coupe, Lillys looked around, and, as she caught sight of a familiar face opposite her, exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Barlow, how stragne to see you here!"

The gentleman addressed smiled, and, extending his hand in greeting said:

"Yes, strange, indeed. Whoever would have thought that we should meet here, actually under English soil?"

Then followed an introduction to Lillys's cousin.

"When did you leave home?" queried Barlow.

"Oh, I have been here ever since last spring," answered Lillys, "and how long have you been traveling abroad, Mr. Barlow?"

"For the last seven or eight months," he answered, his face clouding; "home had no more charms for me," he added; "so I have been 'doing the Continent,' as the English say."

Lillys felt as if she had been stabbed—his words were strangely significant to her.

A few more remarks were exchanged before they reached their destination, and Barlow left them after promising to call the following evening.

The remainder of that day was like a dream to Lillys Forsythe. Such an unexpected meeting was enough to upset any one, she said, excusing her numerous blunders that afternoon.

When the appointed evening arrived, Mr. Barlow was announced. Lillys was the first to welcome him, and as Barlow grasped her hand in greeting he held it firmly, and as their eyes met a mutual understanding seemed

Forsythe," said he, seeing that they were alone; "before I leave you again I must know why you never answered my letter in which—in which I asked you to become my wife?"

"Letter?" asked Lillys, with trembling lips, as a bright crimson colored her cheeks, "I do not understand!"

"Is it possible," as a faint gleam of hope lit his gray eyes, "that you never received it?"

"I know nothing about a letter," said Lillys, almost inaudibly, for her heart was beating violently.

For a moment all was still. Herbert Barlow eagerly scanned the girl's face—a terrible feeling of doubt crept over him—had she ignored the letter? The thought was suffocating him. He burst out:

"Miss Forsythe—Lillys—tell me why you never answered it?"

"Mr. Barlow," as she looked him in the face, "I never received such a letter from you—I—"

"Then I ask you right here—will you be my wife?"

"Yes," was the simple answer, which came from the very depths of the girl's heart, and came gladly.

"But," she said suddenly, "what will Mildred Deane say?"

Barlow laughed. "Married a month ago to Kenneth Crayton, you foolish little woman," and he sealed her mouth with a kiss.

The proposal, to be sure, was laconic enough, but that was characteristic of the man—the love-making followed and continued indefinitely. Soon after a quiet wedding took place in London—Herbert would have it so—and their wedding journey took them back to their American home.—Chicago News.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Italians have the most holidays.

The treadmill and crank are still in use in English prisons.

Natives of Ceylon believe the cocoanut tree will not grow out of the sound of the human voice.

A sea bass weighing 475 pounds was caught in the Pacific Ocean a few weeks ago, thirty miles off the California coast.

S. D. Mitchell, of Greene Lake, Mich., has in his possession the petrified remains of a duck recently dug up at Marquette.

The Chinese have a flower resembling a lily in shape, which is white in the shade or at night and assumes a light pink tinge on exposure to the sun.

A Higginville (Mo.) farmer has captured seven young foxes this season. He treats them kindly and they are as frisky as kittens and nearly as tame.

The tallest company of soldiers belong to the Scots Guards. Not a man among them is under six feet, and some of them reach six feet seven inches.

The lowest natural temperature on record was registered in Eastern Siberia in February, 1892, when the thermometer stood at 157 degrees below zero.

The London Stock Exchange has an orchestra composed of members of the exchange, accounted one of the finest amateur musical organizations in that city.

The Earl of Dufferin has in his possession the smallest book in the world. It is half the size of a postage stamp, and is an edition of the sacred book of the Sikhs.

A Chicago paper says that it has been figured out that a man who shaves regularly until he is eighty has cut off about thirty-five feet of hair from his face.

Both the ancient Greeks and Romans wore wigs. In Rome the light hair from German heads was most fashionable for such purposes, and it was imported in large quantities.

In the middle ages it was considered injurious to the complexion to wash the face with water. Ladies used a few drops of milk and a soft rag to remove any traces of dirt.

Dr. James McNeal, of Pittsburg, Penn., made a wooden leg for his fox terrier, after the animal had been run over by a street car. The terrier stumps along quite contentedly, but he can't trot as of yore.

A sturgeon weighing 1440 pounds was caught in the Caspian Sea a few weeks ago. The head alone weighed 228 pounds, and the fish furnished about 120 pounds of roe for caviare. The fish was sold for $160.

Nashua, N. H., has a resident named Hiram Goodpudding. His father's name was Constitution Goodpudding, and he lived to the age of eighty without ever having been more than thirty miles from his home.

The seal hunters' kiak is simply a piece of boat-shaped costume. The occupant stows his legs away beneath something like a carriage apron, tucking it tightly around his waist. He can take his skin canoe under his arm and walk away with it.

Wilmer Waxham, of Wraggles, Wash., is the owner of a land tortoise which has been taught to stand on its hind legs and waltz to the music of a fife. The intelligent testudo graca has a most intense aversion for the air of "Die Wacht am Rhine," and shows

TO CLEANSE SILK FABRICS.

For every quart of water needed, pare, wash and grate one large potato. Put the potatoes into cold water and let them stand two days without stirring, then carefully pour off the clear liquor into a vessel of a convenient size in which to wash the silk.

The washing is done by dipping the silk up and down in the water; is there are spots draw the silk smoothly through the fingers, but do not rub it or allow it to wrinkle. Hang the silk over a line and let it drip nearly dry; then lay it flat on the table, and with a cloth wipe it first on one side and then on the other. If it must be pressed place it between flannel and use a moderately hot iron. Ribbon can be nicely smoothed by winding it around a large round roller of smooth wood covered with several thicknesses of cloth.

If you have new dress silk that is not to be made up for months, by all means get a large smooth piece of round wood to roll it on. Straight breadths of old silk are kept best if rolled in this way.—New York Dispatch.

MARKING CLOTHES.

A number of people shirk the very simple task of marking their clothes legibly and permanently, and this, too, at a time when almost everybody's things are sent to a professional wash, to be mixed up with heaps owned by strangers. Yet writing one's name on a collar or handkerchief is almost as simple as scribbling it on paper. A very little patience is required, and a fire should be close at hand to fix the ink indelibly. Printed tapes and letters to be sewn on are well enough in their way, but not much protection against an article being stolen, as they can be picked off by anybody. A name conspicuously inked on the material is a better safeguard.

With new brands of marking ink it is necessary to pay some slight attention to the directions issued with each bottle, so as not to write with a steel pen when a quill is demanded, nor to use heat when none is required, nor to mix liquids wrongly when two happen to be given. If a woman shrieks out that two dozen fine new handkerchiefs and a whole batch of table napkins have dropped into holes where she printed her name she has evidently treated her chemicals by the opposite plan to that advised. However successful you may be yourself, never recommend your own favorite make of marking ink to anybody, for fear the process should be conducted the wrong way and you receive the blame. Even among our nearest and dearest friends there are some who insist on blundering over very simple work, and it is best for them to learn wisdom from their own exploits.—New York Advertiser.

RECIPES.

Escalloped Tomatoes—Put a layer of tomatoes in an earthen dish; then one of bread crumbs, with a little sugar, butter, pepper and salt; another of tomatoes, another of bread, until the dish is full. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

Asparagus Omelet—A nice breakfast dish is asparagus with eggs. Boil two pounds of the vegetable, cut off the tender tops and lay them on a buttered pie dish, seasoning with pepper and salt, and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Beat four eggs just enough to break the yolks and pour over the asparagus. Bake eight minutes in a good oven. Serve with slices of tender broiled ham.

Corn Muffins—Two cups of corn meal, sifted with a teaspoonful of salt, one and a half cups of rice, one teaspoonful (not heaping) of lard, enough boiling water to scald it all and leave it thick, two eggs well beaten, one-half teaspoonful saleratus, enough sour milk to make a rather thin batter. Grease your gem pans slightly with lard (we use the Southern muffin rings and like them better) and bake as you bake corn dodgers. And you will have some royal muffins.

Duchess Soup—This soup is one of Mrs. Rorer's and is a very good one. Put a quart of milk over the fire in a double boiler, with a blade of mace and slice each of carrot and onion; rub together two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and when the milk boils remove the vegetables and stir in this roux; add three heaping tablespoonfuls of cheese, take from the fire and add the beaten yolks of three eggs. Season to taste and serve at once. A change is made by using chicken or veal stock instead of milk, or half of each.

Fried Hasty Pudding—Put one quart of water on to boil. Mix one pint of corn meal, one heaping tablespoonful of flour and one teaspoonful of salt with one pint of milk. Stir this gradually into the boiling water and boil three-quarters of an hour, stirring often. Fill a bread pan with cold water and let it stand a few minutes. Throw out the water and pour in the mush. When cold turn out on a platter, cut in slices three-quarters of inch thick, roll them in flour and brown each side in hot fat in a frying pan. Or roll the slices in crumbs, dip

...
She dropped a word of greeting gay,
Her look so bright, her tone so sweet,
I stepped to music all that day.

The cares that tugged at heart and brain,
The work too heavy for my hand,
The ceaseless undertone of pain,
The tasks I could not understand,

Grew lighter as I walked along
With air and step of liberty,
Freed by the sudden lilt of song
That filled the world with cheer for me.

Yet was this all. A woman wise,
Her life enriched by many a year,
Had faced me with her brave, true eyes,
Passed on, and said, "Good morning, dear!"
Margaret E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion

LOVE AND HYPNOTISM.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

THAT visit to Doctor Secor seemed fatal to my hopes. Selma had always been somewhat erratic and chimerical in her mental tendencies. There was a wayward independence in her nature that marked her either for a deluded crank or a strong genius. I trembled sometimes as to which.

I did not love her for these abnormal qualities, but more for the beauty of her form and face, and a quiet, sympathetic personality that slumbered somewhere in her nature. She did not look kindly upon my efforts to reclaim her from her mental fads. I felt at times that she believed in occult things just to shock my sense of propriety. When I was fully satisfied of this, I swung around to the other extreme and indulgently listened to all of her wild vagaries concerning mysticism, spirits, mind-readers and astral bodies.

This was how we came to visit Dr. Secor, the celebrated hypnotist. I decided to disarm her of all suspicion. I would not cross her in anything. But I soon had cause to regret my approval of this extreme course. How well I remember the words of the doctor when he examined her as a subject for exhibiting his almost supernatural power!

"I do not wish to use you. You have in you the making of a powerful hypnotist. Yield to no one, but make others your subjects."

With that he dismissed her, but no one saw the look of exultation in her eyes as I did. She was now conscious of her power. Her eyes were feverishly bright as we left the meeting. I knew that the mischief was done, and I quietly waited the results.

Selma never did things by halves. When I saw the books piled upon her dainty table two nights after this visit, I knew that she was making a study of hypnotism. At first she was shy about her new fad, but she soon launched boldly forth into her subject. She was reading everything about the question, from the first principles up to the latest discoveries. I tried to discourage her, and to draw her mind toward other interesting subjects. But that was not Selma to yield until she had exhausted her passion, and the thing itself began to cloy.

One evening I called later than usual. I was not in an enviable frame of mind. Things had irritated me that day, and I found myself in the desperate mood of wishing to bring matters to a climax between Selma and myself. If she would not accept my love I would give up the chase. I would use every legitimate means and argument to force her to love and accept me. She could not be won by quiet, modest wooing. She required the determined opposition of a mind that would conquer her own in the struggle for supremacy.

Strange that I did not think of the words of Dr. Secor, as I revolved these thoughts in my brain! I never once thought of Selma's mind being stronger than my own. I had always treated her as a half-spoiled, petted child, that needed a master and adviser. I had unconsciously assumed this function for myself.

Despite my self-possession and self-absorption in one great subject as I entered her room, I soon became aware of a peculiar sensation. The articles in the room had all been changed, and Selma herself looked strangely bright and fascinating. Her eyes were never more brilliant and attractive. She was dressed in an evening costume which set off her beauty rather than concealed it. She glided toward me in a winsome sylph-like fashion, and extended a warm hand to welcome me. I shuddered as I dropped the hand—why, I could not say. My eyes wandered around the room, and then back to Selma each time. She was always watching me, with her lips half-parted in a smile.

"Why have you changed the furniture so, Selma?" I asked in a voice that seemed somewhat dreamy to me.

"Why? Do you not like it?" she

thoughts, and then recalled myself.

"Have you anything new on hypnotism?" I asked irrelevantly, looking toward her recent collection of books.

"Nothing in book form, but I have—"

A strange idea flashed across my mind as if by intuition, and I interrupted her only to finish her own sentence.

"You have seen Dr. Secor?"

She nodded her head simply, and shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Selma, this is going too far," I burst out wrathfully. "You should not do such—"

She waved her hand imperiously, and said decidedly:

"Stop. You have said enough."

This was so unlike Selma that I obeyed. I thought her eyes grew more feverish, and she was making graceful motions with her hands that fascinated me. I watched her mutely.

Then I grew dizzy. I clutched the arms of my chair and caught for my breath. It dawned upon me that she was trying to hypnotize me. Dr. Secor had initiated her into the mysteries of his power. The thought at first was revolting and made me angry. But before I could speak a heavy sigh came from Selma. She was breathing hard and fast. Did she think to triumph over me, to bring my mind under her control? She might have a strong personality, but I was willing to test my own powers against hers. I braced myself for the ordeal, and returned her steady gaze.

The sudden wave of strength which swept over me seemed to confuse and mystify her. She sighed again, and clutched her hands nervously. Then she gradually grew quiet and passive. Her hands seemed to lose their power, and her whole form dropped back into her chair listlessly. A wild feeling of exultation possessed me. I felt that I had triumphed. She was in my power. I could do with her as I pleased.

Then came the strong desire to make her love me. I could force her to that against her will. She could not escape. I had come to declare my love. I would first tell her of it, and if she refused my pleadings I would command her to love me.

"Selma," I spoke slowly, and my voice sounded strange and unnatural. "You are in my power."

She raised her head slightly as if to resist.

"Not entirely," she faltered. "I have failed, but you have not wholly triumphed."

"But I can," I answered.

"No, no, I shall not yield. You can go no further."

It was a far-away voice, and it floated to me softly. It seemed unlike that of Selma. The room itself looked peculiar. There was something in the atmosphere that was enervating. My own limbs were dragging me down heavily into the chair. The sensation startled me.

"Selma, you must do my bidding," I said again, determined to try the effect of my power. "What I command, you must do."

She laughed a low, silvery laugh. Then mockingly, she added:

"You are over-estimating your power as I over-estimated mine. I am not your subject yet."

It was not necessary to tell me this. I could see that our two minds were struggling for the mastery, and each was baffled by the other. My feelings were strange beyond comprehension. I felt almost as if I was in a trance. I realized that if I should yield one inch Selma would triumph and obtain complete ascendancy over me. A weakening sensation crept upon my limbs and nearly paralyzed them. The thought that I was yielding inch by inch roused me, and I recovered my strength again with a great effort. As I regained possession of my powers, Selma seemed to waver and grow more nervous.

"I shall conquer," I muttered, more to my myself. "You must yield. I shall read your life, and make you tell me of the future!"

Her hands fluttered nervously and her eyelids drooped. Her whole form threatened to collapse before me. For the moment I had gained the subtle power over her.

"Tell me, Selma, what I ask of you," I said, raising my hand. "It is impossible to resist longer. You are my subject. You must answer me truthfully."

She nodded assent, and whispered lowly:

"Yes, I must answer you; but you cannot ask me the questions you wish. I know what they are. You cannot ask them, but I will answer what you ask."

This strange confession confused me. Could not ask her what I wished. The thought made me smile. Had she the power over me to keep back the question that was uppermost in my mind? No; I would declare my love and get her confession from her. I tried to frame my thoughts in appropriate language, but my mind was confused. I vainly endeavored to begin, but each sentence that I revolved in my brain seemed unsuitable. My mind

words I wanted to utter?

"Selma, when did you see Dr. Secor?" I said, anxious to discover whether I had lost control of my tongue.

"To-day," she said, simply.

"Did he teach you how to hypnotize?" I continued.

"Yes, he tried to, but I have partly failed."

"Not partly, but wholly." I answered, quickly.

She smiled as she answered:

"You are mistaken. You are partly under my power. You cannot rise from your chair without permission from me, and you cannot ask me the question you desire."

To show how absurd her words were I attempted to get up, but my limbs were paralyzed. I could not move. Neither could I tell her of my love and ask her to accept me. The realization of my condition made the perspiration stand out in great beads on my forehead.

"How can I free myself from this position?" I asked in desperation.

"Only by obtaining my consent."

"And you? How can you return to your normal condition?"

"You have it within your power to relieve me."

"Then I will do it as soon as I have shown my power over you. I must tell you that I—"

"I could not get any further. The words choked in my mouth. My pride forsook me at the thought of my utter helplessness. I bowed my head.

"It is useless. There is some mysterious power holding me back. I cannot tell you."

"If I willed it so you could, and I would have to answer you truthfully."

I did not raise my head. I was sick of the whole business. It was ruinous to the mind and nerves. I almost dreaded the result of such a strain upon Selma with her sensitive, emotional nature.

"Release me, Selma, and I will withdraw my influence," I said, suddenly raising my head.

But as my eyes met her bright ones a delicious sensation stole over me. My spirits rose with a jump. The heavy oppression was withdrawn. I only realized that Selma was before me—bright, beautiful, entrancing. My tongue was now free, and in the most eloquent language I poured out the story of my passion. I even rose from my chair and advanced to her side. She was still sitting motionless, with her hands hanging listlessly by her side. She answered my questions as a child—as a mere automaton. There was no animation or emotion in her words or voice. She was entranced, hypnotized.

I recoiled from her. The truth flashed across my mind in an instant. At my bidding she had reliquished her subtle power over my mind, but in my enthusiasm I had forgotten to release her. From a partial state of hypnotism she had then rapidly fallen into a totally quiescent, passive condition. I had unconsciously taken undue advantage of her and obtained her mechanical confessions of love. The thought filled me remorse and disquietude.

I turned from her and bowed my head on my hands. The whole night's experience had been disagreeable and even horrible to me. I vowed that it would be the last time I should ever tamper with hypnotism or other unseen mental forces. I dreaded to look around and see what effect the whole occurrence had upon Selma. She was quiet and immovable, but her hard breathing fell monotonously upon my ears.

"Selma," I said, finally, turning to her, "let us never try this experiment again."

She looked up at me and shuddered. She was now in her normal condition. The feverish brilliancy of her eyes had disappeared.

"No, never," she murmured. "It seems as if I was waking out of a dream. But it was a delicious dream, or at least part of it. I thought that—"

A flush tinged her cheeks, and she dropped her eyes.

"What, Selma?" I asked.

"Nothing, except that we were together, and that I was happy."

She remembered nothing. Her confessions of love were a secret with me. With them still ringing in my ears, I then repeated my tale of devotion, knowing full well beforehand that she loved me, though outwardly she might seem indifferent.—Home and Country.

A Wonderful Mosaic.

A picture, measuring scarcely more than 5x8 inches in its frame, and yet composed of 40,000 minute pieces of natural-colored woods, has just been hung upon the wall of Memorial Hall. This wonderful triumph of mosaic work was put together by an Italian artist, of course, its builder having been Professor Carallini, of Florence. It was sent over the sea to the World's Fair, and finally came to find a resting place in the Industrial Museum. It represents Christopher Columbus on the Santa Maria at the moment of discovery, when the sailors are crying, "Land! Land!" It is a remarkably beautiful mosaic of marqueterie. The

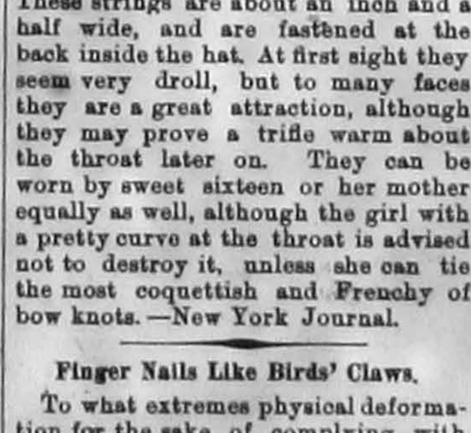
Hats With Strings a Summer Fashion.

One of the really new ideas in the world of fashion has come in the shape of strings on hats. Not strings in the shape a girl ties them on to the sailor hat when she takes a steamer ride to Long Branch, but ribbon strings on the low-crowned English style of hat, with broad brim that rolls on both sides. These bits of ribbon can be any bright color. Then the bow, nestling under the chin, has to be very carefully selected, for if it is pink when it ought to be blue, or blue when it ought to be dark red or dark green, the effect is not likely to in-

crease the attractiveness of any girl. These strings are about an inch and a half wide, and are fastened at the back inside the hat. At first sight they seem very droll, but to many faces they are a great attraction, although they may prove a trifle warm about the throat later on. They can be worn by sweet sixteen or her mother equally as well, although the girl with a pretty curve at the throat is advised not to destroy it, unless she can tie the most coquettish and Frenchy of bow knots.—New York Journal.

Finger Nails Like Birds' Claws.

To what extremes physical deformation for the sake of complying with certain fashions or as the fulfilment of ascetic vows can be carried is explained by Dr. I. Ranke, of Germany, in his recently published anatomical treatise entitled, "Der Mensch." He demonstrates that in all lands certain forms of malpractice have been indulged in. In old Peru, for instance, little children were placed under a head press and their scalps were shaped oblong. This was especially the case with the daughters of the nobles and with the members of the royal families.



HAND OF THE CHINESE ASCETIC.

Jose House, who does not perform any manual labor and permits his finger nails, with the exception of those on his index fingers, to grow several inches long. Finally they become entangled and resemble somewhat the claws of an old bird.

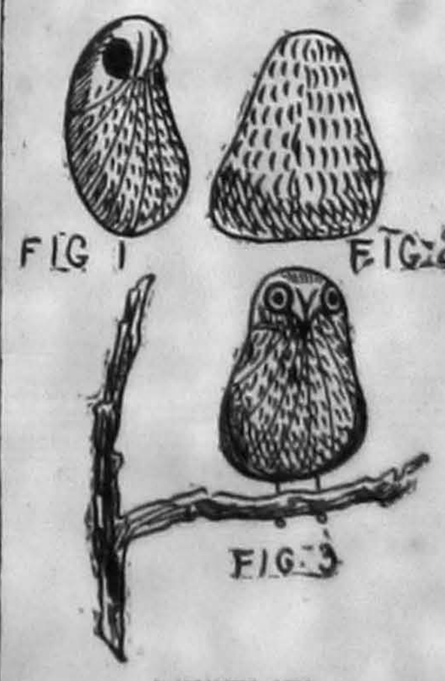
Thousands of Homeless Scots.

It was very interesting to read in the Spectator that, owing to the extension of deer forests in Scotland, golden eagles and wildcats are on the increase and are now safe from extirpation there. But there is also a suggestive per contra, which likewise is not unconnected with the extension of deer forests, the removal of the cottager from the land, the divorce of Scots from Scotland. About ten years ago there were 90,000 vagrants in Scotland. There are now about 150,000 to a population under 5,000,000. Germany has about the same number to a population of 50,000,000. It would be matter for regret if golden eagles became extinct in Scotland. But it is a matter for sadness that they are flying over the comparatively recent homes of now homeless sons of the land.—London Spectator.

A Peanut Owl.

Get a peanut with as large a top as possible. Mark with a pen a round spot as represented in the illustration, and make little marks on the shell to indicate feathers. For wings cut a small piece of tissue paper in the shape shown in Figure 2, and paper with ink. Paste this on the back and over the sides of the peanut.

The eyes are made with a little



A PEANUT OWL.

round piece of white paper and a black head, through which a small pin runs, and is then stuck into the peanut at the black spot. Fasten the peanut to a twig by running two pins through the branch, and you will have a very fair owl. Amusing designs may be made by grouping several of these owls together.—New York Recorder.

Has a Double Heart.

When the Mercer County (N. J.) Medical Association was in session a few years ago a colored man named William King came before them for examination. He claimed to have two hearts, but a careful examination revealed the fact that his heart was double instead of being two separate blood-pumping organs. Besides having two distinct pulsations, which could easily be felt, he had wonderful

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Indian History.

It would be interesting if we could know just what atrocities the Indians have committed in the bounds of what is now Pocahontas County. And when you come to think about it, the outrages committed by the Indians is the only feature that makes them remarkable. There was one pioneer of our county who was on the best of terms with the Indians. It was John Sharp, who lived where his son Jacob Sharp now lives, on one of the fine estates of the Edray district. Mr. Sharp died at the age of near a hundred years. The Indians always came to his house when in Pocahontas, and he always fed them. They made their appearance there when the other settlers had no idea that any Indians were in these parts. Indians whom he had never seen would come and make themselves at home, and there is no doubt but that he was known and protected throughout the various tribes.

His grandson remembers his telling of an adventure with an Indian. He had just killed a deer when an Indian suddenly appeared and said "Sharp give me that deer!" He offered him half, but the Indian would only allow him to take home enough for one meal, and the hide. As they were skinning the deer, the Indian cut off and ate a great mess of the raw, smoking meat. He shouldered the meat and pluged into the forest. He can easily be imagined as claiming the credit of having killed it when he reached the camp; this suggests that the hunter who bought some game on William's River, last fall, may not have been as original as he supposed he was.

At Edray is the site of the old "Drennin Cabin," which is the starting point of the "Gallagher Survey," the eastern boundary of which is thirty miles long, extending into Randolph County. The inmates of this cabin, Drennin and his wife, were attacked one evening by the Indians. Drennin hid in some bushes near the house and the Indians came right upon him, and he was about to give himself up, thinking he was discovered. He was mistaken, however, as they passed on and took his wife prisoner. He raised the alarm and a party followed the Indians so close, that they killed the woman on the Crooked Fork of Elk, about fifteen miles to the North. Some of the settlers beyond recognized her scalp, as she had wonderfully long black hair.

There is a legend, not fully substanticated, that Simon Girty, the diabolical white Indian leader, who perverted the great chief Cornstalk, whom the whites trusted, met his death in the Little Levels of Pocahontas County. The story goes that he came by alone seeking to hide himself, and that the women of the neighborhood caught and bound him and burned him on a log-heap, an end that was far too good for him. If we only knew this for certain and the place a monument would be erected there.

A Bad Break.

Congressman elect Huling, Mr. Alderson's successor from the Third district, is a frequent visitor to Washington these days. On a recent visit here he put up at the National Hotel, a favorite resort of West Virginians and Southern people generally. One moruing he went into the hotel barber shop to get a shave. The colored barber who undertook the contract of mowing the stubble from the distinguished West Virginian's mobile countenance naturally started a coversation with his patron. His talk turned on the late election, and after expressing his opinions generally on the great Republican landslide, the barber remarked that the only man whose defeat he felt as a personal loss, was Mr. Alderson; of West Virginia.

This remark immediately interested Mr. Huling and aroused him from the doze into which he had fallen under the combined influence of the barber's manipulation and two-pitched voice. "So you knew Mr. Alderson, did you!" inquired Huling.

"Yes, indeed, sah," continued the barber, encouraged to find his customer taking an interest in his talk. "He was one of my regular customers, sah. He had a mug and brush here—they are up in the case now, sah,—and he was a mighty fine man. A big, handsome man, wid an easy face to shave, and a powerful good speaker. And I am mighty sorry he has departed, sah," said the barber as he proceeded to put the finishing touches on Mr. Huling's face. "And the worst of it is," he continued, "They say he was defeated by a no account sort of fellow, who didn't know nothing, and who never would of got the nomination if he didn't have lots of money."

And the barber yanked the towel about Mr. Huling's neck, and that gentleman got on his feet. He looked at the barber with a quizzical expression in his eye, and remarked, "Well, I'm sorry your friend Alderson was defeated, for I agree with you he was a mighty fine man. But I don't agree with you that he was defeated by a no-account sort of fellow, and I'll tell you why, I'm the man who defeated Alderson."

Nothing but one of Edison's kinetoscopes could possibly have done justice to the rapid changes of expressions on that darkey's countenance as Mr. Huling said this. He was too dumbfounded to do more than attempt to stammer out an apology, and before he got fairly started Mr. Huling was gone. It is needless to say that barber does not expect to shave the member from the Third West Virginia district in the next Congress.

Congressman Alderson started for his home at Nicholas Court House to day, to be with his family for the holidays. Mr. Alderson has been endeavoring since he returned here to get a definite promise from the members of the house Judiciary Committee that the West Virginia direct tax bill would be pushed at this session, but he has obtained little satisfaction. The members of the committee are willing enough to undertake doing what they can to get the bill through but point out that pressing for passage, it is almost hopeless to expect to get time for the West Virginia bill. If the Republicans would not filibuster against it, there would be no trouble, or it might be put through in half an hour under suspension of the rules. But with the Republicans ready to fight it at every step, it would take hours and perhaps days to pass it.—*Wheeling Register.*

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3½ miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address URIAH BIRD,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 29th day of October, 1892, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 23, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina R. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court-house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1837, said deed or patent numbered 18081.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber.

LEVI GAY, Trustee.

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"No profit grows,
Where is no pleasure ta'en."

Probably the immortal bard had no direct reference to my business when he penned these simple lines but it applies, nevertheless, as our experience has proven that there is only profit in trade when our customers are pleased. We take a personal pleasure in our business and derive a profit therefrom, but we also take a real pleasure in suiting our customers and thereby contributing to their profit.

Every body advertises

"The Cheapest Goods ever Sold in the County."

And people are so accustomed to this old and time-honored phrase, that it does not raise much excitement now but it applies to the line of gooks that I am now handlidg with as much force as ever.

I am Literally Crowded with Bargains!

Would I dare to advertise the following prices if they were not low—

Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs. for one silver dollar.

Men's all wool cassimere suits, $7 50, value $15 00.

Men's all wool Kersey suits, $5 value, $8 75.

Good Heavy Blankets $1 15 pr.

Arbuckle Coffee 25c.

Calicoes 5c per yd.

Cassimeres, Henriettas, Flannels etc., 18c up.

Cloaks! Ladies Cloaks!

In endless variety; all latest styles, $3 00 to $17 00.

Capes! Ladies' Capes!

A beautiful assortment in fur trimmed, all shades in latest styles.

Clothing! Overcoats!

A most complete line in Youth's and Children's clothing and overcoats.

Remember these goods were bought for cash very low and we are satisfied with a small margin of profit.

EVERYTHING IN QUEENSWARE, AND TINWARE. JAPAN AND GRANITE-WARE.

Just received a beautiful line of

Ladies Trimmed Hats

Also felt hats, frames and trimming.

I will make it to your advantage to trade with me.

To all purchasers of $10 worth of goods at one time, for cash, I will make a present of a fine framed picture, worth $2.00

I have some very special bargains and presents for first customers on Monday mornings.

I have a very large line of boots in every style, suitable for this trade, which I will sell at cost and carriage on Wednesdays of each week.

Please come in on Wednesdays for these bargains in boots.

Just think of it, a pair of heavy winter boots FOR $1 50.

Don't forget the place West End of Bridge.

yours for business

P. GOLDEN.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 26. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, ... J. C. ...rbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, ... R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, ... S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, ... J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, ... C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. T. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor ..... George Baxter.
Coroner, ... George P Moore
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, Edray; W. H. Gross, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATT'Y. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

"CENTRALIZATION" is the word used to denote that tendency all administrations show, now-a-days, to rule the whole United States from the city of Washington. We fought the great war of secession upon this question, and were reconstructed, but to-day, the laws of our own states mean more to us than those minor laws regulating our actions which are imposed by the Federal govenment. The South is supposed to be dead against this principle of centralisation, and brooks little interference from Washington. Still it cannot be successfully denied that those departments which are controlled exclusively by the Federal Government, have been managed with a greater show of proficiency than any state work. For instance the suppression of the illicit sale of liquors. From personal observation we have seen adventurers equip themselves with United States license, and then calmly defy the State laws. The postal system is well in hand, and when Louisana had a lottery that was disadvantageous to the whole country, there was no power at Washington to be brought to bear on an evil permitted to exist by the laws of one of the states. Then they shut down on it, by making it a high crime to use the mails for lottery purposes, and so accomplished by indirect means what could have been done directly if there had been a centralization of power. One reason that the Federal administration of laws seems so perfect, is, that there is no other system to compare with it, while there are forty-four different systems among the states to seem good bad or indifferent, as the case may be. One great cry in the North is that there must be some power to stop the lynching of negroes in the South. Even England feels like demanding officially that no negroes be put to death by this means, and it is a great and growing evil. The South as a whole has despaired of staying it, and it wishes that some power would put an end to the practice, and it further says that while this power is at work, that it would like to have the black fiends prevented from outraging society, in the most horrorible manner conceivable. A central power let the negroes loose, without a master mind among them. Is it any wonder that with the negroes, there is a large percentege worse than beasts, or that the intrepid southerners should try to wipe out of existence this dangerous part of a dangerous race. The better class of negroes pray to be released from the ignominy thier criminal brothers bring upon them. A central power is needed here, and that power will have its hands more than full. As the railroad age advanced it was found necessary for the Federal Goverment to assume a partial control of them, so thread by thread Washington takes up departments that bind the states into a great whole, "one and inseparable."

The Labor Question.

From the Tammany Times.

Foreman—"See here, Maginnis, this dago here is doing twice the work you are."

"That's phth Oi've bin a telling him for the past hour, but the bloody Oitalyan won't shtop."

The grandest New Year's present of the season is the Czar's amnesty decree of 920,000 prisoners.

THE present seems to be an era of church congresses. The discussions show that there is a mysterious upheaval pending that causes the more reflecting part of society to inquire what is best to do to meet the emergencies arising so portentously before us. Our young people cannot be reminded too often of the fact that they are likely to be called on to decide the most important issues ever yet adjudicated by human thought and from different points of view. The attentive observer of church conventions has been impressed with the fact that no question elicits more consideration than this, "Why do the people stay away from the church?" Now the question will be put in a different form when the rising generation comes into the control of church interests, "Why does the church stay away from the people." Intelligent persons of the generation now coming upon the arena of human affairs, are too well informed and well balanced in their minds to have any doubts that a church edifice is the most significent structure ever reared by an intelligent community. A court-house is a significant structure, so is a state-house. A church, however, is more thoroughly representative of the complete nature of man than the the school-house, the library, or the hall of legislation. These buildings pertain to citizens as citizens, and the purpose of their erection is to fit people for the responsibilities, and obligations, and duties of private and public life, while the church and what it signifies has a double mission in view. The intention of the church edifice is to add for another life the proper education for the life that now is. The scope of religion, therefore, is vastly larger than that of mere political or social economy, and the church edifice, which is the visible or architectural expression of the world's hopes and aspirations, it seems apparent, ought to be crowded by those persons who are tried by afflictions and distressed and who need and desire encouragement or resignation. It is a perplexing fact that this being so, church and people should have the aversion which is so much deplored and the reason therefor so much sought for by investigators of human problems. There is enough in evidence to assure us there has never been a period when there was a wider appreciation of virtue and a deeper distaste of vice. Lives of conspicuous self-sacrifice may be found every where; general honesty and integrity, which are the foundation of healthy and prosperous society, were never nearer the millennial standard than right now. Hence this aversion to church-going, while it may mean something very sad in reference to particular cases does not indicate that the human race in its entirety is becoming indifferent to eternal verities, is so sordid, and selfish, and avaricious that if it can take its ease in this world does not care whether there is another life or not. On the contrary, there has never been a time when, the world over, people of all classes and conditions gave more atttention to questions bearing upon the future as the present, or more impressed by the conviction that souls will continue their careers after the bodies return to the dust in the flowery cemetaries. The world never more responded to the sentiment, "It is not all of life to live nor all of death to die,"

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S poems "touch the spot." The lines given below, we might say, illustrate the general thought conveyed in a couplet in "Locksley Hall:"

"Comfort! comfort scorned of devils! but 'tis truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

The lines are concerning soldiers who have sunk from decency and fortune to become "Gentlemen Rankers" in the British army, and who drown their care in drink. The poem ends as follows:

"If the home we never write to, and the oaths we never keep,
And all we know most distant and most dear,
Across the snoring barrack room return to break our sleep
Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer?
When the drunken comrade mutters, and the great guard lantern gutters,
And the horror of our fall is written plain,
Every secret self revealing in the aching whitewashed ceiling,
Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

"We are done with Hope and Honor,
We are lost to Love and Truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth,
God help us for we knew the worst too young!
Our shame is clear repentance for the crime that brought the sentence,
And our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reubon hold us till an alien turf enfolds us
And we die and none can tell Them where we died."

Problem Department.

Mr. S. C. Austin, of the Lewisburg Graded School, and Mr. Lewis Yeager, Principal of the Huntersville school, send in the proper solution to the 2d problem given in our last issue:

2. If A and B perform a certain work in 12 days, A and C in 15 days, and B and C in 20 days, in what time could each do it alone?

Ans. A, 20 days; B, 30 days; C, 60 days.

As it is not within the scope of a West Virginia newspaper office to "set up" an Algebraic analysis, only the answers sent in by the gentlemen is given.

The 1st example of that issue is as follows:

1. What two numbers have for their product 353,925, and for their sum 1,254?

As Mr. Austin says, "It is not capable of solution from numbers given." It is one of those examples that mathematical monstrosities are fond of working out by what is known as "groping." The answer is 825 and 429, which you can see are numbers which "fill the bill."

The famous grind-stone problem and one other are given this week.

1. Three men own a grindstone 2 ft. 8 in. in diameter: how much must each grind off to get an equal share, allowing 6 inches waste for the aperture?

2. A, B, and C are joint owners of a farm. C's share is worth $400; A's share is ½ of B's, and the sum of their shares is 6-8 the value of the farm. Find the value of the shares held by A and B.

Those interested in matters of this kind should send in problems for the consideration of the readers of this paper.

Analysis proves that white corn has about 1 per cent. more muscle forming element than yellow.

Manchester, England, gets its water supply ninety-five miles away.

First Impressions.

If you notice what the uninitiated say about our county, directly after they have come here, it is apt to disenchant you. The range of country north and south and just about us is the most mountainous part of a mountain State. The Hatfield-McCoy feud, and the like, have imbued the stranger with a vast respect for us, though such reckless fighting is as strange to us to them.

A Virginian, for instance, coming from a flat, sandy country, is impressed, or rather oppressed, by the luxuriant forests, and what we pass by without noticing, he sees as the greenest, dampest, and thickest woods he has ever seen. The trees hang over the road, and make them seem so narrow and dark. And then the idea of going four miles without even passing a single house of any kind! He is always on the lookout, too, for wild beasts, and the provision that is made for drunken men and idiots, finally does make a deer or bear cross the road, though the sheriff might ride the whole term of his sheriffalty without having laid his eyes on a like sight.

He is scared out of a year's growth by coming suddenly upon a man resting by the roadside with a gun across his knees. That man, ten to one, has failed to come to the scratch when he needed a little grit, all his life, and bitterly lamented himself as being the "scardest" thing in the county. Had he known how he had frightened a poor traveler who was not used to seeing everybody carry a gun, he would have been as highly elated as the rabbit was which made the frog jump into the water; the only thing the rabbit had ever frightened off the track.

The stranger is wonderfully impressed with the big men. He is as nice as you please at first. He may be disillusioned soon, though, by seeing a majestic six-foot-four giant take a good "cussing" from a half drunken little fellow in lumberman boots. How deftly the big man's wife holds him off of the little man! How he struggles to free himself! The little woman, though, restrains him with great difficulty, and the little man having delivered himself of the choicest collection of "cuss words" ever owned by anybody but a sailor, goes off.

What is the newcomer apt to do, then? He winds up by liking the people and the good things they live on. He gives the country itself all sorts of names, but winds up often by settling down for life, having won a fair damsel to wife who brought him the necessary three acres and a cow.

It seems that there must be a great deal of truth in this, for just think how many men we have who just about run the government, who came to the mountains, found a wife, and settled down to live out a life. The men who have come in here from other parts outnumber the women ten to one.

It is only after knowing the country better that the visitor loses the remembrance of his first impressions. When he finds that the people all live on the "back road" instead of the State road, he begins to realize that we have a more important county than he had at first supposed.

☞ TIMES OFFICE for job-work

"You can't guess what has happened,"
Says Grandma, looking wise;
"Something so unexpected
It took me by surprise."
And when we fail at guessing
What we're sure of, forsooth,
She makes the proud announcement,
"The baby's got a tooth!

2.

"I've got some news to tell you,"
Says Grandma, by and by.
"Of course, it's of the baby,"
We say with twinkling eye.
"Of course it is," says Grandma,
And the news too good to keep
Is told us in a sentence—
"The baby's tried to creep!"

3.

"Guess what I heard to-day, dears"
Says Grandmamma, a-grin,
As to the baby's presence
We all come tumbling in.
"Something so cute! so cunning!
I know you will be glad
I wish you could have heard it—
The baby said 'Dad, Dad!'"

4.

"I've something new to tell you,"
Says Grandma, in delight;
And then she hugs the baby
And takes a great big bite
Of kiss from lips like cherries
In a hungry kind of way,
"Just think, dears! Grandma's darling
Took two big steps to-day!"
—Ellen E. Rexford, in Independent.

A DULL IN THE WATER.

BY VINCENT S. COOKE.

"THIS man ought to be locked up," grumbled the young ambulance surgeon, as he turned the motionless form over and looked in the pallid face; "he's full of rum."

"Well, maybe you know your business, and maybe you don't," retorted the big policeman, as he rose from his knees, "but I know mine. I wouldn't have sent in a call for an ambulance if I didn't think that fellow needed a doctor. Why didn't that fellow send one down? Can't you tell a sick man from a drunken one yet?"

Hospital surgeons in New York, and especially those who answer "hurry calls," are accustomed to animadversion, but they look for the most of it in the newspapers, and not from the members of "the finest," who are too often as ignorant of the true condition of an unfortunate who needs attention as they are themselves. In this particular instance the policeman happened to know the most.

It was between 1 and 2 o'clock one Wednesday morning. The wind, after howling for twenty hours, had died down, and the three-quarter moon was shining brightly. The waves in the harbor were still angry, and were lashing and swashing up over the stone coping that bound Battery Park. Any person standing at the water's edge, between the Barge Office and the Aquarium—old Castle Garden—a little after midnight, might have been able to distinguish a yawl boat off Liberty Island containing a man, who was making weak efforts to scull to the shore.

He appeared confused and twice slipped his oar and fell backward on the afterthwart; then he got to his feet and headed the yawl straight for the Battery wall. He ran afoul of an anchored boat, got clear, and swirled his bow around again. This discouraged him and he fell on his hands and knees. Again he tried, and this time he slowly made headway, and in twenty minutes or thereabouts the nose of his boat was bumping against the granite wharfing.

He crept forward, got his arms up, and with a great effort drew himself on shore and sank on the flagging. The boat with its single oar drifted off.

It could not have been more than five minutes after the man fell on his face that the policeman came along and saw him lying there in the moonlight. He did just what any other New York policeman would have done under similar circumstances—rapped the prostrate man on the soles of his shoes with the short billy he carried in his right hand. The poor fellow groaned and drew up his legs, which necessarily resulted in a second bastinado and a turn over, accompanied by several lucrative epithets reserved for such occasions.

"Have I got to take him in?" soliloquized the bluecoat, "an' to-morrow me day off!"

"Been fightin', I 'spect," said the policeman; "but he's cold sober. Here"—to the prospective prisoner—"get up, you drunken loafer, or I'll fan you." But the soliloquy and the threat were alike unnoticed. Then came the ambulance call, the boardless surgeon's regulation diagnosis and

his head he contracted his brow as though trying to bring up something he had forgotten.

"Give me a drink of water, will you?" he asked an attendant who was reading an account of a prize fight. "When can I get ashore?" The glass was handed over and the history of the seventh round was resumed without any answer being made.

A young physician entered the ward. "How do you feel now?" he asked, as he sat down on the side of the bed. "How did you get hurt? Let me have your name and address for the blotter."

The patient looked puzzled at first. "It doesn't seem to me I know you," he said, fixing his eyes on the doctor's face. "Were you there when the whale struck the yawl? Where's the cook?"

The doctor took hold of the man's wrist and felt his pulse. Then he turned his eyes to the light and examined the pupils. "Can you tell your name?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied the patient, rousing himself suddenly, "John Edward Strange, of the schooner Bessie Berwyn. My mate is Joe Chelton, a Cape Breton boy, and I—"

The patient covered his face with his hands and swayed to and fro in the bed. "I lost the word I wanted to say," he began, "but I'll find it again in a minute. My name is Jack Strange, Captain Jack Strange, of—"

Again he was at fault and stopped to gather his wits, but it was no use, and he dropped back on the pillow.

At 4 o'clock Captain Jack Strange got up on his elbow and called for water. The doctor, who had first spoken to him, happened to be near by and handed him the glass. As he did so he noticed that his patient's face was ghastly and his eyes were sparkling with some strong excitement.

"I can tell you about it now," he said in a low tone. "My mind is clear. I can see the whole thing over again just as plainly as I saw it in reality."

"What do you mean?" asked the physician, who thought at first that the words came from the fancy of a delirious brain.

"Why, the fight! the fight!" exclaimed the sick man, raising his voice. "I have been going to sea these twenty-five years, and have seen some strange things, but nothing like that, nothing like that."

The speaker was perfectly coherent and his general expression indicated a clear, even if an excited brain.

"We were off Sandy Hook about 10 o'clock at night and were under a single reef and tacking up the bay," he went on. "There was a pretty heavy sea on and it was blowing hard. I was at the wheel, and had called for my mate to come and take a turn while I went below. I happened to look aft, and saw something that made my eyes stick out. I was an able-bodied seaman for eleven years on a New Bedford whaler, and I ought to know something about whales. Well, what I saw as the mate took the wheel was two tremendous big bull whales about a hundred yards astern of us. Their arched backs were glistening in the moonlight. I knew they were bulls because they were in battle. The females don't fight with each other and a male doesn't fight with a female."

The doctor had started to walk away from the bed, but he stopped, turned around, drew up a chair and sat down.

"I couldn't tell the size of them," continued Captain Strange, "but they were the largest I ever saw. We were well keeled over and making good time. The whales worked over to windward of us, and we had a first-class view of them. I couldn't tell at first how they were fighting, but after awhile both of them sounded and were gone fully ten minutes. Then one came up as though he had been shot out of a cannon. When a whale comes up to blow the back appears first and then the head. This monster came up head first, with the blood spurting out of the blow holes. The other one followed in less than a minute. Then there was a most terrible fight, and not more than twenty yards on our weather bows.

The first whale swarm round in a half circle, with the greater part of his body under water. His opponent swam in the other direction, and was in sight from his head to his flukes. We could see what they were up to. It was to be a battering match. When they came together it was like the meeting of two mountains.

"The bleeding whale seemed to get the best of it, because the other one shivered and kind of half turned over. We were all so excited on board that the mate forgot his helm and let the schooner fall off. She ran up into the eye of the wind, and while it was a mistake it was a lucky one. The whales went down at once after they had butted each other, and when they shot up again, they came directly, as near as I could calculate, where our path would have been on our starboard tack. If either one of them had struck us in that gale of wind we would surely have been upturned.

"The second meeting seemed to be

them, but it didn't, but only seemed to make them more furious.

"They backed off a little way and rushed together once more with tremendous force, and instead of breaking away they hung close and both went down, head first, at the same time, threshing the sea with their flukes until it seemed to be boiling. This time they remained under the surface for fully twenty minutes, fighting, I suppose, as hard as when we saw them. I thought it was all over then, because only one whale came up to blow, and he began dipping his head as though exhausted. In about five minutes the other bull came up astern of his enemy and made a dash clean over his back, striking him a terrible slap with the flukes as he slid off. If that blow had reached a boat it would have knocked it into kindling wood."

The speaker appeared to be growing weaker at this point, and the doctor, who had become intensely interested in the strange recital, gave him a sip of brandy.

"This combat was kept up within hailing distance of my vessel," remarked Captain Strange, "for three hours. The moon was bright and we could see everything plainly. At times the whales would be a quarter-mile ahead of us. At these distances we could not distinguish them. As we began to draw near the Narrows I saw a small rowboat off to loo'ard. There were two boys or two men in her, I couldn't tell which. What they were doing on the water at that hour is more than I could tell. The monsters were heading toward them. The boys must have seen them coming, for they changed their course and began rowing hard. They might as well have tried to get out of the way of a snow slide. Both whales struck them. I could see one little fellow make a jump. The boat was mashed as though it was made of paper. We couldn't see anything of the bodies. There was no chance of life after that awful rush, and we did not lower a boat.

"When we passed Fort Wadsworth the whales were half a mile behind us. Their heads were barely in sight, and they seemed to be taking a rest and swimming side by side. As we got nearer the city it flashed across me that the hundreds of vessels anchored in the upper Bay would be in great danger if these maddened beasts, who didn't seem to know where they were going, got close to a boat's hull in their struggle.

"I made up my mind then to do what was perhaps a foolish thing, but the mate was an old whaler himself, and he agreed and urged me to go ahead. My idea was to stand by, lower the yawl and go after the whales with a couple of harpoons that we had hanging in the cabin. The cook and a sailor were willing to go along, and had the boat ready in a jiffy."

Captain Strange's voice suddenly sank to a whisper. He stopped talking and looked at the walls and then in the doctor's face. It was clear he did not realize exactly where he was. Up to this time he had been perfectly coherent, but when he resumed he appeared to have lost the thread of his story. This, however, was but for a moment.

"There was a streak of blood in our wake," he continued, "and the foam was churned red. The whales were tired, and, as we thought, dying. They kept swimming side by side, and stayed near the top so long that I felt sure one or both of them was dead. Then there was so much blood, so much blood."

Another pause of a minute and then the cobwebs were brushed away again. "Oh, yes, the boat. We lowered her and I went forward with the harpoons. The cook and the sailor took the oars and we started back. We hadn't been off the deck of the bark more than ten minutes when the big bulls were at it again. They were coming in our direction, and from our low boat they looked like a couple of moving islands. 'There's plenty of life in 'em,' said the mate, 'but one is stronger than the other.' As he spoke they were rushing at each other, diving, turning and shooting up head first, all the time getting nearer and nearer. If they kept straight in their course they would pass our port rail by fifty yards, but when they sounded you couldn't tell where or when they were coming up. But they passed us safely enough and headed up the bay, and we after them.

"We passed close to the schooner on our way and hailed the sailors we had left in charge and then kept on. The bulls were out of sight, but we knew we must soon see them again and kept on rowing. At the end of maybe half an hour we had got pretty well up, but hadn't seen anything. I was just going to give the word to go about and row for the schooner when the cook hollered, 'There they are!'

"And sure enough there they were, not thirty yards away. They had just come up and were flukes, too. The strangest thing was that they were fighting then with their tails. It was something awful. One minute we would see a great broad head disap-

and sometimes we could see one monster shoot up and cover the other, as though to press him into the depths and crush him.

"I had my harpoon ready, but there was no chance in the world to use it. My whaling knowledge never took in harpooning a bull whale while he was fighting. 'We had better get away from here,' said the mate. 'I think so,' I said. 'Back off, boys, and head for the schooner.' They obeyed, and we had just got our bow around when the whales changed their tactics. They collided again, but as their heads pounded together they seemed to be supporting the upper part of their bodies in the air by rapid movement of the flukes. We were so close that we could see their mouths.

"All of a sudden one disappeared. I remember seeing him come up alongside the boat, and I saw the cook go overboard. After that I got a blow that seemed to knock the life out of me. I could see nothing but blood. The boat—I was in the dark so long—I—there was a big red eye glaring at me—the cook—"

Captain Strange began to mutter and to wander. He was no longer coherent. The Doctor whipped out his hypodermic syringe and injected some morphine into the sailor man's arm. In ten minutes he stopped muttering and fell back in slumber.

"That was a queer yarn," said the Doctor, "whether he saw it in his mind or in reality." I wonder which of those bull whales got licked?"—New York Mail and Express.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There are forty-eight distinct diseases of the eye.

Mineral oils are not so efficient as animal and vegetable oils in stilling troubled waters.

Single teeth of the mastodon have been found in America weighing as much as thirteen pounds.

Durable artificial silk, which is both neat and dressy, is made of waste wool or cotton, by the aid of chemicals.

The temperature at the bottom of the Foreman Mine in Virginia City, Nev., a depth of 2100 feet, is 110½ degrees.

Gold, diamonds and twenty-two different chemical elements have been found in aerolites, or "stones from the sky."

A chocolate manufacturer at Berne, Switzerland, is reported to be successfully using honey instead of sugar in the manufacture of chocolate.

A pneumatic horse collar finds favor with many horsemen, and the animals themselves seem to appreciate it, as it adjusts itself to every motion of the neck.

The results of the recent expedition to the Polar regions prove that north of seventy-five degrees the ice over the whole surface averages 6005 feet in thickness.

The rare sight of a rainbow in the sky with temperature from twelve to twenty degrees below zero is sometimes to be seen in Sweden, Iceland and Nova Zembla.

A lighthouse lens of the first order is six feet in diameter and costs $4250 to $8400; second order, four feet seven inches and costs $2760 to $3550, and the third order, three feet three inches and costs from $1475 to $3650. There are three other sizes.

Two adventurous aeronauts, M. Mallet and M. de Fonvielle, have undertaken to make a sky trip around France, keeping their balloon as near the earth as possible, so as to be able to descend with ease occasionally. They want to prove that agreeable and economical journeys can be made by balloons as well as by rail or water.

Lord Kelvin is of the opinion that the internal heat of the earth has no bearing whatever upon climates, contending that the intense heat known to have once existed at the surface of the earth was due to a much higher temperature of the sun. The earth might be of the temperature of white hot iron 2000 feet below the surface, or as cold as ice fifty feet below, without altering the present climate in the least.

The remarkable statement is made, on competent authority, that the average amount of friction or power lost by overcoming friction in machinery and mill work is fifty per cent. of the gross power, the loss occurring at the lubricated surfaces. The power demanded to drive the machinery in such an establishment has been found to be variable to the extent of fifteen or twenty per cent. by change of temperature from heat to cold as from summer to winter. Friction has been reduced fifty per cent. by changing lubricants

Shakespearean Pilgrims.

The Rev. Dr. Arbuthnot, vicar o Stratford-on-Avon, says that his old church is in much the same state as it was in Shakespeare's time. Of the few genuine relics of the dramatist preserved in his native town the most interesting are his signet ring, with the initials "W. S." on it, and the desk at which he sat in the grammar school of Stratford. The average number of

Without a shadow creepin';
An' suns kept shinin' day an' night—
What would we do for sleepin'?

If all the skies was always clear,
An' Spring just kept a-stayin',
An' bees made honey all the year—
What would we do for sleighin'?

If everything went jest our way,
An' not a storm was howlin';
An' cash came in for work or play,
What would we do for growlin'?

Jest let the plan o' Nature rest—
Be glad for any weather;
The feller who still does his best,
Brings earth an' heaven together!
—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is something crooked about a man who carries a corkscrew.—Boston Courier.

A good many men believe in advertising, but seem to think it should be free.—Albany Argus.

No malice can exist without thought; so how can there be such a thing as malice before thought?—Texas Siftings.

It is a pathetic fact that the hand that rocks the cradle can't throw a rock and hit anything in sight.—Somerville Journal.

American Heiress—"Would you ever marry for money, Baron?" Baron—"I don't know—how much have you?"—New York Ledger.

Chawler—"Did yer go inter see de snake charmer?" Hengoutt—"Yes, an' it's a question in me mind weather she charms de snakes or paralyzes dem."—Boston Courier.

Minister—"Good evening, sonny! Is Brother Hapenny at home?" Brother Hapenny's Son—"'Course! Don't ye see us all outside th' house?"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Maude—"I hope you are not going to marry that Mr. Korter!" Kate—"Really, I don't think it would make any difference to you, dear, if I didn't."—Boston Transcript.

Helen—"Funny you didn't notice that Tom had been drinking. He talked to you quite awhile." Maude—"Yes, but then he talked to me under his breath."—Boston Transcript.

"I wonder you women never learn how to get off a street car." "Umh? If we got off the right way it wouldn't be long before they'd quit stopping the cars for us."—Boston Courier.

Johnnie (with history book)—"Papa, what was the Appian Way?" Papa—"I suppose it was a way Appian had, though I don't know much about him personally."—Detroit Free Press.

"Have you ever loved another, Tom?" said Miss Gush to her intended. "Certainly," repled he. "Do you wish written testimonials from my previous sweathearts?"—Harper's Bazar.

She—"But how can you think I'm pretty when my nose turns up so?" He—"Well, all I have to say is that it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth."—Standard.

Exceptional Case—"I told my friend Emma, under promise of the strictest secrecy, that I am engaged to the lieutenant, and the spiteful thing actually kept the secret."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"No," said the busy merchant; "I don't care for no dictionaries to-day." "Thank you," returned the fair book agent from Boston; "how many shall I put you down for?"—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

Mr. Scrimp—"My dear, I don't see how you had this counterfeit bill passed on you!" Mrs. Scrimp—"Well, you don't let me see enough real money to enable me to tell the difference."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Benedict—"Now, what would you do, Mr. De Batch, if you had a baby that cried for the moon?" De Batch (grimly)—"I'd do the next best thing for him, madam; I'd make him see stars."—Kate Field's Washington.

"There is something about you that I like exceedingly," said Mr. Callowhill to Miss Ricketts. "That's your own inordinate egotism," replied the girl. "My egotism?" "Yes, sir, for nothing is about me quite as much as you."—Harper's Bazar.

Tibbie—"How did you manage to get Manger to vote for our side? Did you convince him that on the great political issues of the day his party is wrong and ours is right?" Dibbie—"Well, it amounted to that. I just praised his dog."—Boston Transcript.

The Shopper—"I'd like to buy that lovely lamp shade, but I can't afford to pay ten dollars for it." The Salesman—"Well, madam, I'll make the price nine dollars and ninety-nine cents." The Shopper—"Oh, how good of you! I'll take it."—Chicago Record.

"I think I will take a holiday the next three weeks," remarked the secretary and treasurer of a private company to the chairman thereof. "But you returned from one only two weeks ago." "Yes, but I've got to be back in time to attend the meeting of the directors."—Tit-Bits.

James—"I say, old fellow, can't you lend me ten for a month?" Naggs—"Sorry, but I haven't anything but a fifty. Got any change?" Jaggs—"No; but say, just make it fifty for five months; that will do just as well."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. James H. Ashton

I Am Well

Thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cured me of rheumatism and ulcers on my leg, which I had for years and could not cure. I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills standard medicines. J. H. ASHTON, night watchman on Islington bridge, West Rochester, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Take Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla

PNU 48 '94

Don't leave home mad

If your breakfast doesn't happen to suit.

TELL YOUR WIFE To have

Heckers'

BUCKWHEAT CAKES

For breakfast to-morrow.

15

COOK BOOK FREE!

320 PAGES—ILLUSTRATED.

One of the Largest and Best COOK-BOOKS published. Mailed in exchange for 85 Large Lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp. Write for list of our other fine Premiums. WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

COUNTRY EDITORS who begin the New Year with my confidential "Ed cupp" won't regret it. Republican, Democratic or Independent. Send for samples, etc. G. T. HAMMOND, Newport R. I.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for inventor's guide or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D.C.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Auctions in Silence.

A Japanese auction is a most solemn affair. The public do not call out their bids, but write their names, together with the amount they are willing to pay, on slips of paper and put them in a box. These are looked through and the article awarded to the person who has made the biggest offer

A Pertinent Paragraph.

"Our country if right, should be kept right; if wrong should be put right," is a political maxim which paraphrased applies to other conditions of life, thus: our health if right, should be kept right; if wrong should be put right, especially in bodily ailments, such as pains and aches, which St. Jacobs Oil promptly cures. Many out of work should heed to give it a chance to cure and it will give them a chance to go to work cured. Another adage is: "he doeth best, who doeth well." Well, of course, you want to be well from all sorts of aches, and the best thing to do is to use the great remedy. He who does so is doing well indeed

The heads of venomous serpents were an ancient cure all.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

High Speed on Railways.

The real danger involved in the proposed increased speed of railway trains—say ninety or one hundred miles an hour—is not, according to Kuhlows, in incidental risks, but, rather, in the curves of the existing lines, which render any such speed impossible, unless the weight of the engines and trains be also increased far beyond what the bridges and permanent way would bear—that is, at the first sharp curve, the one hundred mile train would fly off the rail. The necessary relation of these curves to speed accurately known, and this it is, and not the lack of power, or novel dangers from wind pressure, or boiler explosions, which sets the limit to modern train speed. Kuhlows further remarks that as the force tending to throw off the line a train running at the speed of 150 miles an hour would be about six and a half times greater than that which a steam express train resists at a curve when running at sixty-two miles an hour, it is plain that the present lines could not be used for the "lightning express," even though the electro-motor were substituted for the steam engine: the lines must not only be stronger, but straighter than would be possible by any modifications of their present forms.

Should Be the Mud City.

New Orleans is the crescent city, from its situation on a bend of the Mississippi.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Ripans Tabules.

Slip a vial into your vest pocket and *your life is insured* against the tortures of Dyspepsia and all kindred ailments. *One gives relief.*

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

The law of Ashantee limits the King to 3,333 wives.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Labratory Binghampton, N.Y.

Chattanooga First.

Chattanooga made the first Bessemer steel that was manufactured in the South.

Babies and Children

thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste. Thin Babies and Weak Children grow *strong, plump and healthy* by taking it.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes inherited weakness and all the tendencies toward Emaciation or Consumption. Thin, weak babies and growing children and all persons suffering from Loss of Flesh, Weak Lungs, Chronic Coughs, and Wasting Diseases will receive untold benefits from this great nourishment. The formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by the medical world for *twenty years*. No secret about it.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

WATERPROOF CELLARS.

A cellar can be so constructed as to be waterproof, if the bottom of the floor is first covered with cement, the walls built thereon laid in cement and the exterior of the walls covered with cement.

This makes practically a water-tight basin. The cement used must be the best Portland cement, one part; clean sharp sand, one part. After a cellar is built it is not so easy to make it waterproof. Still it can be done. Cover the exterior of the wall with the above cement, ditto the bottom, and work the cement in under the bottom of the wall, says the National Builder.

If these directions are followed you will succeed. But if cheap materials are used and the work badly done you will be sure to fail. A drain put around the outside of the wall, or even inside, below the cellar floor, may be efficient in carrying off the water if you can give it a good delivery.

THE OVEN.

For sponge cake and pound cake have heat that will in five minutes turn a piece of white paper yellow.

For all other kinds of cut cake use an oven that will in five minutes turn a piece of white paper dark yellow.

For bread and pastry have an oven that will in five minutes turn a piece of white paper dark brown.

When the oven is too hot at first a crust forms on the bread or cake, which prevents it rising. It is better when baking bread and cake to have the oven a little slow at first and increase the heat gradually.

When baking puff paste the heat should be greatest first and decrease later. This is to keep the paste in shape.

When the oven is too hot the temperature may be reduced by putting in it a pan of cold water.

When baking in an oven that is too hot at the top, fill with cold water a dripping pan which is about an inch deep and place it on the top grate of the oven. Should the oven be too hot on the bottom, put a grate on the bottom, put a grate under the article that is to be baked.

HOME OUT OF A HOUSEHOLD.

The living room is the one room in the house which, above all others, should be bright and cheerful. If any room must be neglected let it not be the living room. Have here refined pictures, plenty of books and current literature. This is the place for the piano, the most comfortable chairs and cosey corners. Within the precincts of such a room one may shut out the world and forget that there are any troubles to bear.

The character of a room depends upon its wall decorations, its carpets, its pictures and its curtains. We should be careful to have these of the right kind, for all others are mere accessories. "We could not afford expensive things," said a newly married couple, "so we chose the comfortable ones;" and this idea, "comfort," is the secret of all room furnishing.

It is not elegant surroundings that make people happy and contented. "What can a queen have more than we?" asks an exchange. "If she is cold she can absorb no more heat than we. If she has millions to satisfy her appetite she can eat no more than we. If she has millions of beautiful dresses she can wear but one at a time, the same as ourselves. Her jewels are so costly that they are locked up in a vault for safe keeping; when she wears them upon State occasions she is constantly shadowed by a guard. We admire ours through the window of the silver smith's and are not burdened with the responsibility of their being stolen, nor annoyed by a detective. Air, water, and sunlight, the essentials of life, are as free to us as to the queen; and even her throne is not so comfortable as the old rocker in your sitting room. We should, therefore, not despair if we cannot afford costly things in our homes. We can make our living rooms bright and comfortable, and that goes a long way toward happiness.—Boston Budget.

RECIPES.

German Rice Pudding—Mix boiled rice with a well-beaten egg and a little milk. Pour the mixture into a pan until it is about one inch thick, and bake till a delicate brown. Powder with sugar and serve with cream or vanilla sauce.

Cheese Potatoes—Boil potatoes in salt water, rub them till soft, add three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, a little milk and a little butter. Put them into a pudding dish, scatter bread crumbs over the top, and bake half an hour or more.

Scalloped Fish—Flake the cold fish. Put a pint of milk in a double boiler, add a tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed smooth in a very little cold milk, and a tablespoonful of minced onion. Let it boil five minutes, then add a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a little minced parsley, salt, pepper, Worcester sauce and the flaked fish. Let this boil a few minutes, then stir in the yolk of an egg. Pour this into a dish, cover with bread crumbs and bits of butter, and bake twenty minutes.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Market Girls of Paris.

Some lovely types of animal beauty may be found among the dairy, fruit, and salad booths of the great Central Market of Paris. Here is where artists, sculptors, glass painters, and illustrators go for national types and native beauty. The young women are always bare-headed and brown as nuts, but they have a coquetry of their own that is often irresistible. Nothing but satin could compare with the gloss they get on their hair. Like Carmen, they have an eye for colors. They wear the roughest of dresses, but under the average is a custom-made corset. And such figures! Most of the collars are turned in, and the V-shaped corsage, finished with a poise or knot of green, must be seen to be appreciated. Every motion is grace, every article—even the tinfoil lozenge of cheese, the twin artichokes of red buttons in their heads, the peach in a green leaf a la Venus in her shell—is artistic.—New York World.

IN Society women often feel the effect of too much gayety—balls, theatres, and teas in rapid succession find them worn out, or "run-down" by the end of the season. They suffer from nervousness, sleeplessness and irregularities. The smile and good spirits take flight. It is time to accept the help offered in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine which was discovered and used by a prominent physician for many years in all cases of "female complaint" and the nervous disorders which arise from it. The "Prescription" is a powerful uterine tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate wants for it regulates and promotes all the natural functions, builds up, invigorates and *cures*.

Many women suffer from nervous prostration, or exhaustion, owing to congestion or to disorder of the special functions. The waste products should be quickly got rid of, the local source of irritation relieved and the system invigorated with the "Prescription." Do not take the so-called celery compounds, and nervines which only put the nerves to sleep, but get a lasting *cure* with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

"FEMALE WEAKNESS."

MRS. HOOVER.

MRS. WILLIAM HOOVER, of *Bellville, Richland Co., Ohio*, writes: "I had been a great sufferer from 'female weakness;' I tried three doctors; they did me no good; I thought I was an invalid forever. But I heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and then I wrote to him and he told me just how to take it. I took eight bottles. I now feel entirely well. I could stand on my feet only a short time, and now I do all my work for my family of five."

PNU 48

The Only Way.

When Whistler and Wilde were intimate, the artist named a kitten, which had been presented to him, "Oscar," as a tribute of affection to the poet. In due time, Mrs. Whistler appeared at the studio-door one morning and announced:

"Dear! What do you think has happened? Oscar has kittens!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the artist; "Oscar is not that kind of a cat."

When, however, he was led to the spot where Oscar was purring over five diminutives, he said:

"Well, if Oscar has had kittens, he must have plagiarized them."

SHE—It takes two to make a bargain, you know. He—Yes; but only one gets it!—Boston Courier.

DEATH may expiate faults, but it does not repair them.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3. $2.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. $2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES $3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

Imperfect Drainage

is a fertile source of disease. Is **YOUR** blood suffering from defective sewerage? Impurities cannot accumulate if you will use ordinary precaution and

Ripans Tabules,

the **modern remedy** for a sluggish condition of **Liver** and **Blood.** Try it now! Don't procrastinate.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

"Use the Means and Heaven will Give you the Blessing.' Never Neglect a Useful Article Like.

SAPOLIO

BUSINESS FOR YOUNG MEN

EASTMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., On-Up-Hudson, is the most celebrated school in the United States devoted to the specialty of training Young Men and Boys for a successful start in business life; teaching them how to get a living, make money and become enterprising, useful citizens. Its courses of study is practical, and its graduates are promptly assisted in obtaining situations. Expenses less than in other schools. Address for catalogue, showing hundreds of graduates in business.

CLERMONT C. GAINES, 38 Washington Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Jan. 18, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

EL-KINS, el-ated, el-ected and el-evated.

Two years ago someone said, "The rose will bloom in banks of snow," before a Republican senator was sent from West Virginia. It was a mistake.

WE are getting worried about our income tax, and propose to lie out of as much above $4000 as possible. But it would do our hearts good to see the collector pursuing some of our wealthy farmers, who are making that much and more in clear, who believe in their souls that they are very hard up.

No less than fifty bills were introduced into the Legislature on the second day of the session, all of which are more or less important. A bill likely to become a law, though it takes a two-thirds vote, is the adding of the office of Treasurer to the list of county offices. Being free from political wrangling, an opportunity for good work is given.

THE memoir of the Hon. J. Howe Peyton, in his time one of the most distinguished members of the Staunton bar, has been recently published by his son, J. T. Peyton. Mr. Peyton was one of the first lawyers that attended the Pocahontas courts. In the Historical Magazine one of his letters was published giving an account of his first appearance at our court. In that letter he speaks in this manner of the lodgings in the loom house, containing three beds. One was allotted to Sampson Mathews, one to John Baxter, and the third to George Mayse and John Brown. His clients, he says, "*roosted* on the loom" while consulting. The letter will be published in full next week.

THE old adage that "blood is thicker than water" is nowhere better illustrated than it is among the people with whom we live. The clan spirit of the Scotch-Irish people, which descent marks almost every member of the representative families of this county and adjoining sections, is very apparent. They may throw mud to a great extent in the sacred circle of kinship, but let any one else try it, and he will soon have to ask where he is at. These Scotch clans form an element of the land of great respectability. They were the people of whom Washington said, "Give me but a banner, and let me place it on the mountains of West Augusta, and I will rally around me men who will lift their bleeding country from the dust and set her free!" The name "Scotch-Irish" is a misnomer in that there is very little Irish blood in their veins, and it is to be regretted that the misleading word was tacked on to the other. This race in the history of which we find men occupying all positions of honor and trust, and in whose ranks any man might be proud to be found, is without a literature. As far as we know there has never been a writer of any great prominence who has given his attention to the lives and fancies of our people. Beyond some historical work we know of nothing that has been written which portrays the Ameri-

BIENNIAL MESSAGE, 12mo. 41pp Moses W. Donnally, Public Printer, Charleston, W. Va.] Some one asked the question the other day as to whether Governor Mac Corkle had written a message this year. Well, he did, and it is anything but comic reading, too. One feels when he regards it that he wouldn't undertake to write a message like that for all the emoluments of the office. He treats of everything systematically, from Finance to Fish, and on looking through it you become convinced that it should be adopted by the Legislature as their official handbook. The only objection to the copy so kindly sent us is, that it has no index. He makes a novel suggestion about notaries, advising that they be appointed for a limited term, on certain legal qualifications. This would leave a vast army of unemployed without any visible support to their names. At the end he lets the legislators know that he will not be sleeping while they pass bills, and says if they pass laws not wholesome for the body politic, he will interpose his objection.

As a Democrat said the other day when he was asked whether he thought the Republican members of the Legislature would go into caucus to nominate a Senator, "Of course they will; I give them credit for more sense than some of our distinguished members showed some time since," they did go into caucus and Mr. Elkins was nominated by acclamation. It had been thought that he had a good show for some time. After all has been said and done to keep Elkins out of the Senate, by the Democratic party, he is an able and distinguished statesman, and has a claim on the State for choosing as his field of operations where he has invested his capital. A good many of us tried to think that there would be a combined opposition against him in his own party, but that was all it amounted to. It is easier for a poor man to pass through the eye of a knitting needle, than it is to go to the United States Senate.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION

DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

☞ At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

ROOFING Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lead, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDERS that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

PAPER heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICES low. Circulars and quotations by addressing.

WM. A. LIST & CO.,

Wheeling, W. Va.

Justice's blanks fifty cents per

SHAKESPEARE

Wrote

"No profit grows,
Where is no pleasure ta'en."

Probably the immortal bard had no direct reference to my business when he penned these simple lines but it applies, nevertheless, as our experience has proven that there is only profit in trade when our customers are pleased. We take a personal pleasure in our business and derive a profit therefrom, but we also take a real pleasure in suiting our customers and thereby contributing to their profit.

Every body advertises

"The Cheapest Goods ever Sold in the County."

And people are so accustomed to this old and time-honored phrase, that it does not raise much excitement now but it applies to the line of gooks that I am now handlidg with as much force as ever.

I am Literally Crowded with Bargains!

Would I dare to advertise the following prices if they were not low—

Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs. for one silver dollar.

Men's all wool cassimere suits, $7 50, value $15 00.

Men's all wool Kersey suits, $5 value, $8 75.

Good Heavy Blankets $1 15 pr.

Arbuckle Coffee 25c.

Calicoes 5c per yd.

Cassimeres, Henriettas, Flannels etc., 18c up.

Cloaks! Ladies Cloaks!

In endless variety; all latest styles, $3 00 to $17 00.

Capes! Ladies' Capes!

A beautiful assortment in fur trimmed, all shades in latest styles.

Clothing! Overcoats!

A most complete line in Youth's and Children's clothing and overcoats.

Remember these goods were bought for cash very low and we are satisfied with a small margin of profit.

EVERYTHING IN QUEENSWARE, AND TINWARE. JAPAN AND GRANITE-WARE.

Just received a beautiful line of

Ladies Trimmed Hats

Also felt hats, frames, and trimming.

I will make it to your advantage to trade with me.

To all purchasers of $10 worth of goods at one time, for cash, I will make a present of a fine framed picture, worth $2.00

I have some very special bargains and presents for first customers on Monday mornings.

I have a very large line of boots in every style, suitable for this trade, which I will sell at cost and carriage on Wednesdays of each week.

Please come in on Wednesdays for these bargains in boots.

Just think of it, a pair of heavy winter boots FOR $1 50

Don't forget the place West End of Bridge.

yours for business

Get the News at the Lowest Price.

The DAILY GAZETTE, Charleston W. Va., will give all the Legislative proceedings and all other important happenings besides. Price only twenty-five cents per month. The WEEKLY GAZETTE only fifty cents a year. Cash with order is the way to get it. Address, THE GAZETTE, Charleston, W. Va.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very Tree, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Part

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 29th day of October, 1892, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 23, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina B. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court-house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1837, said deed or patent numbered 13031.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber.

LEVI GAY, Trustee.

ANDREW PRICE, Attorney

Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

Order of Publication.

AT rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, on the first Monday in January, 1895.

R. S. Turk, Trustee, Plaintiff,
vs.
Jannie B. Skiles, *et als.*, def'ts.

The object of the above styled suit is to enforce a vendor's lien for three bonds of Jannie B. Skiles of the following dimensions and dates, viz: One for $500, dated the 5th of April, 1886, due fifteen months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for $500, dated 5th of April, 1886, due twenty seven months after date, with interest after ninety days from date;

One for $500, dated 5th day of April, 1886, due thirty-nine months after date, with interest on the same after ninety days after date. For which bonds a vendor's lien is retained in a deed from the defendant James R. Apperson and his wife to the defendant, Jannie B. Skiles, of date the 5th day of April, 1886, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of the said Pocahontas County, as of April 6, 1886, which bonds aforesaid were assigned and transferred to the plaintiff as Trustee, on the 7th day of September, 1886, which vendor's lien aforesaid rests upon two parcels of land lying in the town of Marlinton, said county, and are estimated to contain one-half acre each, and to enforce which vendors lien a sale of the land will be asked to be decreed by the said Circuit Court.

And it appearing from an affidavit filed that the defendants, Jannie B. Skiles, Thomas M. Skiles, and Richard Baldwin are non residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in said suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A VALUABLE LOT NEAR MARLINTON.

BY VIRTUE of a deed of trust executed by C. Z. Hevner and S. E. Hevner his wife to S. L. Brown, trustee, dated on the 25th day of July, 1894, and of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in deed book, No. 25, on page 251, to secure the payment of a certain bond executed by said C. Z. Hevner, for $50 with interest thereon from the 7th day July, 1894, payable to T. W. G French, which bond is fully mentioned and described in said deed of trust, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required in writing so to do, by said T. W. G. French, the beneficiary under said deed of trust, I, S. L. Brown, as trustee aforesaid, will on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1895,

between the hours 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at the front door of the courthouse of said county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, proceed to sell by way of public auction, to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust or so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy said debt, interest, and costs attending the execution of this trust, said real estate lying and being in the said county of Pocahontas near the town of Marlinton, on the Marlin's Bottom and Lewisburg turnpike, consisting of two and 1-6 acres of land, conveyed to said C. Z. Hevner by one William Killingsworth, and wife, by deed dated the 5th day of May, 1894, and recorded in said clerk's office, in Deed Book no 25, page 287, to which deed reference is here made for a more particular discription of said land.

Said tract of land is unimproved but would make a good building site.

S. L. BROWN, Trustee.

ANDREW PRICE, January 9th, 1894.
Attorney.

Commissioner's Notice.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 7, 1895.
James M. Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, *et als.*
in Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court, the following matters of account, to-wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.

Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. BRATTON,
[1-11-'95-4t] Commissioner.

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of R. H. Simmons.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February 1895.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895. W. A. BRATTON.
[1-11-95-4t.] Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.
George C. Hill's Adm'r.
vs.
Rebecca J. Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to-wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, *cum testamento annexo*, of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 21st, 1890, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, deceased, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personalty of said estate, and showing the amount of such debts discharged by the administrator to which he is entitled to be substituted as creditor against the real assets of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

4th. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent to the commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially

HOME NEWS

—Wagoners are having a hard time of it hauling from the depots.

—The mercantile establishment of Mr. S. W. Holt did a $2,500 business during the month of December.

—The stock raisers say that cattle and sheep are eating every thing up during this storm that they can get at.

—The prize offered at the public school for the best map of Marlinton, was won by Miss Edith Patterson.

—A sidewalk will soon be erected from the bridge to the courthouse, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. The work will be done by private subscription.

—Don't Blush, when the naked truth is brought forcibly to your notice, that you can save your time and stretch your money by buying your Overcoats, Pants, and Ladies Capes and Cloaks of P. Goldin.

—Eight persons by the name of Andrew Jackson, in New York City, wrote something to the Morning Advertiser about Jackson's Day, Jan. 8th, celebrating the battle of New Orleans.

—The sale of the late Josiah Barlow's personal effects, as recently advertised, was largely attended on the 8th inst. Mr. George P. Moore, auctioneer, and Mr. George Baxter, clerk. Every thing sold reasonably well except the horses. The proceeds were over three hundred dollars.

—The William's River log camps are not running this year. On the East prong, Gray has a camp, which is the only one in operation. Before the break-up, the logs were lying in the river clear down to Camden-on-the-Gauley. None of the camps, so far, have been in Pocahontas, but the very next one will be, as the cutting advances up stream.

—A strange coincidence is that January 12th, 1875, was the coldest day this section has ever experienced, on the record kept. The night of the 12th inst. at Pittsburg, the mercury went down as low as on that memorable occasion. Here it could not have lacked much of being the coldest night in twenty years.

—Marlinton came near having its first fire last Monday night. A high lamp was left on a mantel at C. A. Yeager's hotel for some time and caused the ceiling overhead to take fire. The blaze was not discovered until the occupant of the room overhead found the flames coming through, having burned their way through ceiling and floor. The fire was easily extinguished.

—Last Sunday morning was very cold. The thermometer played around in the twenties, the temperature rangeing in this county from 22 degrees to 28 degrees below zero. A mighty fog rose from the river, obscuring all that was beyond it from the observer. Old rivermen say they have never seen the "mush-ice" run so thick. The river was too high and swift to freeze up. The proper name for "mush-ice" is "ground-ice" or "anchor-ice," and is formed on rocks in the bed of the river by the cold upper current being pulled down by eddies. When enough has formed, it is torn loose, and rising floats away.

—There is a good deal of speculation whether the April term of court will be held in the new building. It is to be hoped that it will be, as the convenience of the various halls and offices and their size will enable a thousand people to keep in the dry, and you know April court never passes without bringing a rain. The superintendent of the construction was asked the other day what he thought of the prospect of the building being finished, and said that he had "a twenty to say that it would be." From this it would seem that it only depends upon the County Court to order the furniture in time, to be able to occupy the building. As for a private opinion, it is that the building will not be occupied by that time, as the weather is likely to be such that the work must necessarily be retarded.

—Feedin' all the mornin',
Little wood to get,
Eat a bite o' dinner,
Allus in a sweat,
Water all the horses,
Feed the stock agin,
You will haf to hustle,
'Fore the night sets in.
Settin' round the fire-place,
Read the county news,
Lay down on the sheep-skin,
Take a little snooze.
What, that eight a strikin',
Time for turnin' in—

* * * * *

Blame that blamed old rooster
There he goes agin.

—For sale by E. H. Moore & Co., Academy, W. Va., corn, wheat and oats at the very lowest price for spot cash. Salt, $2.25; Arbuckle Coffee, 25c; Coal Oil, 18c; Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs for $1.00; Calicoes, 5 to 7cts; Gingham, 5 to 10cts; Best cotton, 8c; Cotton yarn 85cts a bale; Honey Drip Syrup, 45cts per gallon. Hats, Caps, Boots, and Shoes as low as the lowest. Every thing else in proportion.

—Three of our young men were having a rather convivial time. They each held a different opinion concerning this maxim: "Never put off to-day what you can do to-morrow." "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." "Never do to-day what you can put off to-morrow." Which is right?

—Mr. Larry May has probably the first smokeless powder cartridge ever brought to the county. It looks in every way like an ordinary rifle cartridge, except that the ball appears to be copper, and has a hole in it at the point bored back into the center.

—During the year 1894, there were sixty-two marriages in Pocahontas; probably the largest number in what we call "the history of the county."

Personal.

Capt. Jacobs is absent on a trip to Wheeling.

Mr. A. D. Bruce and Mr. R. C. Hales, of Mingo, are in town.

Mr. Urish Bird made a trip to Ronceverte this week, being out on Sunday, the cold day.

Mr. F. J. Snyder has been notified to report to the soldier's Home in Richmond, Va., as he has secured a vacancy existing there.

We acknowledge a business call from Messrs. Q. W. Ponge and Chas Parker, of Clover Lick.

Mr. Neal Barlow was in town on Thursday.

River News.

It is with a feeling of thankfulness that the people of Pocahontas learn that the lumber companies whose operations are carried on within her bounds have escaped serious loss in the recent floods. It is all owing to the magnificent booms at Ronceverte. The river is clear of ice. About 500,000 feet went over the boom, but was nearly all caught at Alderson, about ten miles below Ronceverte. No rafts have passed the splash dam as yet. The Greenbrier has behaved better than any other stream in West Virginia, for the losses on all other rivers have been heavy.

Notice!

To my Patrons of Edray and Vicinity:—I wish to say I am better prepared at present to meet your wants in everything that pertains to the merchantile trade than I ever was while in business at Edray, and will make it to your advantage to come to Marlinton to trade with me. I will make special bargains to repay you for your extra trouble.

Thanking you for your past patronage, and soliciting a continuance of same, I remain, yours anxious to please, P. Golden,
Marlinton W. Va.

"Not Thine the bigot's partial plea;
Not Thine the zealot's ban;
Thou well canst spare a love of Thee
Which ends in hate of man."
—*Whittier.*

"Who spouts his message to the wilderness,
Lightens his soul and feels one burden less;
But to the people preach and you

Obituary.

Died, at Mingo, January 8, 1895, Miss Ato Marshall, eldest daughter of H. B. Marshall, Esq., aged 21 years. Thus endeth a short but very useful life. The following beautiful lines are inscribed to her departed friend by Miss Fannie McLaughlin, of this place:

AT REST.

They made her a bed on the snow-bound hill,
When the clouds wept many a tear;
They laid her to rest with loving hands,
When the sunset hour was near.

Through the valley of death we saw her pass,
Where the shadows hung deep and long;
But it led to the gates of a beautiful land—
To the land of light and song.

The stern business of life proceeds as of yore;
And all that is 'neath the sun,
The noise, and the tumult, toil and care—
But our sister's part is done.

Oh! a blissful release from a sad, sad room,
And the long, slow weeks of pain,
Oh! a blissful exchange of a sin-sick world
For a kingdom where Christ doth reign!

Then weep not for her who hath gone to rest,
Whom we miss from her place to-day;
If heaven had tears, she might weep for us,
Should we in exile delay.

Then plant a sweet rose on the silent hill,
And bid it to bloom and wave,
It is better far than the marble cold,
Of that peaceful and new-made grave!

Within the last few weeks the B. & O. R. R. has acquired additional railroad in West Virginia to the extent of one hundred and eighty miles, comprised of what is known as the Camden system. This knocks out our chances for the road from Camden-on-the-Gauley. There is very little hope that it will connect with the C. & O. R. R. by an extension in this direction. At Flatwoods, in Braxton County, the line forks, one branch going on in the same general direction, which is the branch that will be completed to Charleston, shortly. The other branch runs up to Camden-on-the-Gauley, and that is the road we fully expected here long ago. It has traversed one-half of the distance from Flatwoods to Marlinton. Flatwoods is about eighty miles away, and the way lies through a rough, undeveloped country all the way.

A good many remember when Col. Mechan, of New York, went through Pocahontas last summer on the line of his proposed railroad from Tidewater to Marlinton, and points beyond. Now this road is assuming definite shape, and it proposes to develop Rockingham county, Virginia, if that county votes $300,000 to its construction. If it refuses to do this it will give the county the go-by. The Condon-Lane Road and the Elkins Road up Cheat have quit their racing to see who will tap the Greenbrier Valley first. We have never been harder up for a real *bona fide* railroad thriller since we have been in the newspaper business.

The Marlinton Post-Office.

This question which has been agitating the town more or less for two years is at last settled, and Hon. H. A. Yeager is the fortunate Democrat, who, assumes charge of our mail matter, from this time on. The applicants for the position have been many, including citizens of all degrees of prominence, but Mr. Yeager has always held the lead, since his application was endorsed by Mr. Alderson two years ago. The present incumbent was permitted to serve out his term of four years, which expired last month.

Several benefits will result from the change, among which will be that it will become a money order office, and that it will be moved into the town proper.

Mr. Yeager is well known over the State, and for many years has been prominent in public affairs. He has served several terms as a member of the Legislature, and by the Republican secession in 1888 was deprived of a lucrative position

Hillsboro.

How quickly the weather changes, on last Friday the sun shone bright and warm, the snow was melting on the house tops, and the roads were so slushy that pedestrians could hardly get along. The night of the same day was perfectly clear, without a threatening cloud on the moon-lit sky. The next morning the sky was overcast with dark clouds from which the snow, poured down so wildly as to remind one of a blizzard; it snowed all day, and during the night cracking houses and unsheltered cows bawling pitifully proclaimed a stinging cold spell was on. Sunday morning revealed the fact that the mercury had sunk to 20° below zero. Mr. Wm. Burgess while on his way to church had both of his ears badly frozen, and some chickens roosting in trees whre so badly frozen they cannot live. On Monday there was a change to milder weather which every body hailed with delight.

Mrs. Eva Ligon McNeel is recovering from pneumonia, and Miss Lydia McNeel who has been suffering greatly from quinsy is much better.

Mrs. Bettie Burgess, who is in the last stage of consumption, is sinking rapidly, and her death is hourly expected.

Mr. Wm. Wysong who has been associated with Mr. E. I. Holt in the merchantile business here for a number of years, talks of going away in the spring to his old home in Indiana. We hope he will decide to stay with us as he is a fine business man, and a good citizen.

Among the effects of Mr. John H. McNeil, which arrived here last week from the far West is a saddle similar to those used by the cow boys of Texas which weighed 35 lbs and cost $40; although it is heavy it is so constructed that you can put it on a horse without any thing under it, and it will not hurt his back after a hard days ride; it is invaluable for breaking young horses as a good rider once seated in it will remain there despite the most vicious plunging of the animal.

On last Friday night the Misses Shearer gave the young people permission to assemble in one of the large and comfortable rooms of the H. T. School building and hold a "Sociable." As it was a lovely moon light night the room was soon filled to overflowing with hilarious young ladies and gentlemen. The pleasure of the evening opened with some charming music by the accomplished piano player Miss Rose Shearer after which Messrs Wm. Tyree and Walter Clark rendered some choice music on the banjo and harp. Such plays as "Pet-squirrel" "Sister Phebe" and a score of others were then introduced, and played with great zest until the lateness of the hour reminded the gay players it was time to turn their faces homeward, which they did, carrying with them pleasant memories of the evening's enjoyment that will not soon be forgotten. "Jenkins."

Green Bank.

We are having very hard winter weather, and last Sunday was the coldest day here for the last twenty years. The thermometer stood at 33° below zero, and snow about 18 inches deep. How is that for winter!

Capt. C. B. Swecker, of Dunmore, was in our village last Saturday laying in supplies at the stores

Mr. J. W. Oliver started for Beverly this morning for goods for Oliver Brother's store at this place.

John Beverage, of Travelers' Repose, was in town Saturday.

Married, January 10th, 1895, at the store of R. J. Wooddell, by Rev C. C. Arbogast, Mr. H. E. Holiday and Miss Stone. We extend congratulations.

Mr. Craig Ashford is home from the lumber camps at Pickens.

Mr. W. L. Nottingham went to the lumber camp at Driscol, last Sunday, to skid logs for O'Connell.

Mr. Lawrence Nottingham and sister, Miss Bertie, were thrown out of their sleigh into the snow while going to church Sunday.

C.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Sunset.

Snow rain and high water. The last three weeks has certainly been remarkable for general bad weather.

The health of this vicinity is fairly good.

Bear hunting seems to have been the order of the day for some time back. Messrs Rimal, Kelley and others killed three large bears in three successive days.

Newton Moore has just completed a dwelling house; also, Mr. Frank Fleshman has just moved into his new house.

Although the weather has been severe, it has been good for sleighing, and the young people making good use of it. Large quantities of ice have been put up at different points along the creek.

The young people of Knapp's creek met at the home of Newton Moore, Esq., the night of the fourth and had a very enjoyable time.

Our interesting school at Sunset has just closed. Misses Annie and Mary Cleek, and Annie Fleshman, won the prizes.

Prof. Miller has just closed an interesting singing class at Driscol.

Miss Minnie McElwee, of Driscol, has been very low for some time with cancer of stomach.

Rev. Sarver and wife have just returned from spending holidays with friends in the Levels.

We won't tell on the young man who upset his sleigh. M. A. B.

Lobelia.

Cold and crusty, colder than it has been for 12 years.

Plenty of sickness in this section. Miss Ida Hill has pneumonia. Mr. Russell McCoy is improving from a severe spell of pneumonia. Dr. McClintic attended them. Dr. J. A. Larue has some patients on the Creek, who are also improving.

Mr. Nickson Brown and Miss Willfong, of Big Knob, Greenbrier County, were married last week by Rev. S. C. Morgan. Miss Willfong is a daughter of John Willfong, formerly of this county.

Mr. R. K. Burns was on the Creek looking after that one thing needful, to day, and gives an account of his tramp across Elk Mountain.

Miss Nannie Dean of this county, and Mr. Clark, of Greenbrier County, are to be married Wednesday

Mr. Telie Spencer came very near losing his life on Friday, the 4th inst. He had been helping Mr. Preston Clark drive sheep from his mountain place home, and as he returned night came on him. He could not find the path, and arrived at home at 11 o'clock with his hands and feet frozen and almost frozen to death.

A gun at Mr. L. C. McMillion's house fell from the rack, Sunday, and exploded, causing some excitement. The ball went up through the ceiling, entered a closet, and broke four jars of canned fruit into a thousand pieces.

B. Hill killed two foxes; one red and one grey.

Observer.

Dilley's Mill.

Winter in the first degree, and we have had it in abundance since the 26th of December. Mr. Hicks, the weather prophet, says we will have snow and storm until the last of February, but we hope he is mistaken and that the weather will be more pleasant. Saturday, the 11th, was equal to the western blizzards.

It has been fine weather for the lumber camps; sliding, etc.

Prof. Adams lectured on music at Bethal the 11th. He advocates the round note system. He is very anxious to teach a school of at least twelve scholars. He sings at Frost on the 14th.

Prof. G. E. Moore closed his school at Mt. Tabor the 11th inst., where he taught a very successful term, and commences his second school at Mt. Zion the 21st.

Mr. J. W. Grimes will close his school on Slaty Fork, on the 18th. He taught a very interesting school and the pupils are loth for it to close.

Guess "Old Ironsides" secured some of the Marlinton ice, as he has located at the county-seat.

Most of the people we have met say that the morning of the 13th of January surpasses any thing in the weather line that has been seen in this county for a number of years. Especially one of our good old citi-

vested in foreign countries.

A North Georgia farmer proposes to make a fence around his land with cotton bales.

French physicians assert that men whose only meat is horseflesh are in better health than those who have more variety.

In the City of Mexico every well educated person speaks at least three languages. The Mexicans have a craze for mastering languages.

Porto Rico if to have a gold standard of currency, announces the New York Independent, the Mexican dollar to be retained as a basis of weight for the value of silver.

The Minnesota Supreme Court has decided that bicyclists have the same rights as horsemen on the streets. "Now, let us have a decision giving pedestrians some rights," suggests the Atlanta Constitution.

Professor Rudolph Virchow told the convention of anthropologists at Innesbruck the other day that the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, commonly known as "evolution," was unproven, unscientific, and evidently false.

Vermont is restocking its forests and streams by good game laws strictly enforced, and the people find that land is worth more all over the State than it was before this policy was adopted. It is also noticed that more sportsmen visit the State than formerly.

In one of the New York apartment houses there are 226 pianos—one to every four persons, besides a whole orchestra of piccolos, violins, guitars, cornets and an old-fashioned melodeon. Those who live across the way say that it is the noisest house in America.

Andrew Lang, the English essayist, says that the idle, the imitative and the needy had better adopt some other calling than literature, and advise all not to try to write a novel, unless a plot, or a set of characters, takes such irresistible possession of the mind that it must be written.

Says the New York Ledger: "Wherever Americans plant stakes, we hear of political agitation. The speeches at the great mass meeting of Alaskans at Juneau had the true American ring. There may have been other political mass meetings in Alaska, but the news of them has not reached us. The Juneau meeting was the first important political demonstration in that part of our domain, the northern shores of which are laved by the waters of the Arctic Ocean."

There are in successful operation in the South a number of cotton factories constructed with money raised on the installment plan, the payments being made as in a building and loan association. Among the mills established under this co-operative scheme and now in full operation, the New York Ledger mentions the following: The Ada Cotton Mill, with a subscribed capital of $128,000, producing chain warps and skein yarns; the Alpha Cotton Mills, with a capital of $100,000; the Highland Park Gingham Mills, with a subscribed capital of $150,000, and the Gaffney Cotton Mills, capital subscribed, $150,000; product, print cloth.

In view of the great number of post-office burglaries and highway mail robberies recently, the Postmaster-General has deemed it proper to offer rewards for the conviction of persons concerned in such transactions, which embrace $1000 for conviction of robbing the mails while being conveyed in mail car on a railway; $500 for conviction of robbing the mails while being conveyed over any post route other than a railway; $250 for an attempt at such robberies; $150 for breaking into and robbing a post-office, and $200 in the latter case, where the amount stolen exceeds $500. The Trenton True American thinks these rewards ought to stimulate the

What secrets in a drop of dew
That on the daisy glows:
Of sun and air and skies of blue—
And yet, the daisy knows!
Here are the daisies at Love's feet:
To love they yield their secret sweet!

What secrets in a flash of sun
That gives the rose its red
Of spaces where the rainbows run
And where the stars are led!
Here is the rose with crimson tips:
It gives its secret to Love's lips.

What secrets in all earth and heaven,
Of time and change and chance!
Yet unto simplest Love 'tis given
To read them with a glance:
Here is God's world, His heaven above—
And earth and heaven are thine for Love
—Frank L. Stanton.

HOW KITTY SAID YES.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

AUNT BETSEY sat at her open kitchen window, knitting, while niece Jemima made the tea-cakes. Her white cambric apron was smoothly tied over her neat dress—a light calico, sprinkled with rose-buds and forget-me-nots, which had taken Uncle Jerry's fancy on his last visit to town, and which he could not be convinced was "too young" or gay for his wife. She was pleasant and comely to behold, with her smooth bands of silvery hair displayed, as the breeze blew back her cap-border, and the expression of goodness and kindliness upon her still rosy face.

She hummed cheerfully to herself, as she knitted, something about "a rest beyond the skies," while Jemima, mixing and rolling dough, occasionally took up the refrain.

Presently there came strolling across the grassy lawn in front of the house two persons—one a handsome, manly-looking young man, and the other a pretty girl, with a laughing face and mischevous dark eyes.

They sat down on the green bench on the porch, shaded by the trellis of multiflora rose and white jasmine, and Aunt Betsey, in a pause of her song, heard them talking together.

"Dear me," said she to Jemima, "why, there's Joe courting Kitty again!"

"Well," answered Miss Jemima, "it's moren I would do. How often he's got to ask that gal before she consents to marry him, I'd jest like to know."

Unconscious of these comments, Joe was pleading his cause with the pretty girl of the bright, mischievous eyes.

"Kitty, I don't like to hear you talk about going home. Couldn't you be content to stay here and make your home with us always?"

"Well," answered Kitty, slowly, as if deeply considering the question, "I like the country, and if—"

"If what?" said Joe, eagerly.

"If I had a handsome country-house and a fine carriage—"

"Kitty, will you be in earnest for once? You know that I can't afford a fine house and carriage. But I love you, Kitty, and will do everything for your happiness that it is in my power to do. Don't you believe me?"

"Well, I don't accuse you of telling untruths, Joe. But what is the use of always talking about such things? We're so young. I am only eighteen and you twenty-three. Surely there's plenty of time for us to wait."

"I've waited over a whole year," said Joe, gloomily.

"Dear me! is it so long? But after all, what is a year to us, when we have all our lives before us? Why, we may both of us live to be a hundred years old, like that couple we were reading of in the papers last night, and then we may regret that we didn't enjoy our youth longer, instead of getting married so young. Besides, I believe in waiting. It is a test of constancy."

"My constancy needs no test!" said Joe, with firmness.

"But perhaps mine does. How do I know but that I could like some one else better than I do you?"

She looked at Joe, with her laughing eyes just visible above the bunch of wild-roses which she was holding to her pretty retrousse nose.

Joe regarded her sternly in reply, and viciously chucked away an innocent lady-bug that was crawling on the multiflora.

"How can you be so cruel, Joseph?" said Kitty, solemnly. "That poor insect never harmed you."

"Look here, Kitty, I've had enough of this! I don't want to be made a fool of any longer. You will force me to do something desperate."

"Well, I can't help your doing desperate things if you choose to do them. You're old enough to know how to conduct yourself properly. And now I smell Cousin Jemima's tea-cakes baking—I'm so glad we shall have my favorite tea-cakes for supper!—I'll just go and put my flowers in water before we are called in."

And she arose and tripped lightly away, humming a gay song.

"That gal," said Miss Jemima, who

best mind to put away the tea-cakes for to-morrow's supper, and not let her have a taste of 'em to-day."

"Oh, she'll come round some time?" said Aunt Betsy, cheerfully. "It's the way with some gals, though I'm bound to confess that I never carried on so with my Jerry."

Kitty went up to her room and placed her wild flowers in water, and then, standing near the window, brushing back her curls, she said to herself, a little remorsefully:

"I dare say I do tease Joe too much, but I can't help it. I suppose it's my nature, and just—just as Tabby there likes to tease the mice that she catches. But I don't mean to give up Joe—not I! And I'll be kinder to him to-morrow."

She heard the tramp of a horse, and looking out saw Joe riding away on his beautiful bay, on which he always appeared so well.

"Oh, so he's gone to the Harveys!" said Kitty, with a toss of her head as she watched him turn into the orchard road. "That's to pay me off, I suppose, and excite my jealousy. Well, he'll see. As if I cared!"

Cousin Jemima might as well have carried out her threat of not producing the tea-cakes, for though Kitty made a point of devouring two or three of them with a great show of relish, they had lost their charm for her, and more than once she felt as though they were choking her.

The next morning she made a point of not going down until Joe had finished his breakfast, and she exulted as over the stair banisters she saw how he lingered about the porch and hallway, pretending to be looking for missing articles, before he finally followed his father to the cornfield. It was a busy time, and they did not come home to dinner.

Kitty thought it the longest day she had ever spent, and she hardly knew what to do with herself.

But in the evening she put on a white lawn dress, with a rose in her hair, and went down stairs to where Joe was sitting on the porch steps, pretending to read a paper.

He looked up wistfully, but Kitty passed him and went out to the little front gate, where presently she was engaged in an animated chat with young Dr. Bowers, who happened to be passing.

Joe knew that the doctor admired Kitty, and while they stood chatting together, he sat on the steps, scowling like a thunder cloud.

When the doctor had taken leave and passed on, he strode down the walk and stood by her side.

"Kitty, did I hear you promise that—that fellow to go with him to the picnic next Tuesday?"

"What fellow?" said Kitty, icily.

"You know who I mean!" Joe was pale with jealousy and wrath. "And you know that there was an understanding that I was to escort you."

"I presume that I can go with whom I choose," answered Kitty, haughtily.

"So you can, and I want you now to make your choice; but I tell you, once for all, that if you throw me over for that Bowers, you'll be done with me forever!"

Kitty was almost frightened at his vehemence. She drew back a little as she said:

"My goodness, Joe, what a temper you have!"

"You've driven me to it; you've made me desperate," he retorted. "This thing must come to an end between us one way or the other, for I will bear it no longer."

She looked at him, and her cheeks flushed scarlet.

"What right have you to speak to me in that tone? I am not your slave and I shall go with Dr. Bowers to the picnic."

Joe looked steadily into her eyes for an instant.

"Very well," he said, shortly.

And, turning on his heel, walked off in the direction of the barn.

"Joe," called his mother from the kitchen window, "come in, Joe! Supper's ready. Come, Kitty, child, before the rolls get cold."

"I don't want any supper, mother, and mother"—Joe paused a moment, and his voice seemed to lower and falter—"don't expect me home to-night. I'm going over to Uncle Thomas's."

And he walked on very fast, as if not wishing to be questioned.

As Kitty entered the cool dining-room, where the family took their meals, Miss Jemima was standing at the window with her arms akimbo, gazing after Joe.

"That boy," she said solemnly—"that boy ain't himself. I shouldn't be surprised if he's driven to do something desp'rate."

And she looked resentfully at Kitty.

"You don't eat anything, Kitty," kindly said Uncle Jerry. "Maybe you think the weather's too warm for hot rolls and cakes? Well, take some iced milk and berries and— Why, bless me, what's the matter with the child?"

"Please, uncle—aunt—excuse me," she said, and hastily left the room.

She did not go up stairs, but out of doors, where she could relieve her heart by sobbing unseen and unheard.

Passing through the garden and the

a narrow but rather deep stream between mossy banks.

This was a favorite haunt of hers. There had been a little rustic bridge leading to the hillside beyond, but this had been lately washed away after a heavy rain.

She could see as she approached the spot one of the posts still standing; and—wasn't that Joe leaning against it like a statue, his arms folded and his eyes bent upon the deep little pool which the rocks had just here bent in?

A sudden fear seized Kitty. Surely, surely Joe could not be thinking of drowning himself?

She stood still and breathless, watching him. Presently he started as if from a reverie, and with lips compressed into a look of firm resolve, picked up a coil of rope which lay at his feet.

Then he walked round and round a tall and straight tulip tree growing close to the edge of the stream, looking up into its thick foliage, as if for a convenient branch to which to attach it.

Kitty's heart froze with horror. For a moment she felt paralyzed; but, as she saw Joe carefully make a noose on one end of the rope and prepare to climb the tree, the spell was broken.

She rushed forward with a wild shriek, and threw her arms about him.

"Oh, Joe—dear Joe—don't do such a dreadful thing! Don't hang yourself, Joe—for my sake, don't! Oh, forgive me—forgive me, dear Joe, and I'll never, never tease or grieve you again!"

A strange expression came over Joe's face. He looked down into the white face of the sobbing girl, and his stern eyes softened. But then he said, gloomily:

"How can I believe you, Kitty? You have as good as told me that you did not love me. And without you I don't care to live."

"Don't talk so dreadfully, Joe! I—I do love you!"

"Answer me truly, Kitty! Do you really love me?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Indeed I do, Joe! Please, please throw away that dreadful rope!"

"Not yet, Kitty. Do you love me above everybody else in the world?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"And will you marry me, Kitty?"

"Yes, I will, Joe—indeed I will!"

"When?"

"Any time—to-morrow—now," said Kitty, in desperation—"if you will only throw away that dreadful thing and come home with me.

"There, then!"

And Joe flung the coil of rope into a thicket of laurel on the other side of the stream, and drawing Kitty to him, kissed her solemnly.

"Remember, you have promised to be my wife, Kitty."

"Yes," she answered, meekly.

And so, hand in hand, they returned through the orchard and the garden to the house.

"Of all the onaccountable critters on the face of the yearth," said Miss Jemima, surveying them from the pantry window, "ricommend me to a young courtin' couple! I don't believe they know their own minds five minutes at a time, anyways!"

Uncle Jerry was sitting on the top step of the porch.

"Well, Joe," said he, cheerfully, "hev you fixed that gum-tree with the rope all ready to pull it down in the right direction?"

"No, sir," answered Joe, quietly. "I'll attend to it to-morrow."

"Well, don't forget it, for the sooner that bridge is finished the better, if we want to get the hay over in good time."

Kitty stopped and looked straight up into Joe's face.

"You've deceived me!" she said, indignantly.

"No, Kitty, I haven't. You deceived yourself, dear, and I'm very glad of it, I assure you."

"Glad?" said Kitty, reproachfully, and with her face all crimson with blushes.

"Because but for that I might never have gotten you to say 'Yes,' and we might both have been forever miserable. But now how happy we are going to be for the rest of our lives!"

"Still it was a dreadfully mean trick!" Kitty murmured, as she allowed Joe to kiss her again behind Uncle Jerry's back. "And if you ever say a word about it to any one, I'll never forgive you—never!"—Saturday Night.

Gulls Perched on Cedars.

The Captain of a steamer that plies along the coast and that was passing one of the rugged, lonely islands off the Maine shore pointed to an enormous flock of gulls that whitened the rocks, the surface of the sea, and the branches of the cedars that cling to the hard soil. "There," said he, "what do you think of that? And yet if you turn to a book on natural history they'll tell you that gulls won't perch on trees. Some fool sailors believe that the petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens, never alight, even on the water, but are always on the wing. They don't use their eyes. And some of these scientific fellows are as bad as the sailors."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Mrs. Lee Monroe is a Kansas lawyer.

A Chicago woman runs a hotel elevator.

No Italian girl can marry without a dowry.

In Finland women vote for all elective officers.

Mexican girls seem to be becoming Americanized.

The ladies of the Astor family own $3,000,000 in jewels.

A novelty in decorative embroidery is known as empire work.

A locomotive engineer of the Cairo (Ill.) Short Line is a woman.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris will make Washington her permanent home.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, of New York, has paid $2000 for a fan.

Nearly half of the 950 students now enrolled at the Chicago University are women.

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, has lost her last surviving son. He held the position of sub-librarian at Windsor Castle, England.

A fond Michigan mother who gave her boy poison because she was afraid he was going to the bad, has been put on trial for murder.

Two queens of Swazilands, Africa, are on their way to London to urge Queen Victoria to assume a protectorate over their country.

The town of Girard, Kan., has three ladies on its Board of Education, and one of them, Mrs. Alice Haldeman, is President.

Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, the widow of the Confederate General, is the principal of the Episcopal Diocesan School for girls at Staunton, Va.

Coffee is to be more fashionable than tea this season, and as a result nervousness and neuralgia will increase among the woman.

The Dowager Duchess of Newcastle has taken up her abode in a house near Tower Hill, so as to facilitate her charitable work among the poor in the east end of London.

A Bavarian woman left $12,000 to help the cause of universal peace. Half goes to the German Peace Society in Berlin and half to the International Peace Bureau in Berne.

A woman has been appointed keeper of the Leasowe Lighthouse, near Liverpool, England, with a salary of $375 a year, a house and garden and an annual allowance of twelve tons of coal.

Arrangements are making to have each State in the Union represented by eight representative women at the great Atlanta (Ga.) Exposition, the appointments to be made by the several Governors.

A woman who had lost her way on the street in London recently paid six cents and had herself conducted by special messenger from the post-office to her home, where a receipt for her was duly obtained.

Miss Mary Sargent Hopkins, of Boston, whose interest in the development of outdoor exercise for women has given her prominence, specially favors the bicycle as an inducement to women to keep in the open air.

The magnificent trousseau prepared in Paris for the Princess Alix is at the expense of the Czar. Russian etiquette requires that a Princess entering the court by marriage shall bring nothing but the clothes she wears by way of wardrobe.

Mme. Henri Schneider, wife of the proprietor of the great Creusot Iron Works, wears a magnificent diamond, one of the crown jewels of France, which was sold at public auction for $100,000. She lost it the other day and it was picked up by a street sweeper.

Rosa Bonheur's paintings are scattered all over the world, and not many galleries have more than one or two specimens. It was therefore noted as a curiosity that at a recent art exposition at Frankfort-on-the-Main there were no fewer than nineteen of her paintings.

A curious reason has been given for the foundation of a female school of medicine in St. Petersburg. It is in order that women who desire the training shall not be compelled to go to France or Switzerland, where they are likely to become imbued with nihilistic principles.

Miss Jessie Mack, of Colorado, has purchased a membership ticket in the University of Michigan Athletic Association, and announces her intention of going into active training in the Waterman gymnasium. She is the first "co-ed" in the history of the institution to take such action.

There have been a number of serious accidents to women bicyclists lately. Mrs. Clement C. Moore, a fashionable New York woman, has been seriously hurt and will be able to ride no more this season. Indeed, it is doubtful if she will ever ride again.